

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

FIGHTING QUALITY OF OUR MEN IN FRANCE

"WE ARE STAKING THE GAME upon the help of the Americans," declares Premier Clemenceau before the French Chamber of Deputies. And he adds: "If you are resolute to go to the very end, victory is ours. The Americans are coming." We know that even the U-boats now prowling off our coasts have been powerless to interrupt the khaki-clad stream that is pouring steadily across the "bridge of ships" into France; and last week War Secretary Baker announced that more than 700,000 of our soldiers had already crossed, and that the million mark would be passed shortly. But the question remains, what account of themselves will those newly trained and inexperienced troops render when pitted against the Kaiser's seasoned veterans? An answer, and one eminently satisfactory to our allies, has been supplied by certain happenings at Seicheprey, at Cantigny, and at Veully, Jaulgonne, Neuilly Wood, Belleu Wood, Bouresches, and other points in the Château Thierry sector of the Marne salient. Altho Seicheprey is already an old story, it is nevertheless interesting to learn from the *Journal de Genève* that the Americans are now holding a front of about twenty-five miles in Lorraine; that the Germans continue to concentrate troops opposite the Toul sector as tho they feared an offensive; and that in less than two months American aviators on that sector have shot down thirty-three enemy airplanes with a loss of only eight of our machines. But it is the part played by our soldiers and marines in checking the Crown Prince's Marne drive that arouses the greatest enthusiasm among our allies. "With strong will and irresistible activity the American troops continue absolutely to dominate the adversaries they oppose," affirms a statement issued by the French Government; and Lloyd George pays tribute to the "superb valor and trained skill with which the Americans have taken their part in the struggle and defeated the foe." "They are coming in steadily," adds the British Premier, "and we are depending upon them." "The way the Americans have developed as fighters is one of the most amazing features of the war," remarks a high officer of the British Staff to the London correspondent of the *New York World*; and he goes on to say:

"Those engaged in the present and last offensive were placed beside a French *corps d'élite*. It was their first experience in a big battle. The Americans fought as superbly as the crack

veteran French corps beside them, displaying all the finest fighting qualities—dauntless courage, stubborn tenacity, coolness, initiative, and resource.

"The Americans will do even greater things than were expected of them."

A correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* with the American Army in France quotes an unnamed general as saying that the American spirit and enterprise at a critical moment served to maintain the morale of the French troops around Château Thierry. This correspondent continues:

"American troops fresh from the United States continue to arrive with regularity and in numbers more than sufficient to justify renewed confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Entente. The Americans at this moment are distributed over a very wide front indeed.

"In some sectors entire American divisions form one unit holding a certain extent of line, while elsewhere they are brigaded with French and British regiments. In the Lunéville and Toul sectors the Americans hold very difficult salients dominated—in the Toul sector completely dominated by the German artillery on Montsec—by the enemy. The Germans recently have been drenching these positions with gas, but the Americans stood firm and won the ready appreciation of all observers."

"The candor of Clemenceau's declaration that America, and America alone, could crown the Allied cause with victory," remarks the London *Daily News*, "is at once an impressive evidence of the single-minded confidence of one member of the alliance in the loyalty of another and a just testimony to the power of America to cast into the scale a weight to which the enemy can find no counterpoise." "The Germans may read their certain doom in the spirit and skill of the Americans in the fight at Veully," says the London *Daily Express*. "The Germans do not like the Americans, according to one officer quoted by an Associated Press correspondent, 'because they can dig in with one hand and fight with the other and smile at the same time.'"

Turning to Canada, whose own soldiers have won the highest praise of the military critics, we find the London (Ontario) *Free Press* remarking that "if the enemy persuaded himself that the entrance of the United States into the war would not be a matter of significance, he must now see the wisdom of revising his estimate." Commenting on the "dash and eagerness" of

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the American soldier, the *Ottawa Citizen* thinks that "even in Germany it must be known that the 'pinch-hitter' generally wins the game." "Every adult in Canada has friends and relatives in the United States, and they were never prouder of them than they are at this moment," remarks the *Windsor (Ont.) Record*, which adds:

"Canadians don't ask what the United States is doing. We know. And when the Germans are licked there will be no quarrel about the honors. There will be glory enough for all. Any time detractors of Uncle Sam raise their spiteful or jealous heads they will have a fight on their hands from the Canadians."

A military writer in *La Liberté* (Paris) reports that American cooperation in the war is "beginning to cause a deep impression beyond the Rhine." As another observer puts it, "Germany is riding on the crest of a wave, but there are many anxious persons among the Kaiser's subjects." And the *Écho de Paris*, as quoted in a cable dispatch to the *New York Times*, says:

"The Germans have very little time available in which to curb our fighting spirit—a few weeks or months at the longest. Its duration depends on the relation existing between the speed with which our American friends can mobilize and transport their men across the sea and throw them into the struggle and the rapidity with which the Germans can assemble their troops in the half-exhausted regions on which they can still levy requisitions. We have no doubt as to which of these two antagonistic factors will triumph. Every indication tells us we shall not be those who fail. But it is the early coming of victory that we want. The continued and increasing inflow of American troops promises us this."

"American," says another Paris paper, "is a word the Germans dislike to pronounce"—which perhaps explains why the German papers for a time suppress all reference to the part played by American soldiers on the Western Front. Now, however, they have adopted another policy, and are printing grossly exaggerated reports of the casualties suffered by our troops. At the same time Herr Fehrenbach, the newly elected president of the Reichstag, finds it necessary to reassure the German people in these words:

"We are apparently confronted with a gigantic climax to the war. Mr. Clemenceau describes the situation as terribly serious, but he has one hope, the Americans. We and our allies do not rely on foreign forces, but, with the protection of the All Highest, on the invincible strength of the German Army and the unconquerable perseverance of the German people."

An American observer, Irvin S. Cobb, just back from Europe, tells of the effect the advent of our soldiers has had on the spirits of our Allies. In the *New York Tribune* he says:

"The most moving spectacle that I have witnessed on the European battle-fields is the unbounded enthusiasm of our men going to the fighting-lines. Their virile, freshening breath has penetrated to Tommy and poilu, so that the Allied forces of

to-day are steeled with a courage and will that are deathless. Always our fellows are smiling. They smile when they enter the trenches, they smile when they charge, and when they return for rest from the heat of battle still they smile. Never do they complain, but always are they eager to be unleashed for the fray. Their officers complain only of their over-anxiety to get into the fight. Their flash and enthusiasm have startled the wearied French and British into a renewed liveliness, and they know they will win."

In the same paper Frank H. Simonds reminds us that "despite

all our apprehensions to the contrary, the German resources in reserves are limited," and "half a million casualties, so far, have made heavy drafts upon them." Of the American soldiers in France he says:

"These men are in all respects, save one, better troops than Germany has or can expect to have during the war. They are young, the pick of our youth, physically the best now left in war-stricken Europe. Their weakness lies in their lack of training, but under battle conditions this will soon be largely removed. Meantime superiority in the quality of troops must count for something against the superiority in training of the otherwise greatly inferior German troops."

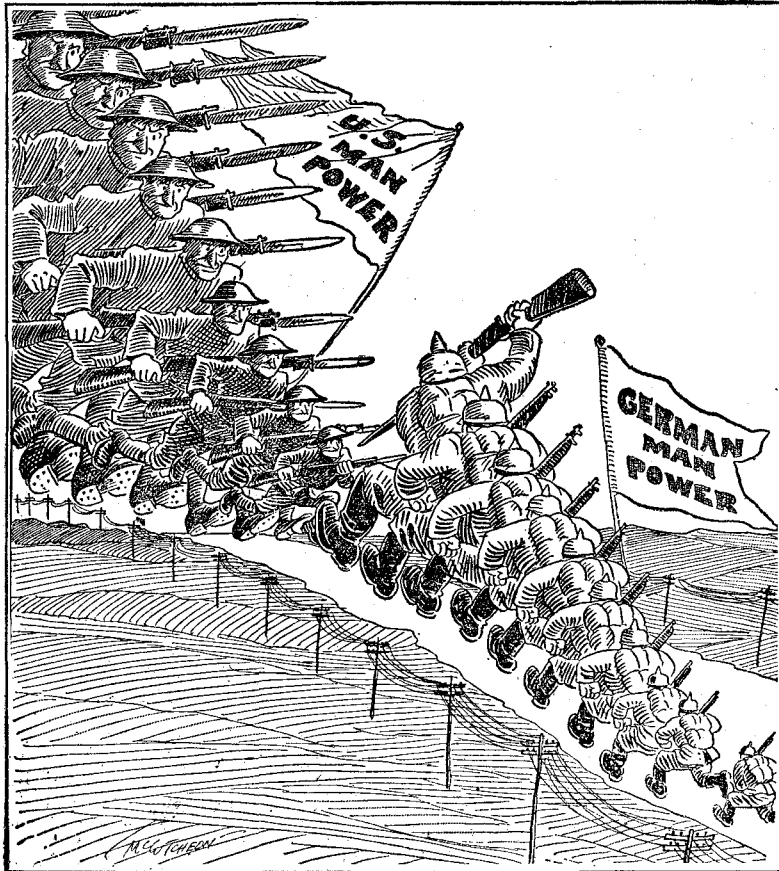
Noting that "there are left five months of campaigning in the present year," Mr. Simonds continues:

"Before they are over we should have more than 1,000,000 troops in Europe

and upward of 750,000 on the line. Before this time is up Britain should have nearly 500,000 in the field as the result of new levies. These two contributions should largely make good any casualties the Allies will suffer, conceding the first three blows have cost them and their foe 500,000 casualties apiece. Therefore, even tho the German still maintains a superiority of numbers on the West Front, it is certain that unless he destroys some large fraction of his opponents' forces before November he will lose the advantage of numbers well in advance of the close of the campaign, and with the loss of this advantage goes the power to deal a decisive blow.

"All now turns upon the speed with which our troops get to France and the promptness with which they are thrown into the line, a promptness only to be attained by temporarily assigning our smaller units to our Allies. If the present pace of shipment be maintained and the existing system of brigading with the French and the British is continued, it is not too much to hope that by August or September America's contribution alone will suffice to deprive the German of the superiority of numbers without which he can not enforce his local victories by a supreme thrust.

"Thus, the appearance of our troops in Picardy and in Champagne is the certain sign of improving Allied prospects. The German, seeing these signs, must hasten his blows, as Napoleon at Waterloo hastened his blows when Prussian columns were sighted on the road from Wavre. Quickening the pace means increasing the rapidity of the exhaustion of numbers. It spells ultimate ruin if, as at Waterloo, the victory finally escapes the assailant. But Wellington would have been ruined at Waterloo if Blücher had failed to keep his pledge and push to his assistance. The Allies will be destroyed if there is any hesitation now



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THE REASON CLEMENCEAU SAID: "WE ARE STAKING THE GAME UPON THE HELP OF AMERICA."

—McCutcheon in the *Chicago Tribune*.

either in the sending of our troops or the prompt transfer of those sent to the Allied service."

"Two rainbows shine above the new battle-field of the Marne," says the New York *Sun*: "One is confidence in Foch, the other is the American Army." Says the New York *Evening Post*:

"How essentially time enters into the situation on the Western Front is shown by Secretary Baker's assertion that more than 700,000 Americans have been sent to France. This number is equal to Berlin's fantastic claims of Allied losses since last March. Think of the Americans as replacements for such Allied casualties—our own losses have been a trifle by comparison—and the French and British would stand in numbers where they were early in March, while the Germans have their own very heavy casualties to deduct. The question is, of course, whether all of these 700,000 Americans can be estimated as so many replacements, man for man. This, in view of their period of training, can not yet be done. But in this respect two or three months make a vital difference. It is for this respite that the Allied armies are now fighting. Given this respite, we must visualize within the next two or three months an American army of at least half a million trained men available for bringing the German offensive to a permanent standstill. Supposing no dramatic shift in the situation in favor of the Allies, it is a match between the twenty-five miles the Germans must cover before they can begin an effective bombardment of Paris and an American army of half a million men fitting itself for the supreme test."

Fighting side by side with the French near Château Thierry early in June, American marines and American infantry covered themselves with glory by the dash and brilliancy alike of their team-work and of their individual exploits. A French report of the capture of Bouresches on June 6 says:

"The American infantry showed itself very skilful in maneuvering. The courage of the officers and men bordered on temerity. One lieutenant, hindered in his advance by a machine gun, threw himself almost alone into the woods where it was established and, having killed its crew, returned with the gun over his shoulder."

"The courage of the combatant troops was equaled only by the magnificent coolness of certain of their ambulance men, who, amid a hail of bullets, gave first aid to the wounded before carrying them to field dressing-stations."

In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun* we read that "additional gains by the Teutons at this point would have spelled disaster, for just beyond the point at which the Yankees made their brilliant stand of the last seven or eight days lay the important French munition-factories, which, if thrown into German hands at this juncture, would have meant irrevocable harm." An American machine-gun battalion holding a bridge at Château Thierry, another correspondent tells us, "accounted for approximately 1,000 Germans and lost only one man killed and a few wounded." We learn further that "on the whole battle-front where the Americans are operating, whether north or south of the Marne, it is open warfare pure and simple." In several days' fighting in this neighborhood the American marines, operating with the French, recaptured several villages northwest of Château Thierry, took hundreds of prisoners, and inflicted heavy losses on the Germans. The record made here by these "soldiers of the sea" reminds us that the American Navy also has had its unexploited but vitally important part in this battle, since for long months it has been cooperating with the British Fleet in the arduous and unending task of destroying U-boats and protecting transports and supply-ships.

"First to fight" is the boast and tradition of the Marine Corps. "There are no better fighters in the world than the marines. You can't drown a marine, and you can't kill one," says Secretary of the Navy Daniels. And in the New York *Times* we read:

"No American who knows the Marine Corps was surprised to hear that our athletic sea soldiers, physically always sound and mentally always set for action, had stormed one German position after another north of the Marne, and from Château Thierry to Torcy had knocked the prestige of the Kaiser's shock troops into a cocked hat."

Secretary's recommendations, in the New York *Sun's* (rep.) words, "throw sunshine upon a quarter of our legislative government shrouded in clouds of ignorance and superstition," and *The Sun* thinks that Mr. Kitchin, "however stubborn in his economic and financial stupidity, must in large measure yield to them." While the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) considers Mr. McAdoo's methods of calculating Treasury needs "highly unscientific," and the Republican Boston *Transcript* would criticize the Secretary of the Treasury because he "is afraid to do anything with the tariff," other journals are confident that there will be no serious objection to the main features of the Secretary's tax suggestions.

Secretary McAdoo's open letter of June 6 to Congressman Kitchin is hailed by the Newark *News* (Ind.) as "a distinct development in our legislative system." Congress, we are told, "has had its fling at war-revenue taxation, and has failed to prove its ability, unguided, to frame measures that would stand the test of experience." Mr. McAdoo's letter goes to fundamentals, says *The News*, and "seeks to render justice while raising revenue." And the New Jersey editor hopes Congress "will study the McAdoo recommendations with open mind, without silly jealousy, and with the steadfast desire and determination to be satisfied with no revenue bill less just, less well-thought out, less businesslike than would be one giving life and effect to Mr. McAdoo's straightforward summary of principles."

Mr. McAdoo estimates the nation's expenditures during the fiscal year beginning next month at \$24,000,000,000. He thinks that one-third of this, or \$8,000,000,000, should be raised by taxation. After explaining his calculations to Mr. Kitchin, he presents some of the results of his study of the problem of taxation. In the first place, he points out, "the existing excess-profits tax does not always reach war-profits." Its rates are graduated, reaching a maximum of sixty per cent., whereas "in Great Britain there is a flat rate of eighty per cent. on all war-

profits issues by making the return for them compare favorably with the return from other securities, and yet hopes "that it will not be necessary further to increase the interest-rate." He also recognizes the popular demand for high taxes upon war-profits and the other "popular demand that all the people should contribute to financing the war." All three of these needs, he believes, can be met by proper taxation, as follows:

"There should be a substantial increase in the normal income-tax rate, and a higher tax should be levied upon so-called unearned than on earned incomes. Income derived from Liberty bonds would be exempt from this taxation, and the returns between income from Liberty bonds and income from other securities would be readjusted without increasing the rate of interest on Liberty bonds. It would not tax the patriotic purchasers of Liberty bonds on their holdings, but it would weigh heavily upon the shirkers who have not bought them. It would make the return from Liberty bonds compare favorably with the return from other securities. . . . It would produce a gradual readjustment of the situation in the investment markets instead of an abrupt one, as would be the case if the interest-rate on Liberty bonds should be increased."

Secretary McAdoo's letter closes with the following specific recommendations to the Ways and Means Committee:

"1. That one-third of the cash expenditures to be made during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, be provided by taxation. According to my estimates, this would involve raising \$8,000,000,000 through taxation.

"2. That a real war-profits tax at a high rate be levied upon all war-profits. This tax should be superimposed upon the existing excess-profits tax in such a way that the taxpayer should be required to pay whichever tax is the greater. The existing excess-profits tax should be amended in certain important particulars so as to remove inequalities.

"3. That there should be a substantial increase in the amount of normal income tax upon so-called unearned incomes. Under existing law, earned incomes above certain exemptions are taxed 4 per cent. as an income tax and 8 per cent. as an excess-profits

tax, making a total of 12 per cent., while unearned incomes, derived from securities, etc., are taxed only 4 per cent. The 8 per cent. tax should be recognized as an income tax, and the rate of 12 per cent. (4 per cent. normal and 8 per cent. excess profits) should be retained in respect to earned incomes, while a higher rate than 12 per cent. should be imposed on unearned incomes.

"4. That heavy taxation be imposed upon all luxuries."

Such a letter as this does not mean that the Secretary of the Treasury intends to dictate any of the provisions of the new tax law, several press writers remark, and the Secretary has himself declared how anxious he is to avoid the appearance of dictating revenue legislation. But the *New York Journal of Commerce* understands that the Treasury Department will submit to the Chairman of the House and Senate committees considering the matter "a report specifying in detail various features of a revenue measure, stating the bases of taxation and the rates to be imposed." The *Journal of Commerce* thinks that, with all due respect to its members, the House Ways and Means Committee "is not competent to frame the kind of measure needed." So it hopes that it will accept the recommendations of the experts of the Treasury Department, who have made a special study of taxation and its effects and who have had practical experience in the collection and spending of taxes, and that the new revenue measure will be "a tax bill by experts."

In considering Mr. McAdoo's letter, the *Buffalo Express* (Rep.) remarks that while "we have no untapped tax resources to speak of, we have a lot of resources in which the tap-holes may be made very much larger." The main reliance in Congress, the *Topeka Capital* (Rep.) and other papers are convinced, will be additional levies on income and profits. In this connection we may note two opposing points of view in Congress. Senator Borah tells a *New York World* correspondent that a proper war-profits basis in the new law would be one taking 80 per cent. of all profits larger than the average during a prewar term of years. The Senator objects to increasing income taxes for men of small means. As he puts it:

"I would not add much more to the burden of the man who is making just enough to feed and clothe and educate his family. A false move in that direction might work a fundamental wrong and interfere with the development of our people."

"If we are going to exact more from incomes, we should single out those persons who are able to share with the Government."

But Senator Underwood, who, as a Representative, had charge



NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN.

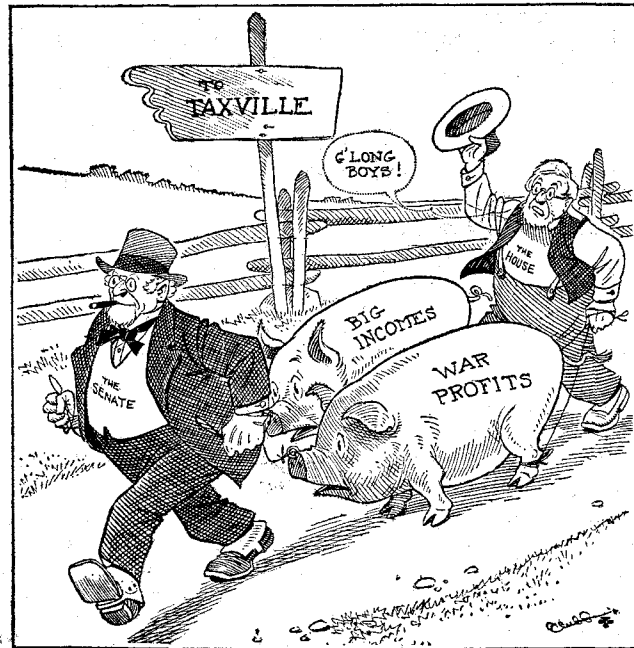
—Brown in the *Chicago Daily News*.

of the drafting of the existing tariff law, favors a wide field of income taxation. This is his argument, as quoted in the *Indianapolis News*:

"If an effort is made to shift the great burden of the taxes to the shoulders of a few, in the end it will cause their destruction,

for the load is too great to be carried by a limited number of our taxpayers. To follow up such a policy, the next step would be to select another group of victims and cripple and incapacitate them in a similar manner, and so on down the list of this kind of slaughter, until successive conscription of wealth would lead us to panic and disaster."

Hearings before the Congressional committees have brought



BRINGING HOME THE BACON.

—Clubb in the *Rochester Herald*.

out a number of interesting suggestions for new taxes. Prof. O. M. W. Sprague, of Harvard University, has submitted some proposals which are discussed in our Department of Investments and Finance. Republican editors have made various suggestions to the Democrats in charge of the revenue measures. The tariff and cotton are the chief subjects of an editorial in the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* (Rep.), which we quote as follows:

"There is no doubt whatever that vastly greater sums could be raised by the tariff than the Democrats have seen fit to raise. There is no doubt, either, that such taxes, falling indirectly upon the people and distributed widely, could be paid much more easily than direct taxes such as the party in power is considering. . . ."

"The Democrats are not to be allowed to forget that there are sources of war-profits also which they have not yet touched. They have already been reminded that they have kept their hands off cotton. It sells normally at \$50 a bale. But it is selling for two or three times that sum now. It has been estimated that between half and three-quarters of a billion dollars could be raised by a just war-profit tax on cotton. With this sum added to what could be raised by the tariff we would have a round billion dollars, a little less than three-quarters of which would be taken from the profits of producers who are getting enormous prices on account of the war and more than one-quarter of which would be so widely distributed that it would not be felt."

The universal demand from taxpayers and editors is that the new law should avoid the complexities, obscurities, and injustice attributed to the existing measure. One editor has called the War Revenue Act of last October "a warning rather than a model," and the *Minneapolis Journal* makes this appeal to Congress:

"Let us have a revenue law that is at least intelligible; that is reasonably fair to all in the incidence of taxation; that taxes incomes on a simple sliding scale according to their size, without the complexities of the present arrangement; that taxes war-profits to the limit; but does not put heavy and unnecessary burdens on the normal, legitimate business of the country."

ONLY LOYAL CONGRESSMEN WANTED

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, unshakable in their resolve to win the war, are awakening also to the necessity of restoring the United States to their own control, or, as one paper puts it, of "retaking America." Thus Washington's order at Yorktown to "put none but Americans on guard" is recalled by the National Unity League's appeal for the election next November of an all-American, 100-per-cent.-loyal, war-till-victory Congress. This appeal, addressed to the leaders of all the political parties and to the voters of the nation, is signed by five hundred representative citizens, including Cardinal Gibbons, Theodore N. Vail, Samuel Gompers, Charles E. Hughes, Henry Morgenthau, Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and the Governors of many of the States. The key-note of the appeal is sounded in the following sentences:

"If in any Congressional or Senatorial election there proves to be danger of the election of disloyal candidates, it will become the duty of Americans, regardless of party affiliations, to defeat such candidates and to set loyalty to the nation above personal loyalty to the party.

"A Congress must be elected which shall signify to the whole world that the American people are indivisibly united in their determination to go on with the war until its purpose shall have been accomplished. The voice of compromise must not be heard in the next Congress. Whether dominantly Republican or dominantly Democratic, the next Congress must be supremely American."

"I don't care whether a man is a Democrat, or a Republican, or a Progressive, or a Socialist, or a Prohibitionist, or what not," declared Elihu Root at a meeting of the National Security League, "he must have a loyal heart, or it is treason to send him to Congress." "There must be no room in that body," agrees the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (Rep.), "for the pacifist, for the half-hearted patriot, for the apologist of Germany, for the lukewarm American." And the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (Dem.) reminds us that the common enemy must find "the united front no less in Washington than in Picardy."

But what should be considered a test for loyalty? Seeking an answer to this question, the League for National Unity took a referendum of the five hundred signers of its appeal to voters. As a result it gave out the following as the "practically unanimous" view of these men and women who represent the various elements of our national life—labor, agriculture, manufacturing, commerce, finance, the Church, the bar, etc.:

"That candidate, in or out of office, or that citizen can be regarded as loyal who since the declaration of war has by word or act unreservedly supported and will support the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war to a complete and decisive victory, and who has not attempted to destroy Allied unity and effort by attacks upon nations fighting with us against a common enemy."

The League makes it clear that, of course, it does not regard loyalty as the only qualification for a Congressman or Senator:

"The voters in their respective districts will doubtless see to it that in addition to being loyal the candidates are also capable of representing their views on other great issues with which the next Congress will doubtless be called upon to deal. These issues, let us hope, will include the great social and industrial problems following the demobilization of our Army after the war, as well as the maintenance of the economic standards of our people during the war. But with reference to those issues care must be taken that movements which seek to make them the chief or only qualification should not be permitted, under any guise, to secure the election of men of doubtful loyalty or pacifist tendencies."

"There are a few Judases in Congress now, and it may be there are others who want to be there," remarks the *Knoxville Journal and Tribune* (Rep.):

"But if there is a district in the United States that would commit the degradation attached to the election of a known

disloyal representative to Congress, such a district doesn't deserve to be represented in Congress.

"If a majority of the voters in any district should vote for and elect to Congress a man whose sympathies are with the enemy nation in this war, why, he should not be admitted to a seat in either house of Congress. Such a man could not take the official oath required without perjuring himself; it need not be said that no perjurer should have a voice in making laws for the government of the people of this free country."

"The electorate of the United States," affirms the *Syracuse Herald* (Ind.), "is getting ready to vote, not as Republicans or Democrats, but as anti-German-Americans." But we must not wait until November, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reminds us:

"We must begin at the primaries. We have been very busy with a number of things, but we must take time to go to the primaries, and we must have a care to select the proper kind of candidates. There are many districts where a nomination is equivalent to an election. In such cases we must be positive that the candidate of the dominant party shall be one who will stand by the war-aims of the United States, and not the sort of man who would consent to shameful peace terms, or who would handicap the nation in its war-work."

"In Wisconsin," the *Milwaukee Journal* (Ind.) tells us, "every Republican and Democratic candidate for national office is going to run on a 'win-the-war' platform." It continues:

"Statesmen still have their great part to play in this war. Prussian autocracy will soon begin its peace drive. Soon it will begin to use all its unscrupulous cunning in an effort to bring the world around to its plan, so that it may be able to get as much as possible out of its losses, even tho it be defeated. It is no longer denied that German autocracy has carried on an effective propaganda. How destructive that propaganda has been is known to those who have viewed its deadly work in Italy, Russia, and even in the United States. We in this country must be sure that this country is not betrayed as Russia and Italy have been."

"There is only one way to make sure: to elect men to Congress who are known to be—to have been from the very beginning—absolutely and unconditionally American, without 'ifs' and without 'buts.' Wisconsin must face the truth. It would be a betrayal of the nation to send to Congress men who, in the times of past trial, have not had the common sense and the character to stand for noble things. This is no time for petty or party politics. Broad-minded Americans can not be championed by the men who voted to surrender American rights even after Germany had outraged us again and again."

The *St. Louis Republic*, a Democratic paper, publicly pledges itself to "fight to elect 100-per-cent.-American candidates regardless of party lines," and announces that it will "consider any attempt to carry water on both shoulders in an effort to placate the German vote in this State as downright disloyalty and will not hesitate to denounce such candidates regardless of whether they are Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, or Prohibitionists."

In the Iowa primaries Representative Frank H. Woods, chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, was defeated for renomination because he voted against the war, supported the McLeMore resolution, and was against the selective draft. In the South Dakota primaries Representative Dillon, who voted against our entrance into the war and opposed the passage of the Draft Law, was also defeated in his effort to obtain a renomination. But the *New York Times* (Dem.) finds the situation less encouraging in several other States:

"In South Carolina, Cole Blease is running for the Senate on a platform of open, rampant hostility to the war, calling for the damnation on Judgment day of the President and those members of Congress who have supported him. Is there union against Blease? The loyal vote is divided already by the appearance of four candidates: Senator Tillman, Representative Lever, N. B. Dial, and the Rev. J. E. Mahaffey, and more are expected to appear."

"In Mississippi the opposition to Senator Vardaman is divided between ex-Governor Noel and Representative Harrison. In Georgia, Senator Hardwick is in the happy position of having six candidates against him already, with more in the offing. There is work ahead for the League for National Unity, judging from these beginnings."



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A LABOR ELEVEN THAT HIT THE GERMAN LINE HARD.

With the heads of the American Federation of Labor stand the envoys who convinced the workers of France and Britain that American Labor will accept nothing short of a defeat for Germany. From the reader's left to right are Secretary Morrison of the Federation, William Short, George L. Berry, James Wilson (chairman of the mission), Martin F. Ryan, Miss Melinda Scott, John P. Frey (secretary of the mission), President Gompers of the Federation, Chester M. Wright, Miss Agnes Nestor, and William H. Johnston.

AMERICAN LABOR FOR NO HALF-PEACE

ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY were those representatives of American union-labor who have just returned from Europe after exchanging views with their fellow workmen of France and Great Britain, and being received with high honors by the leading Entente Governments. No mission sent to Europe has accomplished more for the Allied cause, in the Brooklyn *Citizen's* opinion. No trained diplomats, the New York *World* is convinced, could have done better. For, it contends, these men and women "had something more to say to the trade-unionists of Great Britain and France than that organized labor in the United States is pledged to the last man and the last dollar in support of the war." Their mission abroad, according to *The World*, assured workmen everywhere "that there is no sympathy in this country with the extremists and visionaries, deriving their inspiration chiefly from German sources, who hope by an inconclusive peace to instigate a war of classes and repeat on a larger scale the follies which in Russia have prostrated industry and for the time being defeated democracy."

It was not so much a labor mission as an American mission, declares one writer, reminding us that representatives of various phases of our busy life as well as accredited spokesmen of the labor-unions were included in the score of men and women who have just returned to our shores. It was not so much a labor mission as a "Gompers mission," insist Socialist papers like the New York *Call* and Milwaukee *Leader*, which assail the envoys as "misrepresentatives of labor" and "reactionaries" quite out of sympathy with the proletariat everywhere and with "thinkers and progressives" of the American working-class.

But at St. Paul last week it was revealed clearly enough to interested editors that in this connection "Gompers" and "American" mean much the same thing. When the mission reported to the American Federation of Labor convention the differences of point of view between the workers in the United States and those in Britain and France, they recommended that Mr. Gompers be sent abroad to unite the workers of Allied lands on a "made-in-America" win-the-war platform.

It is the American Federation of Labor, "with emphasis on America," the New York *Tribune* declares; it "thinks with its country." And while this is natural enough and perhaps should be taken for granted, *The Tribune* feels certain that "the cry-

stallization of labor sentiment in this country as an emotional process was much hastened, and a spirit of partnership much sooner developed than might otherwise have been the case, by the powerful all-American influence of Mr. Samuel Gompers." To Mr. Gompers, more than to any other man, the New York *Evening Mail* gives the credit for the loyal utterances of the St. Paul convention.

The convention pledged itself to a "win-the-war" partnership with the Government. Workers were urged to submit all differences to the established government agencies and were told that "no strike should be inaugurated which can not be justified to the man risking his life on the firing-line in France." According to the dispatches, demands were made for just national labor policies in the future, and there was an evident recognition of organized labor's increasing power in national affairs. Ninety-nine per cent. of President Gompers's opening speech, as one correspondent noted, was an eloquent statement of the Federation's determination to win the war, and his key-note words were: "For the cause of freedom and justice, we will give everything; but for private profit, nothing."

The report of the labor mission, as read at St. Paul, shows clearly the divergence between the views of American and those of French and British labor. The American Federation of Labor has from the beginning stood against any dealing with German workers. Outside of a "small but noisy" pacifist minority, the will of the working classes in Allied countries is to go on with the war till victory is won. But as a means to such victory some form of conference with German workmen is said to be favored by a majority of labor-leaders in both England and France. In France, for instance, the envoys were told by one of the chief figures in the French General Confederation of Labor "that an international conference was necessary, his conviction being that it would be possible to impress upon the German and Austrian workers that it was their duty to act for the general welfare of the workers of the world." Similar views are held by Arthur Henderson and other English leaders. But the members of the mission incline to the belief that in both England and France the rank and file oppose any parleying with the enemy until he is driven from Allied soil. This situation is held to be due to the dual organization of the European labor movement. Political socialism, which has kept up some sort of international organization during the war, seems to be able to dominate the

purely industrial labor movement, which has not. It is, therefore, suggested that the purely industrial labor movement should combat political socialism with its own international organization. Such minority organizations as Mr. Havelock Wilson's Seamen's Union would be made the nucleus of the proposed international federation, and Mr. Gompers would be sent to Europe as a first step in the work of organization. In some such way as this, Secretary Frey, of the mission believes, it will be possible to rid the labor movement of its party socialist leaders and put the idea of an antibelligerent conference to sleep until the Germans confess themselves beaten.

Dispatches from London and Paris and statements made by individual members of the mission on their return emphasize this difference of view-point and tell of more or less successful efforts to bring French and British workers to the American point of view. Mr. Naboth Hedin writes from Paris to the Brooklyn *Eagle* that French Socialists are fairly evenly divided on the question of a conference, and that "it is really up to the labor men of the United States to decide." Mr. Berry, of the mission, thinks the peace-conference idea is more strongly supported in France than in England, but reports: "We were able to make many converts in France." Another member of the mission, Mr. William Short, tells of a strenuous speaking campaign in England, which he is convinced did much toward killing the conference idea.

The Brooklyn *Citizen* has no doubt whatever "that a most excellent effect was produced on the British mind by the intelligence and moral courage of our men." The New York *Tribune* sees a "clear break" between the American labor and the radical laborites of England, who, *The Tribune* thinks, "still adhere to the fallacy of a white peace," and are biding their time "to capitalize the war-weariness of Great Britain."

In *The Survey*, Mr. Arthur Gleason, however, agrees with some English writers that the American labor representatives got a wrong impression of British labor's peace policy. That, he explains, is not peace at any price, but simply "a policy of winning the war by using the diplomatic weapon as well as the military

weapon." *The New Republic* believes that the American labor men made an unfortunate impression through this misunderstanding and "behaved as if their mission was to convince the misguided foreigners how wrong it is to differ with Americans."

The Socialist New York *Call* and Milwaukee *Leader* agree that "the labor mission of Mr. Gompers" made a poor impression abroad. Mr. Berger, of *The Leader*, thinks the Henderson plan of a labor conference, with German delegates included, to be "a wise one." Such a conference, he argues, "might result in the workers of all these countries agreeing upon terms of peace which they could press upon all of their Governments." This would probably bring peace, and "what is of even greater importance" to Mr. Berger, it would also be likely to "result in a peace that would be favorable to the working class rather than to the capitalist class." In opposing a conference of this nature, Mr. Gompers, according to Mr. Berger, "is doing the work of the capitalists and imperialists; his stand is distinctly hostile to the interests of the working class of all nations, including our own."

But, in contrast to Mr. Berger, many other Socialists are now calling for a reversal of their party's pacifist position, and this demand has been voiced not only by men like Mr. Spargo and Mr. Stokes, who have left the party, but by influential leaders and powerful groups within the organization. In the Socialist New Appeal (Girard, Kan.), Mr. Carl D. Thompson has written at some length to show how "impossible, indefensible, and wrong" is the party's present position. In an address to the Socialists of all lands, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Spargo, of the Social Democratic League, and Mr. Edlin and Mr. Slobodin, of the Jewish Socialist League, have declared their whole-hearted approval of the American Federation of Labor's stand against a conference with German workers. Even more significant is the disillusionment of the beloved Socialist leader, Eugene V. Debs. He now sees there can be no help from the German Socialists, who stand for "the Kaiser first and Socialism next," and writes in the New York *Call* that "the much-vaunted Social Democratic movement of Kaiserland is as helpless as if it consisted of so many babies."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE time for Huns is guns.—*Boston Globe*.

WHILE those German U-boats are on this side, why not mark some internment-camps as if they were hospitals?—*New York Evening Sun*.

MAN made the city, God made the country, and the German Army transforms both into a place some of us no longer believed in.—*New York Evening Post*.

APPROPOS of permitting the soldiers at the front to vote, perhaps if it were not for the soldiers there wouldn't be any elections after a time.—*Newark News*.

THE Teuton birth-rate is falling off so rapidly that I'm beginning to hope that maybe the, as it were, respectable Germans at home are ashamed to face posterity.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

If King George cries out to "kill the umpire" at the Fourth of July baseball game in London, the Americanization of England may be said to have assumed the proportions of a drive.—*New York World*.

ONE thing that illustrates the quality of the reputation which Germany has earned in the civilized world is that when a German submarine captain doesn't stab a helpless prisoner in the stomach, or at least spit in his face, he is universally regarded as very humane.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal*.

U. S. WILL trust foe not to sink hospital vessel—will send the *Comfort* through U-boat zone without armed convoy.—*Head-line*. Bombs kill nurses and men in German raid on hospitals—enemy fliers deliberately drop flares to identify Red-Cross buildings before throwing down their missiles on wounded.—*Another head-line on the same page of the same paper*.—*New York Evening Sun*.

It's easy enough to order that coal.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

WE are pained to report that the condition of von Hindenburg at this writing is no worse.—*Detroit Times*.

CONGRESSMAN KITCHIN's soreness at ye editor may be due to the fact that he has at some time or other offered a poem which was rejected.—*St. Joseph News-Press*.

CREEL has denied he is a Socialist, but that isn't what was worrying the public.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

FIRST General Foch took over the French Army, then the British, then the American, then the Italian. Now he's getting ready to annex the German.—*New York Evening Post*.

I'd hate to be a Russian
And with the Russians stand,
A Prussian pistol at my head
And a treaty in my hand.
—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

ORDERS are reported for the mobilization of 40,000 additional negro registrants. There will be no joy in Germany over the news that more Henry Johnsons soon will be coming.—*New York World*.

If that U-boat has been over here two months, as the captain is reported to have said, how did one of the men on board happen to have a German illustrated paper dated April 21?—*Boston Globe*.

WE don't suppose the Thing, as President Wilson calls it, really has the ghost of an idea that this performance off our Atlantic coast is going to do it a particle of good, *per se*, as we say in Ohio, but doubtless the idea is that it will serve to make the parsnip soup go down a little more easily at home for a while.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal*.



IN FOR A PINCH?

—Peace in the Newark News.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AFTER THREE ABORTIVE DRIVES

NOW OR NEVER is the moment when Germany can win her victory by a "break-through" on the Western Front. This is the opinion of most of the critics on the Allied side, but they think that the "Now" has forever passed into the dim realms of "Might-Have-Been." They consider that Germany has really shot her last bolt in the three drives in Picardy, Flanders, and the Aisne-Marne region, each of which, they point out, has been brought to a complete standstill, with the Germans—despite their bravery and the superhuman efforts they have made—still far from their objectives. If Germany does not obtain a decision this summer, says the *London Times*, she can never hope to obtain it, for she is at the apex of her man-power, which from this time on decreases, as the man-power of ourselves and our Allies increases every day. Political conditions at home make it imperative, says *The Times*, that Germany must risk all on this year's throw:

"The circumstances in which Germany and her confederates stand impose a decision upon them. They have staked everything on the success of the offensives. They have not carried them forward so far or so easily as they expected, and they have met with exceedingly heavy losses. But they can not stay where they are, and still less can they go back.

"To do either would be to confess in the eyes of their own people and of all the world the paralysis and defeat of militarism. That confession the rulers of Germany and her Austrian vassal can not afford to make. To them and to the whole militarist caste and creed it would spell irretrievable ruin.

"The necessary consequence is that they will call upon the peoples and the armies to fight on to the last. There is a pause in the battle now, but we must expect it to be followed by an effort or efforts on a greater scale and pushed with greater fury than at any previous period in the war.

"The governing classes of Central Europe are fighting for their political lives. This is probably their last chance before the weight of America begins to tell. They will seize it and pursue it with the recklessness of gamblers who have staked their all upon the throw."

Meantime the Germans, while organizing their fourth offensive, are explaining to a "victory-drugged" people that the victory which has been so confidently promised to them is not quite so near as they have been led to expect. For example, the military correspondent of the *Berlin Vossische Zeitung* writes:

"It should be emphasized repeatedly, in view of exaggerated hopes, that a decision can be procured only comparatively slowly.

"The foe is enabled to organize his resistance owing to his brilliantly constructed railway system. . . .

"The German Supreme Command can not well proceed now against the newly consolidated French front, which is richly

provided with reserves, and bear the great losses which experience shows are entailed by such operations.

"When the French brought up big reserves the exploitation of the surprise movement was to a certain extent ended. Presumably a certain change will shortly occur in the entire system of battle operations.

"The battle can only proceed slowly. A decision can not be procured in a few days.

"We should, therefore, arm ourselves anew with patience. The continuation of the big offensive will come at the right time and will again mean a surprise for our enemies."

Still more significant is the fact that Berlin has started another peace drive, which finds expression in the most unexpected of unexpected quarters. There is in Berlin a newspaper which for many years has circulated almost entirely among military officers. It is known as the *Kreuzzeitung*, and its opinions represent the ultimate expression of militaristic chauvinism. The "jig" must be pretty nearly "up" when we find such an organ writing:

"The peace offensive can now begin—a peace offensive, but no peace offers. The preparatory work must be quickly accomplished. Something must be done, for time presses. Now is the time, for our military successes will make this action more effective. He who will allow only the sword to speak takes too narrow a view of this war and has no understanding of its political demands."

It is a little amusing to find this militaristic organ, which must have known very well that Germany set out "to conquer the earth," clamoring to know just for what Germany is fighting. But without a smile on its face, it solemnly writes:

"The decking out of artificial state-buildings in the East has perhaps satisfied for the moment the hunger of the people for definite leading just as little as the other palliatives now being applied to secondary questions of the day. Is the Government not aware that the people must know where the road leads? We demand once more that the Government give that information."

This demand for a peace offensive, which Allied commentators assert is obviously the result of the stalemate of Germany's three recent drives, is not confined merely to the *Kreuzzeitung*, but receives the powerful support of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which says:

"The cleavage regarding war-aims rends our people asunder, and must under all circumstances come to an end. No time is more suitable for that than the present. We must strike the iron while it is hot. We are convinced that the *Kreuzzeitung's* demand rises not only from a very general wish, but is also the expression of our political need. . . . It is impossible to return to the *status quo ante*. . . . We require an understanding among



A BRASS-BAND OFFENSIVE.

"But, gentlemen, will you never learn that the walls of Germany are not like the walls of Jericho?—they do not fall at the sound of a trumpet!"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

ourselves before we can reach a peace by understanding with our enemies."

When the *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Kreuzzeitung* begin to talk in dulcet tones about "a peace by understanding," after so much sound and fury about the "peace-bringing German sword," something must be looming up on the German horizon to cause this change of heart. The French tell us that the advent of America's troops is the menace that the Germans fear. French critics point out that the German press have lied to the German people so long that now the powers that be are afraid to admit that America is not only in the war, but very effectively in it. That this is true is shown by the German official report when our boys captured Cantigny. The Germans announced that this place had been taken "by the enemy," carefully suppressing the fact that the enemy in this case happened to be the Americans. As the Paris *Intransigeant* remarks, "America is the great menace they are seeking to avoid. We, seeing the effect of the word 'America' on the Germans, rally closer around the device, 'Count on America.'"

With American troops pouring into France, "not," as General Smuts put it, "in their thousands and tens of thousands, but in their hundreds of thousands," France sees victory assured. The *Écho de Paris* writes:

"American troops have for the first time submitted to the decisive proof. Every witness of their behavior agrees that they triumphed. Henceforward the United States is no longer a military power of unknown value. The American soldiers, whose numbers we know to be practically without limit, are of the finest quality.

"The number of effectives brought to France in April and May proves on the other hand that Atlantic communications are assured to such a point that every day on the average several thousand men can land in French ports.

"The result is the apparently paradoxical conclusion that altho the enemy is to-day nearer Paris than he has ever been since the first battle of the Marne, our victory never appeared more certain."

MORE GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN ITALY

A NEW DRIVE ON ITALY may be foreshadowed, perhaps, by the fact that the Germans and Austrians are now indulging in a renewal of that propaganda which was so successful in Italy before the last Austrian drive and the repulse at Caporetto. According to the Italian press, "the moral offensive which precedes and is doubtless intended to serve as a smoke-veil and poisoned-gas attack combined, in preparation for a military offensive, has reached its climax." The Rome *Idea Nazionale* writes:

"Throughout all Italy there is a renewal of the criminal propaganda which preceded, accompanied, and followed Caporetto. We have the same manifestation, the same arguments, and the same poisoning of the public mind. Leaflets introduced into houses and stores at Milan, proclamations disseminated at Florence, rumors spread in Naples, false news, false documents, false assertions, all tending systematically toward the following three aims: 1. To infuse terror by talk of fantastic enemy air-raids against the chief cities of Italy; 2. To show that the destruction of our Army is imminent and inevitable in view of the great new offensives represented as of gigantic proportions; 3. To suggest peace as the only means of salvation, inventing honorable enemy proposals opening the way for genuine negotiations."

To such an extent, says the Rome *Tribuna*, have rumors been flying around, that "the United States Embassy found it necessary to contradict a rumor that President Wilson had expressed views so contrary to the desires and hopes of Italy, that their publication in Italy had been forbidden by the censor." While all this German propaganda is going on in Italy, the Italians take this opportunity of warning the English-speaking press of a subtle piece of propaganda which, the Italians say, has laid hold of the journalistic mind both in America and England. The Milan *Secolo* writes:

"One of the Anglo-Saxon superstitions is that Austria is something substantially different from Germany and that her



THE PEOPLE'S LEADER.

THE KAISER—"I will save this poor fellow."

—*Bystander* (London).



THE DEATH-LORD.

THE KAISER (on reading the appalling tale of German losses)—
"What matter so we Hohenzollerns survive?" —*Punch* (London).

GERMANY'S WESTERN-FRONT AIMS AS ENGLAND SEES THEM.

standards, or political, civil, and moral levels are more akin to those of Western democracy than to those of German autoeracy.

"The other illusion is that for a long time Austria has been trying to free herself from subjection to Berlin and contemplates placing herself in the good graces of the Entente by means of a separate peace.

"No one knows Austria better than Italy and the Italians. No one has a better right to speak on this question. No one has so much documentary and historic evidence on hand. We must unmask Austria."

This the *Secolo* proceeds to do with great vigor and belabors two English journals soundly for being so gullible:

"Who has espoused the cause of Austria with the greatest enthusiasm? The Puritan and Non-conformist Radicalism of papers like the London *Daily News* and the *Nation*, which, in their neopacifistic fervor and their profound ignorance, see, in the elimination of Austria from the war, a way of getting swiftly into touch with Germany.

"It is unnecessary to say that Austria from afar laughs at so much simpleness, but neglects nothing to encourage her old and tried friends, the Ultramontanes, and to dupe her new friends, the Puritans. It is in this light that those speeches of Count Czernin inviting President Wilson to 'conversations' ought to be read, while ex-Ambassador Mensdorff meets General Smuts at Zurich and tries to temporize with a little light conversation without realizing that the Boer General is not a fish to be caught in such a net.

"It is to be hoped that after this vain attempt the idea of paying court to Austria in order to separate her from Germany will be abandoned by all the Entente Governments, and that they will all be convinced that the one policy possible is war to the uttermost with equal intensity against both Central Empires—war until that victory is reached which will make possible the realization of the promises given to the subject nationalities of complete independence.

"If the Entente went back on this, its moral undertaking so loudly proclaimed at the beginning of the war, in order to conclude a premature peace which, even if it satisfied Italian aims wholly or in part, still left the Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, Roumanians, and Poles oppressed and divided, it would be little less than a betrayal of the principles which the war has sanctified."

CANDID "U"-BOAT ADMISSIONS—The presence of Germany's pet instruments of frightfulness off our own coasts brings up once more the question of the ultimate effectiveness of these pesky little plagues. The truth seems to be that these U-boats are more annoying than effective, and this is admitted by the Germans themselves. Every once in a while Captain Persius, the naval correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, tells the Germans a few plain truths:

"In Germany the view is advanced every now and then that our U-boats, by destruction of enemy and neutral tonnage, will so magnify the shortage of raw material and foodstuffs in England that the Government will 'soon' be compelled to make peace. No one, however, in his right mind will dare to guarantee this. One thing is beyond doubt—that if this object is to be achieved, we must still have to exercise much patience, for it must never be forgotten that America will do everything to keep England going. The Land of Unlimited Possibilities has enormous dormant strength which, tho perhaps slowly, can in time be mobilized.

"We for our part calculate on a very uncertain basis when we reckon up the tonnage at the disposal of our enemies."

QUEBEC WAKING UP

A MARKED CHANGE seems quite recently to have come over French Canada, and this is due, in the opinion of many of the Canadian papers, to the letters sent home by the French-Canadian boys already in the trenches. A striking tribute to these lads is paid by the Canadian Overseas Minister of Defense, Sir Edward Kemp, in the London *Star*. He says:

"It is very gratifying and encouraging to all over here to watch the growing enthusiasm of the French-Canadians and to see how splendidly the young men are entering on their military duties. Even the women are anxious to share in the great work of overthrowing the common enemy. . . . The profound impression which a visit to France creates makes one feel that if all our French-Canadian *confreres* could realize what has happened and what is happening across the Channel, every man of military age would rush to join the colors. . . . The French-Canadians at home should and must be stirred by the vivid realization of conditions in France and by the fact that their French-speaking brothers now in France are proving splendid fighters and are among the best and bravest in the field."

One of the most enthusiastic partizans of the war in the city of Quebec, *L'Evenement*, writes:

"The military authorities at Ottawa have just made public a record in Quebec that has no precedent from the time the Military Service Law was put into effect. Recently the Registration Bureau sent notices to sixty young men of Quebec and district ordering them to report. Sixty replied to the appeal, and before the evening of the stated day all were fitted out in khaki. It is the best record that has been made up to the present in all Canada."

The London Catholic weekly, *The Tablet*, comments on the changed state of feeling in Quebec and compliments "the Government on its sagacity in bringing the French-speaking Archbishop of Regina, Mgr. Mathieu, from the West to raise enthusiasm among his coreligionists in the East." The result, it says, of the Archbishop's labors has been almost an about-face in Catholic circles, and the formerly bitterly anticonscriptionist "Laval University and the Seminary of Quebec are becoming centers of British influence." The *Toronto Globe* remarks:

"Archbishop Mathieu went to Quebec, presumably on the invitation of Cardinal Begin. Since then there has been noticeable a marked spirit of mutual cooperation among the hierarchy of Quebec to stimulate a more intense war-fervor and a better feeling toward the Military Service Act and United Canadianism. Instead of antagonism toward the Government, there is now evidenced a desire toward mutual trust, good-will, and cooperation."

The *Montreal Star* writes:

"The Minister of Militia, Gen. S. C. Mewburn, after a visit to the Quebec military district, comments enthusiastically upon the manner in which men are thronging to the colors. He also finds the physique of the new troops exceptionally good.

"General Mewburn always has been an optimist regarding the military part of Quebec. The ardent response of to-day comes as no surprise to him. Quebec is swinging into line with a quota of sturdy soldiers second to none."



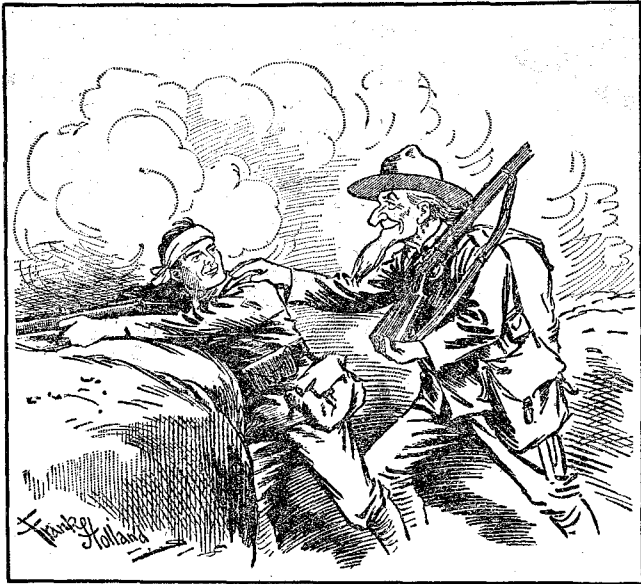
THE LONG TRAIL.

ITALY (to the Allies)—"Is it very far now?"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ENTENTE

OUR ALLIANCE IN ARMS should be an alliance in all those "deeper things which can not be defined and which unite men in a common brotherhood," as Mr. Balfour put it. This is the clearly expressed wish of the British press and it is reiterated every time the English journals touch American subjects. No English paper fails to recognize that there have been serious—and even bitter—misunderstandings between America and England in the past, and these are frankly discussed from the English view-point by Mr. Sydney Brooks in



THE NEW CHUM.

"Tommy, make room for your Uncle."

—John Bull (London).

the *London Nineteenth Century*. In his article on the British Embassy in Washington this distinguished English journalist takes up, one by one, the obstacles that prevent a close cultural union between the two nations at the present time, and as he is a writer who knows his America well, his views can not fail to interest us. He writes:

"There still remains at the bottom of the American consciousness a sediment of anti-British prejudice. I should very likely have it myself if I were an American. The fact that their independence was wrested from us, that England has inevitably figured in their somewhat ebullient schoolbooks as 'the enemy,' that the British governing class, tho not the rank and file of the British people, were pro-South during the Civil War, and that most of their serious diplomatic disputes have been with Downing Street—all this is reason enough why a distorted view of Great Britain, and of Anglo-American relations in general, should still persist. And it has been reenforced by many other factors. The two peoples are so much alike that they are apt to resent their little points of dissimilarity."

One of the fundamental causes of a certain lack of sympathy between America and England, in the opinion of Mr. Brooks, is the Irish question. On this subject he certainly does not spare his compatriots. In a brief but caustic reference he says:

"That black and stupid blot on the British record—I mean our handling of Ireland and the Irish—has been and still is a justly formidable obstacle to Anglo-American good-will. Our lack of the gifts of ingratiation, their aloofness and isolation, the millions of immigrants who have brought with them to the United States a feeling of indifference or of dislike toward Great Britain—these, too, are elements in the problem."

Turning to the "get-together" question, he does not blink the difficulties, which, he thinks, are not all of England's making:

"I for one take it for granted that to win the genuine sympathies of the American people for Great Britain must always

be a matter of difficulty. I do not attempt to hide that from myself any more than I attempt to deny that for this difficulty our own blunders in the past have been greatly responsible. But I also see that Americans have a certain responsibility in the matter as well. They allow the past to have too much sway with them. They even at times seem a little doubtful whether George III. is really dead. When they think of England many of them are too apt to think of the England of the Revolution or of the War of 1812 or of the Civil War—of some dead and gone England that is separated from the England of to-day by fifty or a hundred years in point of time and by whole centuries in point of social and political structure. To interpret to them Great Britain as she really is seems to me the highest task in which a British Ambassador could engage. It is the one outstanding consolation of this war that it has brought the British and American peoples together and reduced to their right and infinitesimal importance the trumpery differences that have kept them apart."

The British Ambassador, Mr. Brooks thinks, should explain nine points to us which would, if we meditate upon them, make for cordial sympathy between the two peoples:

- "(1) That the England of their schoolbooks and of their imaginations is not the England of the present.
- "(2) That the ungenerous and unintelligent attitude which the aristocratic England of the sixties took up toward America is now and forever impossible.
- "(3) That there runs throughout the modern British democracy a strong instinct of friendship and kinship for America, an absolute disbelief that there can ever be serious differences between them, and a profound conviction that the two countries have only to stand side by side to make peace too strong to be broken.
- "(4) That Great Britain, while a monarchy, is politically, socially, and industrially every bit as free as, and in many respects more advanced than, the Republic of the United States.
- "(5) That you can go over the history of the last four decades with microscopic diligence and not find one single instance of ill-will on the part either of the British Government or of the British nation to offset the score of instances you will certainly find of friendly acts and a still friendlier disposition.
- "(6) That Great Britain is and must be the democracy of all others to which Americans are most akin in blood, in speech, in social structure, in moral and ethical ideals.
- "(7) That the great civilizing mission which has fallen upon the British in every corner of the world is one which, on the whole, they have discharged in a spirit of justice and liberalism and helpful progress that is nothing if it is not the embodiment of American ideas.
- "(8) That you can survey the whole world without discovering a single point at which British and American interests clash, a single fundamental aim of policy in which the two peoples are not in complete agreement, or a single sphere in which each would not gain by the other's assistance.
- "(9) That Great Britain throughout this war has been the main bulwark of the Allied cause and has developed a power and has made sacrifices never even approached in all her thousand years of history, and that upon Great Britain and the United States rests what is virtually the one hope of an Allied victory."

Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Minister, is a firm believer in the permanence of the dawning Anglo-American understanding. At a recent speech in London he is reported by the *London Daily Telegraph* as saying:

"I am one of those who hold with a firm faith that America's entry into the war is the beginning, the foundation, and the corner-stone of a new era of international relations. I believe that, in that new era, the English-speaking peoples are destined to take a leading part.

"I believe that the cooperation between Great Britain and America is going to long survive the necessities of this immediate and tragic moment. I believe that the fruit of that union will not be the domination over the world of any special type of civilization or of any particular power. Rather opportunity will be given for each race and nation to develop that which is best in its own character, that which its own history suggests as the true line of its development; and, under theegis of the world peace, which it will be the business of the Allied nations to guard, the family of man may find a higher and freer, a safer development than it has ever yet found in the history of the world."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



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SHADOW-BOXING IN CAMP TO HARDEN MUSCLES AND INCREASE VIGOR AND VITALITY.

"They have the cut of an infernally adequate lot of fighters," said a veteran British officer who saw our men in London; "I would rather lead them than tackle them." Army training toughens them "as the blast toughens the steel in the crucible."

ARMY LIFE IMPROVING HEALTH

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of camp-training on drafted men are now pretty generally recognized. They are exemplified, we are told by Capt. Edward J. Abbott, of Camp Grant, by his own regiment, nicknamed "The Melting-Pot," because it takes "the pale, sallow striplings, the self-indulgent weaklings . . . whose wills were like rubber tubes bending in the line of least resistance," and melts them together, toughening them as the blast toughens the steel in the crucible. The commanding officer of "The Melting-Pot Regiment," Col. Charles H. Howland, was formerly commandant of the Pacific branch United States disciplinary barracks, and is an expert in the art of making soldiers out of unpromising material, but his methods and his results are only typical of those seen in the camps in all parts of the United States—"reinforcement of the minds and bodies of the men," as Captain Abbott expresses it. He writes, in *The American Journal of Clinical Medicine* (Chicago, May):

"The draft was selective. The exemption boards, to the best of their ability, chose men whom they thought physically fit. The selectives, in the main, were good representatives of the manhood that cities and the 'piping times of peace' breed.

"Those who saw the motley crowd de-train at Camp Grant and pantingly drag themselves to the barracks scarcely will recognize the same men in the sturdy soldier, straight and hardy, able to take a twenty-mile march in severest winter weather, stand all day in the trenches, march through mud, slush, and rain, return to the barracks, and next day present the most convincing proof of efficient training, the lowest sick-call of months.

"The problems of beginning training were purely sanitary.

Their solutions were found in the enforcement of reasonable sanitary regulations. The hardest work was to instil into the men a sixth sense—the 'sanitary sense.' Until one comes into contact with a large body of men separated from feminine influence and the social restraints of civilized life, one does not realize how quickly the savage comes to the surface. No one who has not been at the inception of a camp can conceive of the enormous task facing the company and regimental organizers. The men enter upon a new world—the old things have passed away, behold, all things have become new.' A new mental attitude must be taken, or, rather, must be instilled into the men.

"An analysis of the mental attitude of the selectives will reveal chaos. The whole edifice of their lives has crumbled, and for a more or less brief period they busy themselves in sadly contemplating the ruins of their hopes and take a melancholy pleasure in nursing their fears.

"The predominant physical element is fear. Fear does not mean cowardice—possibly a better term would be 'apprehension,' which has its inception in the lack of knowledge of present duties and the facing of the unknown future.

"Ignorance has always been a synonym for fear. So the first effort in the education and disciplining of the new recruit is the impartation of knowledge—military, personal, and sanitary. His relation to the fighting force as a whole is explained. His personal status, responsibility, and duties are expounded and vividly illustrated; and the sanitary details and regu-

lations not only are issued and insisted upon, but are painstakingly explained and shown to be not only reasonable, but for the good of the men, individually and as a whole.

"The mental attitude of the recruit is a raging battle-field. The hardest fight is against self-indulgence, not of vicious sort, but that kind in which we all indulged in civilian life, doing things when we liked, as we liked, and only when we liked. The recruit has to learn to obey unquestioningly, to turn to the



NOT STARVING, EITHER.

right or left, to stand still, to march, to sleep, to arise, to eat, to perform toilet-duties, not at his own volition, but at the will of some one else; and, apparently, without reason, at least, to him.

"For the average American this is the hardest task. To fight is the natural right of the American citizen. To work, he considers his portion; to argue, a divine right. Therefore, to obey without question; to grasp the fact that his part is 'not to reason why,' and is 'but to do' at the command of some one—possibly younger, inferior in education and social status, but superior because of special commission—is the most difficult for the free-born argumentative American citizen. Therefore, men in the American Army are not whipt into line, but are convinced. The camps are not training-cages for wild beasts nor civilizing centers for savages.

"Melting-pots' they may be, and are, fusing the conglomerate discordant foreign elements into a harmonious whole, doing in six months that which twice six years of civilian life, with its segregation of each nationality, could not do.

"The hardest thing to develop is the 'sanitary sense.' By this I mean a hygienic interpretation of the golden rule. A man does not want to use a dirty latrine, therefore he will police carefully the latrine and not rebel when ordered to do that detail. He that does not like to eat contaminated food, does not relish meals served in dirty mess-halls, therefore, when he is 'K. P.,' he will work with energy, and will bear in mind that the hand that wields the scrub-brush kills the germ. He is taught the fundamental facts of disease, and so insists upon a separate latrine being used by a diseased soldier; he resents intrusion upon his private belongings, so fights if his mess-kit is used by another. The cleanest man in the world is the well-trained, fully disciplined American soldier. He polices his barracks and barrack streets, not because he really wants to, but because of his sanitary sense; and the place freest from flies, freer than the kitchens of the majority of my readers, is the open-air field-company kitchen. His sanitary sense is fully developed. The lines graven upon his mind by precept and example are ineffaceable, and he carries his sanitary sense into civilian life and employs it there.

"One of the benefits to be derived from the training of the Army will be the utilization of this sanitary sense in family- and communal-life. Public health and sanitation will be improved and loss of life in battle will more than be made up by the increased vitality and added longevity of those who eventually return to civilian life. I think, then, that among the greatest and most glorious victories of this war you will find numbered the conquest of disease and dirt."

ANOTHER GERMAN GONE

THE NUMBER OF "GERMAN" THINGS in use is still decreasing rapidly. German-fried potatoes are "American" now, and German measles is "Liberty measles," which was doubtless what Madame Roland had in mind when she said, "O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" The latest enemy adjective to sustain a well-directed attack is "German silver," which, we are told by *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, May 18), is already called "nickel silver" by the American Brass Company, one of its largest producers. But while we are changing the name, why not drop the "silver," since this alloy is only a variety of bronze, containing no silver at all? The paper named above quotes the following pertinent comment from *Metal Industry*:

"The matter has taken on added importance in view of the fact that the largest brass-producing company of the United States has lately changed the name of the alloy known as German silver to nickel silver. It seems to us that if a change in name of this material is to be made, we should not stop half-way. Why retain the word silver? Why attempt to ennoble a combination of base metals? Surely there can be no other reason than a commercial one. If the nickel is taken from an 18 per cent. German silver alloy only a 'two and one' brass will remain. Why not then call the compound 'nickel brass,' or, if commercial objections are too strong to be overcome at once, why not call it nickel alloy? The various contents of nickel may be designated by utilizing the different percentages that the alloy contains. Thus, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 18 per cent., etc., nickel alloy. It is a fact that some manufacturers are already designating the material

now being sold as 'Sheffield plate' as 'silver-plate on a nickel base.' We see no reason why the same argument does not apply to the alloy being called nickel silver. As a matter of fact, the new name is no more correct than the one it supplants, for the alloy contains no silver, and while it is admitted to possess some similar physical characteristics, it has really no claim to nobility."

STANDARDIZED BABIES

THE CARE OF BABIES has been standardized in New Zealand, which has taken the lead in so many radical movements. The leader of this particular one is now in Britain, trying to introduce the same plan into the mother country. Taking the one item of feeding, *The Lancet* (London, April 13) doubts whether all babies ought to be treated to exactly the same standardized mixture. Admitting that the New Zealand standard has been cleverly planned on scientific principles, the editor believes that its adoption would be "retrograde and costly." Routine methods of breeding calves and pigs on a large scale have met with no little success; but it is doubtful, *The Lancet* thinks, whether the human infant can, or ought to be, dealt with in the same way. At any rate, the whole subject should be carefully examined and reexamined in its important points. As in industrial standardization, an agreement will doubtless be reached on some middle ground between the extremes. To quote and condense:

"Standardization is more proper on the teaching than on the research side of any study, and it may, if unchecked, lead in the long run to stagnation and to want of progress in directions where change is the inevitable accompaniment of growth. In the campaign on behalf of the health of women and children, successfully waged by the Royal New Zealand Health Society for many years past, standardization of method has proved fruitful of great results. Initiated by Dr. F. Truby King and carried through with infinite patience over a period of discouragement, the scheme now includes thirty-five nurses whose general training of three years or more has been supplemented in some cases by a further year of maternity work and in all cases by three months or more of special study. These nurses carry out over the whole area of New Zealand a series of health recommendations which in course of time have crystallized into three pamphlets. The New Zealand press print some 200,000 copies weekly, under the heading of 'Our Babies' Column,' of instructive matter supplied to it by the Health Society. Dr. Truby King is now paying a welcome visit to this country in the hope of contributing to a similar health campaign, especially in the direction of forming a general consensus of opinion in regard to elementary matters of physiology and pathology of infant life. Dr. King uses a percentage whey mixture which has become the standard method of artificial infant-feeding at the antipodes, and involves the use of lactose, which in this country is now both scarce and costly. Here and in America there is still an almost infinite divergence of practise, which may, of course, be evidence that the one ideal method of artificial infant-feeding has not yet been found, but it is, at all events, a testimony to the infant's power of adaptation to his environment amounting to little less than genius. To take a single example—in London the infant whose parents can not afford to give him fat in any of the usually approved forms has shown his capacity to digest and assimilate linseed-oil in suitable emulsion, altho the Bradford baby is stated to rebel at the substitute. The necessity of adding lactose to the milk mixture in artificial feeding has long been disproved by the experience that any form of sugar is equally well assimilated by the London infant if given a little time for the necessary adaptation. To adopt in London the humanization of artificial milk on the New Zealand plan would therefore appear to be retrograde and costly, a fact to set against the advantages of a simple dogmatic scheme of teaching infant-welfare workers. The successful breeding of calves and pigs on a large scale is undoubtedly expedited by the adoption of routine methods, but we have seen during the last few months many changes dictated by war-conditions to which the youthful cattle have accommodated themselves with a good grace. It is, at all events, arguable whether the human infant should be standardized, and the more the important points involved are examined the better for our knowledge, assuming, of course, that only those speak who have personal experience of the subject."

MORE WORK FOR SLACKING MOTOR-TRUCKS

OF THE 400,000 motor-trucks in the United States 70 per cent., or 280,000, run empty on return trips. In other words, they are idle just half the time. The maximum possible daily tonnage, if all our trucks were properly employed, would be nearly 1,800,000. The actual tonnage carried is about 600,000. If the ideal conditions could be attained, it would thus be possible for our motor-trucks to carry an additional 1,200,000 tons of freight a day, or 360,000,000 tons in a 300-day year. It is impracticable to suppose that this ideal condition could ever be attained, but an effort is being made to approximate it through the action of what are called "Return Loads Bureaus." Thirty of these bureaus are now in operation in the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut alone, little Connecticut leading the list with fifteen. Other States are following suit, and now we are told by the author of an article in *The Commercial Vehicle* (New York) that what is needed next is a government director of Return Loads Bureaus, to co-ordinate the whole work. The business of these bureaus, as their name signifies, is to provide a return load for every truck, so that it shall never be obliged to take time and waste gasoline simply in moving its empty self. We read:

"During the year ended December 31, 1916, the last year for which the records are complete, the entire railroad system of the United States transported 2,418,676,023 tons of freight. If the 50 per cent. increase over our present ideal maximum carrying capacity could be secured it would thus amount to approximately 8 per cent. of the tonnage of the railways.

"This 8 per cent. seems insignificant in itself until it is realized that it is just such short-haul freight as motor-trucks can best transport that has always proved unprofitable for the railways, and which they will now gladly turn over to the motor-truck, since they have more of the dividend-paying, long-haul shipments than they can take care of. These figures simply show the great latent possibilities of the motor-truck and point the way toward the great responsibilities with which the director of Return Loads Bureaus in this country would be intrusted.

"Notwithstanding that there seems to be a general spirit of optimism concerning the reduction of railroad congestion since the lines were taken over by the Government, many close students of transportation look for no relief, at least during the coming winter of 1918-1919. They base their belief that congestion is more liable to increase than decrease, especially in the territory along the Atlantic seaboard, on the fact that all the food and clothing heretofore consumed by the soldiers of the draft who have been selected from points remote from the Eastern coast will have to be shipped this year to the Atlantic for transshipment overseas. Our Army in France is still small as compared with what it will be, and as it grows more and more food, clothing, ammunition, and various war-materials will have to be shipped across the country to the Eastern coast. It is pointed out that the great increase in the materials of this nature will in all probability offset any increased efficiency on the part of the railway system which might be secured through government ownership and control.

"If these conditions do prevail—and it seems likely at this writing that they will—it is evident that a greater use must be

made of our motor-trucks if the serious railway congestion of last winter is to be avoided.

"It is also necessary that the closest kind of cooperation be worked out between the various Return Loads Bureaus and the highway officials of the States. The best Return Loads Bureau system in the world will be of little avail if the highways are not kept clear of snow during the winter months. In this connection it is highly important that the work of keeping the roads passable be taken over by the State roadway officials and not left to the various counties or townships, for these agencies have neither the money, the equipment, nor the initiative to do the work quickly and efficiently. If it is left to these agencies there will be found many gaps in an otherwise clear route—roads clogged with deep drifts of snow which will hold up motor-truck transportation in both directions.

"The wisdom of leaving such work to the small counties and townships has been disproved in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. The State of Connecticut, which has the most complete and best-organized Return Loads Bureau in the country, bases the success of this work upon the cooperation of the State highway commissioner, who has been entirely responsible for keeping the roads clear and who has been furnished with a sufficient money appropriation to buy motor-truck plows, scrapers, and other similar equipment, in addition to engaging the necessary labor. This money was appropriated by the State."

In conclusion, the writer tells us that Return Loads Bureaus are being established in the entire territory north of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi, including thirteen States.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO DEFEAT HIM?

ARE YOU
OPERATING
YOUR TRUCK
EFFICIENTLY?



KAISER BILL

OR ARE YOU IN A RUT?
USING PRE-WAR METHODS.
PROCRASTINATING, THUS
HELPING HIS CAUSE

RETURN LOADS

CONSERVE

TIME, LABOR, FUEL, TIRES
AND RELIEVE

TRAFFIC CONGESTION

CO-OPERATE WITH THE

MOTOR TRUCK CLUB

AND

BOARD OF TRADE

MOTOR TRUCKS
HAVE TWICE SAVED
FRANCE

JUDICIOUS DRIVING, CARE,
MECHANISM BY SYSTEMATIC
LUBRICATION, TIGHTENING
OF PARTS AND FULL USE
OF THE RETURN LOADS
BUREAU WILL RESULT IN
YOUR EARNING

EXCESS DIVIDENDS

WHICH SHOULD BE
INVESTED IN

LIBERTY BONDS

THEY WILL INSURE YOUR
FAMILY AND

AMERICA

AGAINST THAT LEADER
AND HIS

MURDEROUS THRONG
WHOSE DASTARDLY DEEDS
NOW THREATEN OUR

LIBERTY

From "The Commercial Vehicle," New York.

HOW THE TRUCK-OWNER CAN DO HIS PART.

This telling argument is a part of the Return Loads Bureau campaign and is the work of the Motor Truck Club of Newark, New Jersey.

RAILROAD NAMES—The report that the Government Railroad Administration is to

discontinue special names for fast trains is thus unfavorably commented upon in the editorial pages of *The Railway Review* (Chicago, May 11):

"The thermometer ran up to around ninety at Washington this week, and the 'silly season' opened with an announcement that the railroad administration will abolish the names of passenger-trains, such as 'Twentieth Century Limited,' 'Black Diamond Express,' 'Congressional Limited,' 'Overland Limited,' etc., because such names are advertising and hence tabu. If this is done the next step will be to abolish names of roads, like 'New York Central Lines,' 'Santa Fé System,' 'Pennsylvania Lines,' etc., and designate them simply as divisions 1, 2, 3, etc., of the United States Railway Administration. Then go the names of stations, such as Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, etc., for all of these are 'advertising,' and, finally, we shall have to address each other as 'citizen,' with a penitentiary convict number, as our cognomen. If the statement as published is true, it must be that some one has sprained his brain in an endeavor to discredit government control. But we prefer to believe it the product of a reporter's desire to get something to make good copy, rather than a fact—altho it seems to be a fact that passenger-fares are to be put on actual mileage basis. At a time when the Government is advertising to an extent never before dreamed of through the generosity of the press, and profiting enormously by it, there seems to be a conspiracy to discredit advertising as being only 'an agency of competition.' When it comes to denouncing names as 'advertising,' this sublime idea makes itself supremely ridiculous. By the way, what becomes of that wonderful list of Pullman-car names the origin of which has been the great amusement puzzle of travel? And as for economy, think of the paint required to paint all the names off and substitute numbers!"

MAKING WAR-CRIPPLES OVER

HOW SHALL WE LEAD THE CRIPPLED or disabled soldier or sailor back into self-supporting civil life? Of all the warring nations, Germany was the only one that had studied this question before the war and had worked out a practical plan of solution. By this time most of the Allies have tackled it, made their mistakes and recorded them so plainly that we need not make them over again. The first Interallied Conference on Reconstruction and Reeducation of the Disabled Combatant, held in Paris in May, 1917, started us on the right road, and at the second, in London last November, a permanent committee, with headquarters in France, was established—a sort of clearing-house for information on the subject. How we have profited by it is described by Frank Parker Stockbridge in the *New York Times Magazine*. He says in substance:

"The first steps toward reinstatement to a self-supporting status, and by far the most important steps, must be begun almost immediately after the soldier receives the incapacitating injury and carried on continuously and cumulatively throughout the period of his hospital care. One of the most important lessons gained from the experience of the Allies, if not the most important, is that the problem of the restoration of the crippled soldier to usefulness is a psychological one, even more than it is surgical or economic.

"The experience of the French authorities, who had to deal with a terrific proportion of *mutilés* in the first two years of the war was disheartening. Fewer than 17 per cent. of disabled soldiers express a desire or even willingness to learn how to do useful work. A large proportion had 'lost their nerve,' at the same time that they lost their limbs or their eyesight. Most of them felt that they had done enough for their country—that the nation owed them their living without effort. To avoid a similar experience, the psychological and economic rehabilitation of every American incapacitated by his injuries for further military service will begin with and go on parallel with his physical rehabilitation.

"The first reaction of the man who has lost a limb is utter despair. Unless he is a man whose former occupation has been mental, he sees no ray of hope for his own future. So the first step toward rehabilitation, which will begin almost as soon as the injured man comes out from under the anesthetic, is what they are terming in the Surgeon-General's office 'cheer-up work.' By every means that can be devised the cripple is to be convinced that his case is not hopeless, that he still has chances of becoming again a useful industrial unit—perhaps a better chance than he has ever had before.

"One of the most important means of instilling this vitally important lesson will be through the utilization of 'cheer-up men,' themselves cripples, who have lost arms, legs, or sight, and who have, nevertheless, made good. Plans are complete for the employment of a large corps of these 'cheer-up workers.' These workers are to be attached to the base-hospitals, the hospital-ships that will bring the incapacitated soldiers back to America for treatment, and to the general and special hospitals on this side.

"Supplementing the work of the 'cheer-up men' will be books, pictures, motion-pictures, and other exhibits calculated to inspire the will and stimulate the ambition of the injured man."

To insure against the habit of idleness, we are next told, every crippled soldier will be given work as soon as he is able to do it. Special nurses are being trained as "bedside teachers," to give the wounded man a start. The things he does at first will be trivial, but they will be gaged to the man's capacity and lead to a future career. As the cripple becomes a convalescent, more work will be required. On the hospital-ship and on Ellis Island there will be officials to ascertain available data on which to base the particular form of reeducation best adapted to his needs. We read further:

"Fourteen of the general hospitals being constructed by the War Department in as many different sections of the United States are to be used as reconstruction hospitals, where the maimed may be restored to their fullest usefulness. To each will be attached workshops, where at least the rudiments of differ-

ent trades may be practised; gardens and farm-land for outdoor work, and every possible facility for encouraging the cripple to do his utmost toward self-restoration. Here, too, will be centered the work of the 'reconstruction aids,' a corps of instructors in physical training, specially trained for the work of drilling crippled men in the fullest use of their remaining muscles, to the end that they may exercise their faculties to the utmost. The degree to which the stump of an arm or a leg may become mobile and useful has been carefully calculated as a result of French experience; it is surprising to a sound man to discover how useful half a forearm, for instance, may become. The corps of reconstruction aids is being recruited from among men and women instructors in gymnastics under the direction of Miss Marguerite Sanderson, of Boston.

"The fitting of artificial members to replace missing hands and legs has become almost a science in itself. Wonderful results have been achieved in Europe with marvelous and complicated hand mechanisms that enable their wearers to perform almost miraculous feats. For most crippled soldiers, however, the simpler forms, variations of the plain hook or the various forms of clamps for holding tools, are much more serviceable as working hands. A specialized body of surgeons is studying the whole subject under the direction of Surgeon-General Gorgas, with a view to fitting every American soldier who may need such artificial aid with the type best adapted to his civilian needs."

GROWING GRASS WITH WHEAT?

SOMETHING LIKE THE DISCOVERY that two telegraph messages at once may be sent over the same wire, which startled the scientific world a good many years ago, is the announcement in the *London Times* (April 20 and May 1) that the same land may be used for raising grass and wheat at the same time. *Nature* (London, May 2), from which we excerpt the following comments, is somewhat cautious; and doubtless the recent "Americanization" of the *London press*, which is deplored by all good Britons, makes caution desirable, and even necessary. Nevertheless the articles in *The Times* are described by the reviewer as causing "some little excitement in agricultural circles," as "the method, if well founded, would revolutionize agriculture and overcome some great difficulties in food-production." We read on:

"At present it is impossible to express any opinion, as no sufficient statement of detail has yet been made. It was stated in the article that the government experts had been much impressed by the method, but inquiries at the Food-Production Department put rather a different complexion on the case. According to the article, the method consists in delivering a mixture of wheat- or oat-seed and artificial fertilizers under the surface of grass land in July. By September or October the cereal is stated to have grown from eight inches to ten inches high. Live stock are then run on to the field to eat down the corn and grass; the effect of this is said to be a strengthening of root-growth. The protection from frost given to the roots of the cereal by the covering of turf is further said to cause an earlier start of normal spring growth, more heads to be thrown up, more rapid development of the plant, and earlier ripening of the grain.

"The harvesting is proposed to be done by means of an ordinary mowing-machine fitted with an extra knife at the proper height above the grass to cut the heads of the grain. The lower knife is to cut the hay as usual, and the upper knife to act as a 'header.' Special arrangements are proposed for separately collecting the grain and the straw.

"It would be easy to enlarge on the advantages of the method if it materialized, but expectations should be repressed until a definite trial has been made and seen by competent observers. Agricultural experiments are just as full of pitfalls as any others, and agricultural literature contains many proposals for revolutionizing crop production which, unfortunately, never matured.

"There is a great deal of evidence to show that growing grass has a pernicious effect on wheat sown in the ordinary way, as careless farmers have often learned to their cost. Mr. Pickering's experiments at the Woburn Fruit Farm further demonstrate the incompatibility of grass and crops. It will be well, therefore, to await definite and unexceptionable evidence before attaching importance to the new claims."

ARE YOU A HYPERMORON?

HAVE YOU HABITS; or do your habits have you? Are your habits your tools or your masters? If the former, you are right-minded—a “eunoiac,” as William Estabrook Chancellor calls it in *The Journal of Education* (Boston). If the latter, you are a fool—a “moron.” At best you are a “hypermoron”—a fool of the higher type. In this latter state, he asserts, many of us persist through life. As we grow and develop from babyhood onward, we pass through many progressive stages of weak-mindedness—idiocy, imbecility, and moronoidia. A boy is usually in the moron stage about ten to twelve years of age. He passes on to the hypermoron at about fifteen and to eunoia, or complete right-mindedness, at eighteen. It is natural for us to be hypermorons for about three years, but millions of men, we are told, never go any further, remaining hypermorons all their lives. He says:

“Every intelligent person knows that among adults are to be met and dealt with daily a considerable percentage of undeveloped men and women who do not quite make good. They are called ‘youthful,’ ‘immature,’ as well as by many other epithets that indicate a slight inferiority.

“Their relative numbers are large among deserted wives, divorced men, tramps, misdeameanants, and petty criminals, clerks, manual laborers, domestic servants, army privates, sailors, school-teachers, college instructors, seamstresses, telegraphers and stenographers, preachers, actors, musicians, telephone-operators, bookkeepers, laundry workers, inferior railroad workers, farm-hands, and small farmers, the third generation of the rich, and ‘helpers’ generally. There are some occupations and walks of life into which hypermorons can not even get; and other occupations and walks in which, tho once arrived, they can not last. The hypermoron may memorize, but he can not long practise, law. He would not last a week in a job as newspaper reporter. No hypermoron ever succeeds as a merchant or manufacturer or banker or indeed a manager of men in any line whatever. The hypermoron completely fails in social control.”

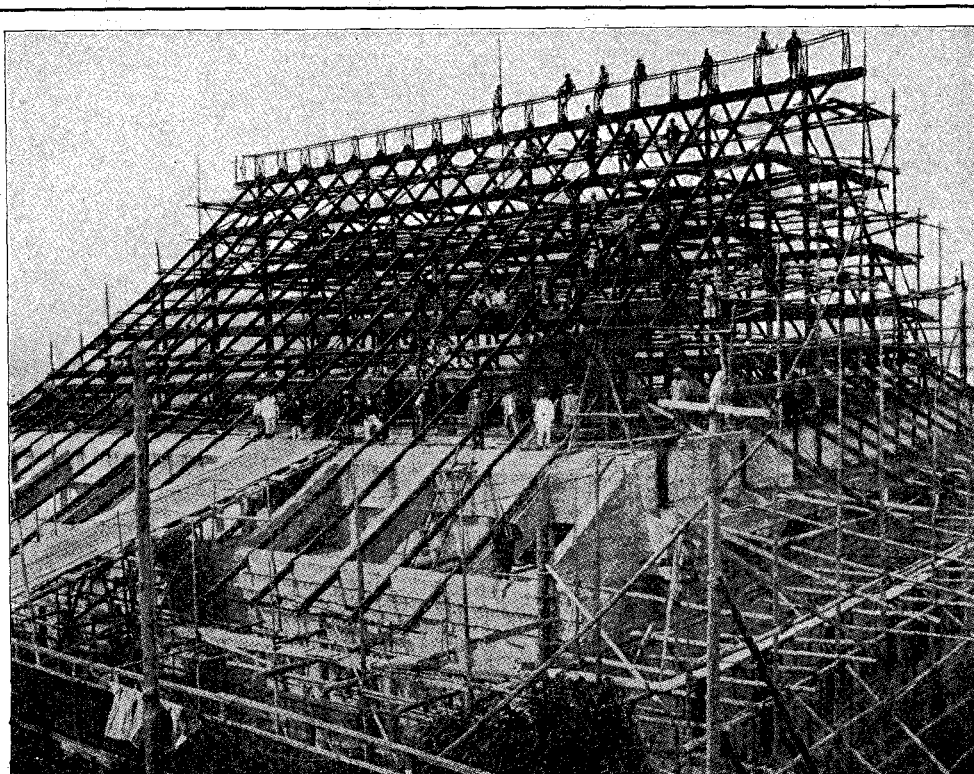
Traits of the hypermoron are cataloged as “perseveration”—undue or foolish perseverance; a false relation to new ideas; inability to understand others’ points of view; inability to reason beyond the simplest syllogism; slavish sociability, proneness to “join” everything; incapacity for self-government; and being in a hurry. Further, the hypermoron is frequently neurasthenic, can not learn from experience, and is subject to occasional unreasoning fits of anger. The writer goes on:

“This ‘incurable big boy,’ this habit-minded man, can not generate new ideas and then assess them rationally, rejecting the poor ones and using the good. At his very best, he does recognize that he ‘has no brains’ and becomes a subservient worker according to his own habits as utilized by the will of others. At his worst, he becomes a victim of his own instincts and habits and of the social milieu. He does not rise to forgery or burglary or embezzlement upon a great scale; but he does commit arson and highway robbery.

“Very good persons spend much time, much money, and much thought trying to redeem the criminal hypermoron; but he is no more redeemable than the criminal imbecile. They try to deliver the harmless hypermoron from routine to free and

independent livelihood—to rational citizenship, to happy home life, and to an agreeable social situation. It is hopeless. The deficiency is physical. The brain areas do not coordinate.

“Adult hypermorons need direction by others in order to be happy. And he is no friend of theirs who thinks of them, and accordingly proceeds otherwise in dealing with them. Whatever the stock or breed or race, probably twenty-five years of age is the uppermost limit of possible deliverance from this condition through any now known educational process.



From "Modern Building," Detroit.

BUILDING THE FIRST CONCRETE TEMPLE TO BUDDHA.

“That there are pedagogical remedies in youth for this condition which so afflicts millions of adult persons is obvious. Original problems, independent themes, laboratory research, vigorous incentives, individual debates, hard athletics, and plenty of trouble are the indicated remedies. Hypermoronoidia is normal until about seventeen years of age, or indeed anywhere up to twenty. The differential pedagogy of these cases depends upon their psychology. . . .

“Mere stupidity is not necessarily hypermoronoidia. Dull intelligence is still intelligence. Hypermoronoidia is a failure of what in the old-fashioned psychology was styled ‘the subjective mind.’ . . . The hypermoron gets properly the materials of thought, but the free and effective thoughts do not issue. Hence, when the diagnosis is correct, the prognosis follows. For the adult hypermoron, the future offers no promise of improvement.”

BUDDHISM UP TO DATE—The illustration above shows the building of a Buddhist temple at Hakodate, Japan—the first instance of the use of concrete in the construction of such an edifice. Says *Modern Building* (Detroit), which gives credit to *The Engineering and Cement World* for the picture:

“The building was designed by Japanese architects and constructed under the supervision of Japanese engineers; but the reinforcing material came from the United States, being on the Kahn system and furnished by the Trueson Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio. All of the cement used was made locally at the Hokkaido plant of the Asano Cement Company, of Tokyo, Japan. Other photographs reveal a curious combination of manual labor and modern construction methods, including the use of hand-pulled ropes for pile-driving and laborers carrying wet concrete in buckets suspended from shoulder-poles, with near-by view of a tower system of pouring. The last-named is now generally used in Tokyo and other large cities of Japan, while porters are more generally employed in isolated locations.”

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE MOVIES AS A "LIFE CLASS"

THE MOVIES seem to have produced a real artist, certainly what passes for a prodigy in drawing. An Italian boy of thirteen has made some astonishing drawings of war, and finds that he can jump over the years required by the mature artist for observation of nature by going repeatedly to the same picture and watching the same action over and over again. "Life doesn't repeat in the same way, and the 'cinematografo' does—just as long as I want to stay and see it," he says to one who asks why he does not take real life as a model. Is he showing his elders how to bridge the years? Mr. Walter Littlefield, who writes in the *New York Times* about this son of a Carrara sculptor, Arturo Dazzi, declares that the drawings of little Romano Dazzi are "the most remarkable pictures of Italian soldiers ever seen—remarkable not for technique, not for imagination, but for movement and motion, not suggested or cunningly implied, but actually exprest." We find that the boy's drawings amply satisfied the expectations reports concerning them had aroused:

"Specimens of his work were asked for by Roman friends, but always the same answer came back from the elder Dazzi at Carrara: 'The boy destroys everything he does.'

"So they waited, expectant, until by some means, as yet unrevealed, a friend of the father, Ugo Ojetti, obtained a dozen or so of Romano's pencil-drawings and had them reproduced in the *Illustrazione* of Milan. . . .

"Without discussing this question, anybody can see that the boy's drawings are most remarkable, that they visualize motion in a most convincing manner.

"A visitor once found Romano at the age of three in the kitchen seated before a marble-topped table. We have Signor Ojetti's word for this story, since he was the visitor, and he said to the baby:

"'Romano, draw me a horse.'

"'What sort of a horse—Greek, a race-horse, or an omnibus horse?' and he drew all three. All showed the same analysis of motion, but the Greek horse alone seemed to suggest motion rather than to portray it. The Greek horse was the copy of a statue from the same Panathenaic Processions.

"Another curious characteristic long observed by the family is that the vehicle through which he expresses his thoughts has passed through the same phases of development as that invented and developed by the human race. His early drawings were line-pictures expressing or indicating ideas rather than nature. To him the walls, roof, and windows did not mean a house, but his own house, his home. A man walking, always shown in several distinct positions, did not mean several men, or even a man, but his own father."

Romano frequents the moving-picture theaters which show the films taken by the photographer of the Supreme Command at the front. He is the traditional genius in his methods of work:

"It is said that he will see the same picture a dozen times before he puts pencil to paper, and will then sit up in bed all night, drawing lines which, like the proof-sheets of Balzac, meaningless at first, reveal in their last expression of coherence the completed story.

"Very often his mother, coming to call him for breakfast, finds him still hard at work with the bed-cover strewn with

hundreds of sheets of paper, each by the lines thereon indicating a definite stage in the development of the picture the boy is just finishing. Usually these sketches may be divided into three categories—indices of form or body, perspective, and motion, these last bearing not the slightest resemblance to the picture in hand.

"On such occasions his mother will say: 'Come, Romano, it is almost school-time,' well knowing what the answer will be:

"'Mamma mia, why should I go to school when I learn nothing about my drawing there?'

"Why, indeed! But there are other necessary things to be learned there, urges the mother, who sometimes prevails. But every evening, and nearly every afternoon, finds the boy at the movies. Once they closed the theater and locked him in, and there was a great commotion in the family over the lost boy.

"'Oh, why did you stay there,' his mother reproachfully asked, 'after everybody had gone?'

"'Mamma mia,' Romano replied, 'I wanted to see if I could see the pictures in the dark and so save myself a lot of drawing when I got home.'"



A PRODIGY OF CARRARA.

An Italian boy of thirteen, Romano Dazzi, whose drawings of the war have astonished the artists of all Italy.

SIMPLE FAITH IN GERMAN SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

A DOUSE OF COLD WATER will probably awake the dreamers who imagine that some sudden revulsion of sweet reasonableness will bring the good German people around to our views. Canon Sanday, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, has just had his *douche*, from the very German source where he expected something very different. He thought Liehnowsky's revelation that Germany started the war would convert all the German intellectuals, and especially Professor Troeltsch; hence, he went on to argue, the British intellectuals should show an equally sweet and reasonable

spirit. Unluckily for Canon Sanday, however, his trusted German professor had just come out in a German paper indorsing the whole policy of grab in Russia and out-Heroding Herod in Prussianism. Some of the British press remark that this should be a lesson to the pacifists who try to smile amiably at the enemy and are really playing Germany's game. The Canon's touching appeal, printed in the *London Times*, was made before the British Academy on May 9, on "Intellectual Scholarship After the War." The Liehnowsky confession of German guilt for the war, he believed, should be the means of bringing home the truth, first to the leading German scholars, and through them to the German people. His chief hope seemed to lie in Prof. Ernst Troeltsch, of Heidelberg, as the agent in bringing about "a healthy change in German public opinion." But Professor Troeltsch had already delivered himself in the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, in a manner to show himself as much a Prussian as the Kaiser could desire. Canon Sanday imagined that German and British scholars might be expected to behave like "gentlemen" after a quarrel has been brought to an end, only the aggrieved party could not be expected to rush into the arms of his one-time enemy too precipitately. He said:

"In the case of an ordinary war there would be a period of mutual coolness, of rather severe silence and inaction, of somewhat studied reserve. Each side would probably wait

for the other to take the first step. And the chances are that the first step would be not a big one, but a little one, brought about by some practical necessity.

"But in the present war the conditions have not been normal. It has been the worst war ever waged by Powers calling themselves civilized. It began with great bitterness on one side, and it has reached a point where there is probably equal bitterness on both. This bitterness has been increased on our side by Germany's adoption of a number of unprecedented practices which, both in themselves and in the doctrines by which they were defended, excited moral reprobation.

"There is probably no country whose population is, on the whole, more chivalrous, sportsmanlike, and fair than our own, but the provocation we have received is so deep and so deadly that it is not surprising that Germany is regarded by many as having made itself an outlaw among the nations. In many of the doctrines and ideas which it has avowed with so much cynical frankness it stands practically alone. The stain on its character can not be wiped out in a day."

The Canon holds that responsibility for a period of coolness between the two nations would lie with the German, who in his onslaught "deliberately ignored all consequences"; but he seems to fail to see how readily they can ignore responsibilities as well as consequences. His reliance on Lichnowsky might be called pathetic did it not appear that he probably had no knowledge of what Professor Troeltsch had already written. He says of the Lichnowsky revelations:

"These are on the face of them so convincing that they may be expected to affect German opinion as nothing from the outside has affected it hitherto. It will not be out of proportion should they cause a complete revulsion and revolution in public feeling; and this should happen first where that feeling is most sensitive and most highly instructed. The disclosures should act as a touchstone for the moral conscience of the whole people, but primarily for the conscience of its moral leaders. It remains to be seen what the effect will be on them. They have before them a great opportunity—such an opportunity as never has been for a learned class since history began. If they can make up their minds to act upon it, and throw their influence into the scale in order to bring home the full significance of these recent revelations to their countrymen!—to wipe out a bad past and inaugurate a better future—the problem of international relations between scholars after the war might very soon solve itself. The difficulties are doubtless great; but the rewards of a bold and independent course will be still greater. Nothing else will hold out so much promise of leading ultimately to peace.

"The question is, What will writers like Troeltsch and von Harnack say to the new situation? Both of them have used very bitter and unjust language against the Entente Powers, but they did this because they echoed what they were told officially. They adopted just those charges which the former Ambassador to London has now so directly negated. But in other respects they have written with weight and breadth of view."

On the following day *The Times* prints a letter from Mr. J. A. Stewart, pointing out that the Germans "will welcome" Dr. Sanday's invitation "as showing that one of the objects which entered (we can hardly be wrong in supposing) into their calculations when they permitted the full publication of the Lichnowsky revelations in their newspapers is about to be attained." He imagines them saying:

"Influential people in England are beginning to believe that the German public, enlightened by the Lichnowsky revelations,

is becoming more friendly; these influential people in England are evidently beginning to think that they ought to reciprocate; they are, even now, anxious to talk with influential people in Germany about 'peace after the war'; out of this academic talk an 'atmosphere' will be created in England favorable to the conclusion of 'a good German peace' by negotiation in the event of our not being able to dictate terms of peace at the point of the sword."

If Dr. Sanday is not a sadder, he is probably a wiser, man, now that *The Times* has furnished him and the British public in general with citations from Professor Troeltsch's article in the Munich paper. In the first place, the German professor shows



Illustrations by courtesy of the New York "Times."

AN INFANTRY CHARGE.

Romano Dazzi, who drew this, gets his knowledge of the stress of battle from the moving pictures taken at the front. He says they are superior to life itself for teaching action.

how "placidly" he accepts "the German exploitation of the Russian Revolution":

"The Bolsheviks drove the Russian border peoples into the arms of the Central Powers, and compelled the Central Powers to push forward to the frontier of these border peoples the plague-cordon against world-revolution. The fact that this could be achieved in such an amazingly short time is one of our great military achievements. Thereby, on the one hand, we have achieved a militarily tenable frontier for Central Europe toward the east, and, on the other hand, we have created a girdle of buffer states which stretches from Finland to the Caucasus, follows the whole front of the Central Powers, and in the East already stretches out to Persia as the last link in the chain."

Professor Troeltsch, as *The Times* adapts his phrases, does not pretend to accept any absolute "right of self-determination" for the border states; such a right "must by alliances and conventions be brought into accord with the vital interests of the Central Powers." Here Germany "has no choice," and "everything has now become fate and necessity." Professor Troeltsch sees no probability that the Russian "peace" will be revised in the making of a "general peace."

He then proceeds to attack the Western Powers, especially on the ground that the German attempts to break their "home fronts" have not been allowed to succeed. He says:

"The situation is that the diplomatic winter campaign, which aimed at obtaining a settlement and economizing the strength and resources of Europe, has been defeated by the stubbornness of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, while Wilson's attitude has at least failed to prevent this, and consequently is deeply involved in the consequences of this stubbornness. The question whether German diplomacy conducted its campaign in such a way that

it could affect the home fronts of our enemies is, like all hypothetical questions, undetermined, and may now be left alone. In any case the only thing that remained was our present offensive, which we were able to undertake with our whole forces, as at the battle of the Marne, but this time with our rear free. The iron foreheads of Clemenceau and Lloyd George had, as I observed once before, to be smashed in."

Professor Troeltsch then considers various possible "consequences" of the offensive. He does not suggest the possi-



A SOLDIER WOUNDED IN THE CHEST.

The problems of foreshortening seem to have no terrors for Romano Dazzi, the Italian prodigy. The grotesque writhing of a body in pain is amazingly exprest.

bility of German failure, but he intimates that France might be overrun and forced into a peace like that imposed upon Russia, and that England "might be driven from the Continent." That would not end the war against England and America, but "the great question would then be how Germany's oversea world-trade could be restored," and whether Germany would have to abandon, more or less, the hope of that and to direct all her main aims toward the East. Professor Troeltsch fears that "reason" would still not prevail, and that Germany would still have to deal "with morally poisoned and agitated masses and with the ruthless schemes of power of individuals." Such is the language which the German theologian uses about English and American opinion after a fortnight's digestion of the Lichnowsky memorandum! He is altogether an opportunist, and ends his first article as follows:

"One may regret it, but there is no such thing as dogma in politics, and what can and should be demanded in a certain definite situation will become impossible, or must be carefully adapted to the new circumstances, when the general situation changes."

A WELCOME EMANCIPATION—German literary criticism is to go along with so many other discredited German things, says the literary critic of the New York *Evening Post*, taking his point from a writer in the London *Saturday Review*, who examines "a typical monograph, written long before the war," by a Dr. Erwin Walter, on "The Origin of 'Vanity Fair.'" We are given a taste:

"First of all, according to Walter, *Becky Sharp* is a Jewess. The laborious analyst has forgotten to give his evidence for this fact; he has discussed many things, but not the pedigree of *Miss Sharp*. Was not her mother a Montmorency? And how about

the rival claims of the Entrechats, an ancient house of Gascony? Further, according to Dr. Walter, *Becky Sharp* is the counterpart and contradiction of Scott's *Rebecca*. Thackeray had already begun his burlesque of 'Ivanhoe.' . . . *Becky* of the ominous surname, the Jewess of the pale hair and green eyes, is in opposition to the romance of Scott's *Rebecca*, and that is the meaning of 'Vanity Fair.' . . . Indeed, this monograph's daring, soaring, mere-literal-fact-despising, and mostly-on-the-subjective-imagination-relying temerity is so different from the slow, regular, grammivorous gait of the rest of the book that there seems room for the higher criticism to suggest two authors (A and B), one flying 'dim in the intense inane,' the other walking steadily from place to commonplace over a large area. . . . Thus, B may be held author of 'Miss Crawley' in this version of 'Vanity Fair.' He takes her seriously as a specimen of Aunt, and traces the history of the Aunt in previous English prose. 'For the figure of the Aunt in English prose before Thackeray not much room has been made.' There is no Aunt in Addison, tho a perfunctory Uncle. Richardson ignored the Aunt in 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa.' Fielding was the first to give proper consideration to the Aunt in 'Tom Jones.' . . . And so forth at the regular pace."

BOOKS FOR MUNITION-GIRLS AND SOLDIER-BOYS

THE OLD-TIME BOOK-BUYER has almost disappeared in London. People who read serious books have now had to find even more serious occupation, for a prominent London bookseller tells *The Daily Mail* that quite a new class of readers now frequent his shop—the munition-girls and the girls in the government departments. Formerly, he says, he kept "a big stock of good-class books, and book-lovers came in great numbers to buy"; but the new patron that has supplanted him demands something quite different, something that Americans can only guess at from the allusions to the works of Marie Corelli. The new patrons are not to be slighted by the booksellers, and it would be strange if the novelist himself did not have to trim his sails to suit the taste of the new audience. Thus:

"These girls buy books in quantities that would surprise people who do not know them. Quite a number of girls come here and buy a 5s. or 6s. novel every week. As for the cheaper editions of popular novels, our difficulty is not to sell them, but to obtain sufficient stocks to supply the demand.

"Very few of these girls buy serious books. They patronize fiction almost exclusively, and in nineteen cases out of every twenty, one particular school of fiction. The great favorites are Maud Diver and Bertha Ruck. We buy Bertha Rucks by the dozen and sell them by the dozen daily.

"The girls like romantic tales of modern life, tales of city girls or girls coming to cities who have splendid adventures. My view as a bookseller is that the novelist who can paint Prince Charming in modern guise and bring romance to the London girl's life as spent by her in 1918 has a bigger public than Marie Corelli had in her heyday. The munition-girls will see to that."

Another change has been due to the demand for books for soldiers at the front:

"Here only cheap editions are wanted, because the books have usually to be left behind after they are read. So far as my business goes, the outstanding feature in the sale of books for soldiers has been the revival of interest in the novels of Dumas. Among modern novelists their favorites are Jack London and Rex Beach.

"The demand for war-books has sharply declined. An outstanding book will still sell, but there is little call for the average mediocre war-book.

"The munition-girl is, as I have said, my mainstay, and if I had room I would fit up a comfortable parlor for her with easy-chairs and a big selection of all the books she likes on the walls, so that she could taste and buy at leisure."

London perhaps buys more new books to give to her soldiers than we do. Or the difference may be that English private libraries are depleted after four years of war and the needed

reading-matter must necessarily be purchased new. Our *War-Library Bulletin* (Washington) informs us that the recent book-drive netted 3,000,000 books, which means perhaps that a goodly housecleaning-drive was simultaneously effected. The *Detroit News* takes this view of it from certain piquant details that it has gathered up:

"Apparently it is easy enough for our home patriots to part with copies of Miss Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone,' or stray volumes of other dead ones. Most libraries are afflicted with books of this kind. They are standard. Most of us have read them when we didn't know any better, and some of us wouldn't do it again for less than double union wages. Therefore, when the call comes for books for the soldiers, we cheerfully sacrifice all the dull ones on which we can lay our hands.

"But, if we can believe one of the officials of the war-service department of the American Library Association, few of us are giving up our copies of O. Henry. And, above all other authors, O. Henry appeals to soldiers! Perhaps it is the adventurous quality of his inimitable tales which makes the warriors like them. Or perhaps it is just their keen, humorous Americanism. Be that as it may, O. Henry is the soldier's favorite.

"We receive in donation the books of practically every other author except O. Henry," says the official in question, who is in charge of the Hoboken office of the library association, 'but apparently people refuse to give up their copies of "The Four Million," "Rolling Stones," "Heart of the West," etc. Shame on them! They ought to send their old copies to the soldiers and buy new ones.'

"As a trench-companion O. Henry can not be surpassed. He is brief, he is witty, he is deliciously human. Without meaning to, apparently, he teaches a philosophy of cheerful acceptance of The Things That Are to Be. The librarian is right—we ought to send O. Henry to France."

The *New York Evening Post* shows its fondness for comparative statistics by citing some of *The War-Library Bulletin's* figures:

"It was found that cities giving most for Liberty Loans also developed the greatest degree of book generosity. New York, as usual, topped the list of cities, with 354,735; Chicago and Cleveland tied for second place, with 80,000 each. There were a great many disappointments, however. Philadelphia, home of Ben Franklin, who there started the first circulating library in America, only sent 20,642 volumes, while Pittsburg, home of notorious new riches, contributed 76,000. The answer of cultured Philadelphians might be to the effect that they buy literature which they consider worth reading over and over, while the city of belching chimneys buys best-sellers that cannot become permanent inhabitants of a real library. But how is it, then, that comparatively small Indianapolis, center of Hoosier culture, did almost as well as Philadelphia with 18,000 books?

"The reluctance of a real lover of books to give up any of them, especially into the rough atmosphere of camps, might be easily understood. The chap to whom his books are as a part of his flesh and bone can not bear to think of their knocking about in unsympathetic hands and being destroyed through neglect. Something of the sacredness of their contents adheres for him to their incarnation of paper, printer's ink, and binding. Yet, like everything we possess, they must be made to serve the men who are fighting, and the rarest Aldine edition is not too rare to amuse for a few moments the caprice of a wounded long-shoreman in a hospital back of the American lines in France. So the 3,000,000 books and 5,000,000 magazines already collected will be only a beginning of a great flood of literature toward France."

COWED GERMAN ARTISTS

HOW GERMAN ARTISTS cast their intellectual independence to the winds once war was declared has been brought home to us before now. The popular story of last year, "Christine," gave such a picture. Now additional confirmation comes from a Frenchman, Marc Henry, who lived for a long time in Germany and "who liked Germans," says the *Toronto Saturday Night*. Mr. Henry's book is called "Beyond the Rhine," and the *Toronto* paper culls some incidents to show



BY A FRENCH MASTER OF DRAWING.

This sketch of the German murder of two boys, by Forain, the famous French draftsman, was made in the early days of the war for the *Figaro* (Paris). It is called "Their First Success," and is republished here to show how remarkably his economy of expressive line is also true of the young Italian Romano Dazzi, whose drawings made from "cinema" pictures are reproduced on the preceding pages.

the abrupt about-face made by the German intellectual *élite*—artists, authors, and professors, after the August days of 1914. We read:

"'Self-submission,' says Nietzsche, 'obedience in public or in secret, is the whole of German genius,' and a single crack of the imperial huntsman's whip was enough to bring to heel all these hounds which had been growling or yelping at him a moment before, or baying behind his back for freedom. Not Raemaekers himself could make more savage fun of the Kaiser and his Admirable Crichton pretensions than did these artists and authors at their prewar reunions. But, indeed, no man ever so gave himself away with his preposterous claims to universal genius—sculptor, architect, composer, strategist. No caricatures could exaggerate some of the scenes of the Kaiser's grotesque conceit.

"One of the foremost Berlin sculptors told Mr. Henry that the Kaiser once found some ridiculous fault with the angle of the arm of a statue he was modeling. Upon the sculptor venturing to suggest that it was anatomically correct, his Majesty drew his sword and struck off the arm, saying, 'You will alter that now!'

"In the plans of a new church which the architect was submitting to the Kaiser there happened to be a small star-shaped draftsman's private mark. 'Splendid!' exclaimed the Kaiser. 'What a glorious idea to put above our human cross the Star of Bethlehem!' As the architect dared not set his Majesty right, a ridiculous gilt star was made to spring from the cross at the top of the clock-tower at an additional cost of 50,000 marks! But the war has effected a more important conversion than that of the intellectuals from scornful disloyalty to fanatic loyalty to the Kaiser. It has subdued or suppressed for a time the absolute loathing of the Bavarian and of the South German generally for the Prussian. Mr. Henry compares the Prussian to the *bravo* once kept by Italian families to get rid of rivals and enemies—a kind of medieval chucker-out, in fact; but a *bravo* who is most hateful of all to his employers! 'The day Prussia falls she will have no enemy more deadly than her former allies.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE KAISER'S PIOUS REGARD FOR DEVIL-FISH

JUST WHY the only protest against cruelty that William II. was ever known to utter was made in behalf of a devil-fish may puzzle those of his adherents who have been led by his public utterances to believe him a partner of the heavenly powers. No protests have come from him since then against

in the daily press, and if anything more is needed to point the hypocrisy of Hun protestations, contrast the events of Corpus Christi day in Cologne and Paris. No bombs fell from British airplanes on the Rhine city, because the British war-command chivalrously acceded to the request of Cardinal von Hartmann,

conveyed through the Pope, to spare the crowds that would assemble in the streets to view the processions celebrating that feast day. The German High Command could not conceive of a promise kept, so asked Cardinal von Hartmann to forbid the processions. The precaution was needless; but the day revealed how sensible the war-lords are to the same hazards in an enemy people, for the long-range gun dropt its shells as usual on Paris, and by an irony one lit on the high altar of a famous church. The Kaiser's tender regard for the devil-fish is shown in the account in the *New York Evening Post* of a visit paid by the Kaiser and his suite to the Zoological Gardens at Naples in 1896, when, by accident, he came upon an American experimenter, Dr. Ida Henrietta Hyde, who furnishes the narrative of the episode:

"The Kaiserin and the Kaiser entered with the Directors of the Station, followed by the visitors. They came toward the table and grouped themselves about it, as the Director said in low tones, 'This American scientist is performing an experiment that might interest you.'

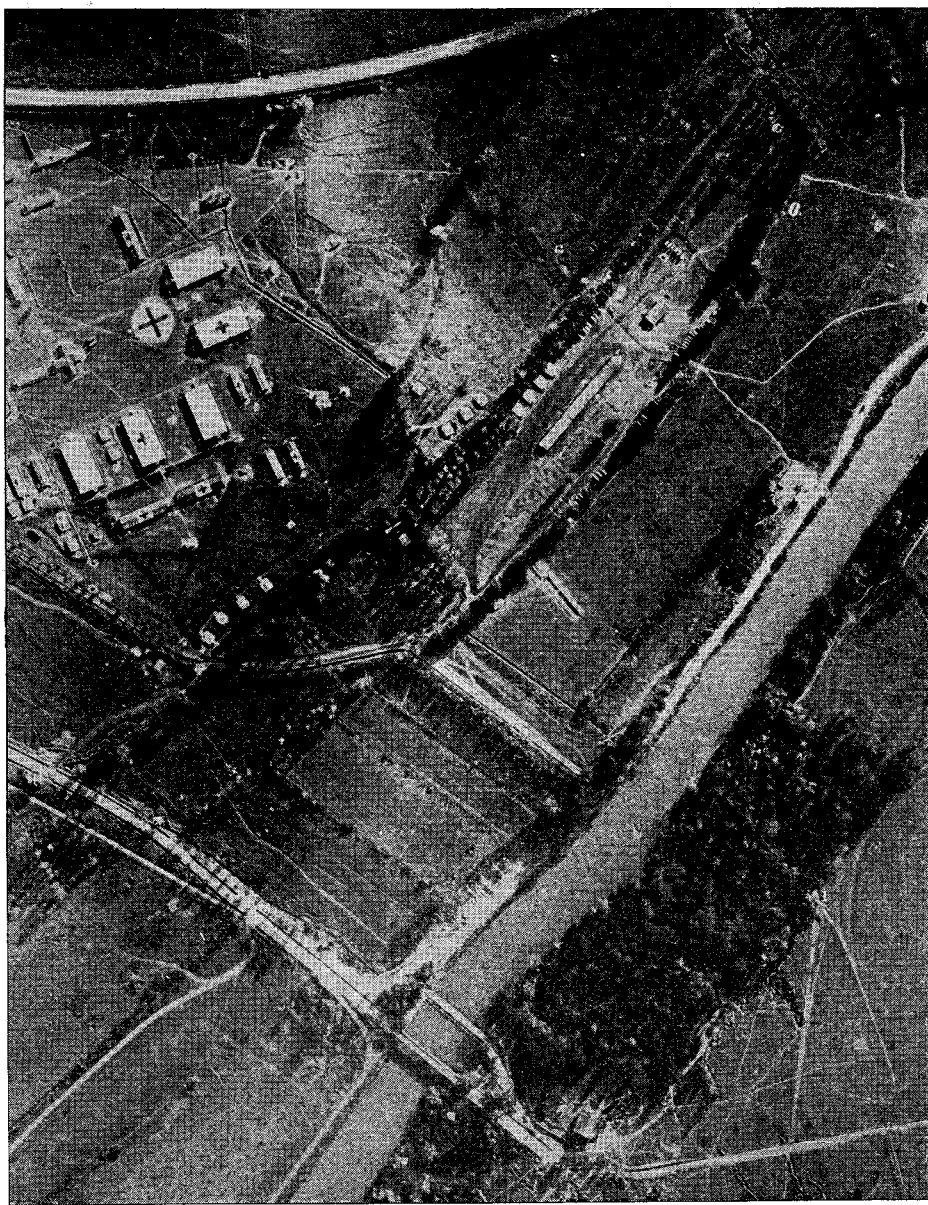
"The Kaiser, surrounded by twenty members of the diplomatic corps, stood before me. Not a word was said to break the silence. The distinguished spectators stared intently and curiously. The Kaiser gazed sternly, disdainfully, and disapprovingly at the operation. Suddenly, a long, slimy, gnarled arm, in writhing contortions, was waving in the air as if to strike us. With exclamations of horror, the spectators drew back. Even the Kaiser moved back a step.

"The members of the company exchanged glances, and looked expectantly at the erect domineering central figure for expressions of sympathy, inquiry, and reproach, for the seeming sufferings and the cruel

tortures of the helplessly bound creature in front of them.

"Before the powerful arm could be pinioned in place, the whole body swerved and broke loose from the holders of the operating-table. At the same time the arms began to swing and lash in twisting coils in all possible directions, accompanied by eruptions of inky jets that completely enveloped for a moment the desperate creature in a black misty cloud.

"I saw a fierce gaze of scorn on the Kaiser's face. Instantly throwing a wet sheet over the operating-table, I shoved the



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THEY SEE TOO WELL, OR ARE WILFULLY BLIND.

The Red-Cross hospital on the Aisne, near Soissons, shows its markings to the blindest, but the Germans, when they bomb these buildings, complain that they are mistaken for barracks, or they are placed too near military objectives that must be destroyed.

cruelties that would put a devil-fish to shame. Let the wheel of time turn so as to bring about for him a drive on the Western Front, bringing agony and death to thousands of his own subjects and death and ruin upon non-combatants and helpless inmates of hospitals, and he gives credit and thanks, first, to the Crown Prince, and to God secondly, with the most emphasis upon the credit due to the former. The events of the past weeks have brought these contrasting pictures to our attention

creature's arms in a bag, and as they forced their way out they were quickly fastened in the holders on the table—and the operation rapidly completed.

"Amid sighs of relief, I heard some one say: '*Herr Direktor, um Gottes willen* tell us what that creature is, and why is it being tortured?'

"Ahem! Permit me," said the Director, turning to me, 'to introduce you to Herr Dr. Schmidt, the ship's chaplain. Our distinguished visitors, no doubt, wish to have the reason for this operation explained.'

"The conversation was conducted in German. My knees trembled, and I forgot to rise and make the court bows.

"But before I had had an opportunity to explain the purpose of the operation, the chaplain moved forward, and in an impressive, emotional tone said, 'I believe that you are subjecting the helpless creature to great pain.'

"Pardon me, sir," I replied quickly, 'the animal is not hurt or suffering in the least. It is an octopus with eight powerful arms. In the water, when barely touched, it exhibits the same frantic locomotory struggles in its efforts to grasp food or enemies beyond its reach. It can envelop itself with the contents of its bag of inky fluid as a protection from its foes. The animal happens to possess digestive glands that are easily experimented on, and are very valuable in the elucidation of several important physiological and pathological functions pertaining to man. We caught many early this morning. I kept this, the largest one, and the fisherman sold the others for bait, and to the markets for Italian stew, that the natives are fond of. Permit me to emphasize the fact that the animal is always put under an anesthetic, and after the operation it is given an overdose.'

"There was a moment of silence. Then the Kaiser, in dramatic, compassionate terms, exclaimed: '*Das arme Thier!*' (The poor creature!) Then he turned and strutted out of the room, followed by his guests and the courteous Director. Stopping abruptly at the open door, he said to the Director, in loud, impressive tones:

"It is my duty as president of the Prussian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to insist that experiments that cause pain to any kind of animals must be prohibited in the Naples Zoological Station, if you expect to have the financial support of German institutions. We may tolerate heartless research in American women, but our sympathetic German women would refrain from such cruel occupations."

Adapting the words of *Hamlet* to his mother, one might say, "Look first on that picture and then on this." It is one furnished the *New York Times* by Philip Gibbs and describes the bombing of the British hospital-camp on May 19:

"It was Sunday night, and a very dreadful and damnable thing was done by those German airmen who took advantage of the moon. They flew over to a place which they had seen by day many times, so that they might know it. It is one of the British hospital-camps. All the huts there are marked out with the sign of the Red Cross. The Red-Cross flag waves above them for any flying man to see.

"The enemy should be perfectly familiar with the look and purpose of this collection of buildings and the lay of the ground in which they are placed; but in order, so they say, to destroy military works their bombing squadrons followed the line of the railway and flung their biggest bombs over this area with wanton carelessness of what might happen to men already wounded, and sheltered from further harm in the only sanctuary which this war can give them—under the Red-Cross flag.

"It was a tragedy of the most frightful kind, and by the work of those airmen, whatever their excuse, the German people stored up for themselves one more cause of hate which, after the war, will close them around like a high wall against which the spirit of their race will beat in vain unless there is great mercy in the world.

"In many of those hospital-huts, in nearly all of them, were badly wounded men—men with open wounds filtered by running water, men with broken limbs suspended in slings and pulleys, men so hurt that any touch or jar makes them quiver with pain.

"That night the hospital-orderlies who had been tending them all day were mostly in their own sleeping-places. Only the night nurses and attendants were in the wards, moving quietly about, keeping watchful eyes on the patients, listening to that sound of breathing which tells them so much about the state of each sufferer, and bending over a bed here or there to shift a man's pillow or to say a word of comfort to one who could not sleep.

Then suddenly there was the noise of those German engines, as I heard them once in a hospital, like those before the crashes which followed and broke the windows.

"The German flying-men dropt a very great number of bombs, and each one burst in the midst of these huts. A third of the bombs were of the largest size, which made enormous explosions and left great craters in the earth. Others were smaller shrapnel bombs, which swept the wards with bullets. They did murder on a big scale.

"They killed many men who had escaped from death on the battle-field and from these beds looked forward to life again. They killed many hospital-orderlies who had devoted themselves to the service of their fellow men, among whom, after each battle, there are German soldiers getting the same treatment as the British and the same kindness. They killed and maimed women whose uniforms should make them sacred in this war. The total of killed and wounded runs into some hundreds."

Between May 15 and June 1 there were seven attacks on British hospitals in France, according to a statement made in the House of Commons by J. J. Macpherson, Under-Secretary of the War Office. The casualties numbered 991, and were thus distributed: Killed—Officers, 11; other ranks, 318; nursing Sisters, 5; Women's Auxiliary Corps, 8; civilians, 6. Wounded—Officers, 18; other ranks, 534; nursing Sisters, 11; Women's Auxiliary Corps, 7; civilians, 73.

CATHOLIC SATIRE ON WOMEN CLERGY

"SCOPE FOR THEIR GIFTS" is desired by more than the women themselves of Great Britain. It has been proposed in a recent session of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury that "lay women should have opened to them the same offices in the service of the Church as are open to men." Canon Speck is reported by the *London Tablet* as favoring the innovation, feeling that the admission of women to the pulpit would probably bring men back into the Church. Dr. Sparrow-Simpson did not take kindly to the proposal, but drove home to its logical conclusion what Canon Speck may not even have intended to imply. Dr. Sparrow-Simpson is said to have observed that "if women stood in the church pulpits, they must also stand at church altars. They must be admitted to the Episcopate. Then 'her Grace of York' would perhaps correspond with 'his Grace of Canterbury,' and even a union of the two provinces might be brought about by a domestic bond." The question betook its way to a committee, leaving the proposal to be dealt with in any mood that observers might find themselves affected thereby. The Catholic weekly *America* (New York) indulges in somewhat satirical merriment over the varied implications of the proposal, saying:

"The chivalrous Archdeacon's suggestion, however, should not be lightly dismissed, for perhaps he has at last found a way of uniting in harmonious cooperation not only the nine divergent schools of thought, which, as Mr. Ronald Knox assures us, now exist in the Established Church, but the ordaining of women to the ministry may even be the means of gathering together into one highly domestic, tho exceedingly undogmatic, body every sect of Protestantism. The marriage of all 'Ultra-marine' archimandrites to 'Neo-Evangelical' archdeaconesses, for example, would doubtless give a controlling 'High Church Liberal' character to the entire Establishment which would make it even easier than now for near-rationalists and near-Romanists to live together lovingly under the same roof-tree. Perhaps the admission of women to the pulpits of Protestantism, moreover, might eventually be the means of healing the lamentable divisions that now characterize the sects. Suppose, for instance, that each hard-and-fast Presbyterian minister chose a life partner from the pulpit of the neighboring Universalist Church, or that every Eddyite faith-healer found a husband in a leader of the Adventist camp-meeting?

"Another practical advantage that would doubtless follow the union in the bonds of matrimony of hitherto unreconcilable pulpiteers would be the mutual lightening of the ministry's

labors and burdens. The morning 'function,' for example, could be splendidly conducted by the Rev. Mr. Churchly, and the attractive evening service by his no less reverend bride. St. Paul, to be sure, wrote Bishop Timothy something about women not being suffered to teach, and besides there is a very annoying absence of any proof that women were ordained in Apostolic times for the ministry of the altar, and that early precedent, moreover, has been perversely followed by some sixty generations of Christians. But what of that? Is the onward march of Protestantism to be stayed by a superstitious reverence for the usages of antiquity? As for the deplorably narrow and old-fashioned views held by the Apostle of the Gentiles regarding woman's place in the Church, Dr. Sparrow-Simpson suggested a summary way of avoiding the difficulty, for he would simply adopt a certain Liberal clergyman's device of dividing into two great classes everything attributed to St. Paul: 'That which is not genuine and that which does not convince me.'

A CALL FOR WOMEN TO VOLUNTEER

PRACTICALLY EVERY TRAINED NURSE in the country is included in the call of the Red Cross for the enrolment of 25,000 trained nurses this year. The physically fit among them will go to do actual war-work while the rest will be assigned to hospitals and other institutions where nurses are needed. This is a call that foresees the needs of this country in a future perhaps not very remote. Miss Jane A. Delano, chairman of the National Committee on Red-Cross Nursing Service, urges it as of "the greatest importance that able and educated young women should be urged to enter regular training-schools and take the usual course in order to fit themselves fully." In the entire United States there are said to be only 98,000 registered nurses, which shows that one of every four qualified women must volunteer if the American wounded are to be cared for. Surgeon-General Gorgas's letter to the Red Cross thus puts the Army's need of nurses:

"No more urgent need exists to-day and no factor can be more important in the winning of this war than adequate care of our sick and wounded. Nurses who respond will have the infinite satisfaction of knowing that they are lessening the sufferings of the men of their own country; those bound by ties of blood, friendship, and brotherhood. Nurses of America, your country calls you."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, acting upon this suggestion, brings to bear its strongest persuasive powers, saying:

"While the men of the nation have consented to legal compulsion and are going to the front by their thousands to win this righteous war, they are looking to those among the women who are competent and fit, to second their efforts voluntarily by giving that vital aid and comfort to the wounded which only such women can give. Without a sufficient number of trained nurses, America's young men will languish and die. This will have the effect of prolonging the war, and thus robbing the country of thousands of men who otherwise might not have to be sacrificed."

"It is believed that, when the need is known, trained nurses will gladly volunteer for this most honorable, patriotic duty. The responsibility lies directly upon the registered nurses to enroll themselves, and upon the graduate nurses to make themselves eligible for enrolment. It is a privilege offered to women greater than any that has ever been offered. Every possible protection will be given them, including a special provision for insurance."

"The public can help in making this call effective. There are thousands of persons who can dispense with trained nurses, now retained partly in the capacity of companions. Other individuals who have been in the habit of employing trained nurses where their services were really not needed can help by discontinuing the practise. But, in order to encourage the patriotic nurse, it is urged that, when a trained nurse is really needed, an enrolled Red-Cross nurse be employed, if available."

"Physicians and hospital organizations can also be of great help in this movement by releasing as many of their graduate nurses as can be spared, substituting competent women not specially fitted for war-work, or beyond the service age."

It is not attempted to imply that women have not already made sacrifices aside from what they share in the losses that come to their men. Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin is reported by the *New York Times* as saying at the Washington headquarters of the National Women's party that between 500,000 and 750,000 women have been killed in the war. She particularizes:

"They have been killed in munition-factories, have met with accidents directly behind the French and British lines, have been killed by submarines, by bombs, and by other causes. This is the first war in which women have been mobilized as a sex behind their men in the fight, and the first time, therefore, they have been exposed to such risks."

PLANS TO EVANGELIZE RUSSIA

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ASSURANCE in his Red-Cross speech that he remembered Russia is being translated into activities on the Government's part. While this is happening the Church is not showing itself behindhand in her thought of the distracted country, tho the Government uppermost there began with a repudiation of all churches. The Russian Bible and Educational Institute, established by Rev. William Fetter in Philadelphia, has one hundred students, principally Russians, preparing for service in their own country. A call for conference and prayer on behalf of Russia has been sent out for a meeting in the Moody Institute, Chicago, for June 24 to 28, and the signatures thereto represent some of the best-known Christian leaders of all Evangelical dominations in America. *The Missionary Review of the World* presents these features designated in the call as the purposes of the gathering:

"The revolution in Russia has resulted in throwing open to the Gospel the largest country, with its largest population of white people, in the world. There are 182,000,000 people in Russia, and yet there are not as many evangelical workers there as in the city of Chicago alone. Any adequate evangelization plan must embrace not only the hundred million native Russians, but also the seven million Jews, the twenty million Poles, the thirty million Ukrainians, millions of Mohammedans (Tatars, Kurds, Kirghiz, etc.), Armenians, Roumanians, and Greeks, and besides these the Bulgarians, Servians, Croatians, Montenegrins, and other related Slavonic peoples."

"The propaganda of atheism and materialism is already assuming awful proportions. There is no time to lose. The Greek Orthodox Church is rapidly losing its grip upon the hearts of the people, and before long large masses of simple religiously inclined Russians may be led astray into complete infidelity. Millions of the people are looking for something different."

"The greatest immediate need is the printing and circulating of at least a million copies of the Russian Bible, three million copies of the New Testament, and a large supply of the very best Russian evangelical literature. Then several hundred evangelists, colporteurs, and Christian workers must be trained and equipped for service in Russia. Already one hundred Russians in America have offered themselves for soul-saving service in their native land and are now in training, and there are also hundreds of converted and educated men in Russia who have suffered for their faith and who now need to be rallied and encouraged."

"A vital factor in the realization of a comprehensive plan for Russia must be the evangelization of the Russian and other Slavonic people in America in order that they may return to their native lands fully equipped for effective service. The united prayers of God's people everywhere must be offered up in behalf of these long-neglected multitudes."

Russian and other Slavonic evangelists and missionary workers of the Chicago Tract Society will assist the conference which will be led by the Rev. Mr. Fetter. The conference, says the editor of the *Review*, "may mark an epoch in Russian history and in the progress of Christianity." He adds:

"What will be reserved for the Russia of the future? Will she lose her body and gain her soul? Already she has lost the Ukraine in the south, Poland, Finland, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia. With the setting of her political sun may the Sun of Righteousness arise for Russia with healing in his wings!"



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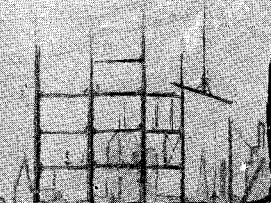
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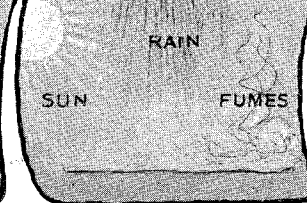
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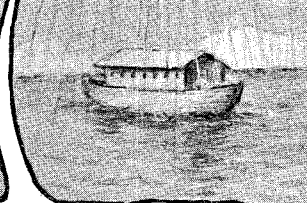
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CURRENT POETRY

THERE is a magic in the very name of France, a magic that brings a thrill to every American heart when we think of the ancient tie that binds together the two greatest republics of the world in a fraternal bond that the war has but made the closer. Our poets feel the tie, particularly those "over there," and Paul Scott Mowrer, the war-correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, opens his "Hours of France" (Dutton, New York) with this significant ode:

ODE TO FRANCE

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

Why do I love you?
Love is dumb, and all confused with its own
amaze.
Love is all joy, all gratitude, and all distress.
I can but bend above you.
Unveil for you whatever haunts my gaze,
And pass remembering hands along your loveliness.
In love, who knows how much be given, how much
received?
Love is a mist, a golden cloud, whereof
A vision is born, a beauty, never else achieved.
I only know . . . I love.

From one of our training-camps a correspondent sends us a poem and a note. He writes: "By the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to fight in France." This poem appeared in the *Boston Transcript*.

FRANCE CALLS TO ME

BY HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

I

Across the sea
There comes the call
Of France to me.
I hear the muffled, tender sound
Of little children, underground,
Denied, bereft of everything:
The right to play, to learn, and sing.
Dear little child
Across the sea,
I'll come to sing
And play with thee.

II

From over there,
I hear the call
From France in prayer:
The women calling for their mate,
Now widowed by the Huns of Hate;
Brides, homeless, childless, all alone,
Are brooding o'er a pile of stone.
Heroic souls,
I'll come to share
Thy bitter grief
And blind despair.

III

From over sea,
There comes sad sound
From France to me:
The painful peal of broken bells,
Now shattered by Satanic shells;
The war-sick wind, that wails and whines
Through battered walls of sacred shrines.
O House of Prayer,
Where God's yet found,
I'll help to heal
Thy wicked wound.

IV

Beyond the Seine,
I hear the cry
Of France in pain:
The shrieks from shell-hole, trench, and wire,
Men crazed by gas and liquid-fire;
Dumb agonies from No Man's Land,
Low groans beneath the surgeon's hand.
O stricken land,
Where evils reign,
Thy call to me
Is not in vain.

In *The Book News Monthly* Florence Earle Coates has this striking appreciation of the women of France:

FOR FRANCE

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES

She had been stricken, sorely, ere this came;
And now they wrote that he, her boy, was dead—
Her only one! Through blinding tears she read,
Trying to see what followed his dear name.
He had died "gloriously," the letter said,
"Guarding the Tricolor from touch of shame
Where raged the battle furious and wild."
Catching her breath, she stayed despair's
advance.
She was a mother; but, besides—a child
Of France!

And after, tho remembrance of past years
Dulled not to her fond vision nor grew dim;
Tho every slightest incident of him
Was treasured in her breast, she shed no tears.
Her cup was full now, even to the brim,
And for herself she knew nor hopes nor fears.
So, toiling patiently, with noble pride
And lifted head she met each pitying glance,
She was the mother of a son who died—
For France!

A little silhouette of the beauty and the
horror of France to-day is given by Mulford
Doughty in his "From Twenty-One"
(Richard G. Badger, Boston).

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

By MULFORD DOUGHTY

Song of a fair May morning,
When the sky is bluer than blue
And the white clouds floating across it
Seem almost too white to be true,
When the air is sweet with clover,
And hums with the busy bee,
And across the gray salt marches,
The guns thunder out to the sea,
And the dead lie in rows
With their face to the foes
Only a mile from me.

Over the water our British friends and
Allies are just as appreciative. Here Cecil
Chesterton sings of Britain's neighbor in
"The Book of Verse of the Great War"
(Yale University Press).

FRANCE

By CECIL CHESTERTON

Because for once the sword broke in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed perished for a
space;
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the star
Of evil fate denying all release.
The rulers smote the feeble, crying "War!"
The usurers robbed the naked, crying "Peace!"

And her own feet were caught in nets of gold,
And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm,
And little men climbed to high seats, and sold
Her honor to the vulture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they called her dead,
The Over-Men, so brave against the weak.
Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is here to speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
And once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

From the *Kansas City Star* we take a
chant in honor of France's warrior saint:

IN DOMREMY

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

There is a little church in France to-day
Where once a simple maiden knelt, who now
Wears God's insignia upon her brow—
First of the saints to whom her people pray



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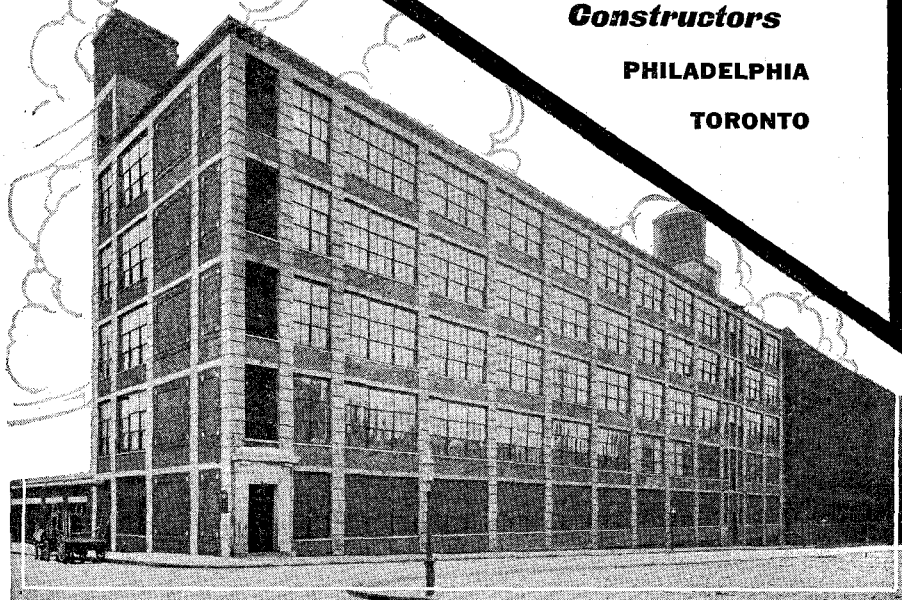
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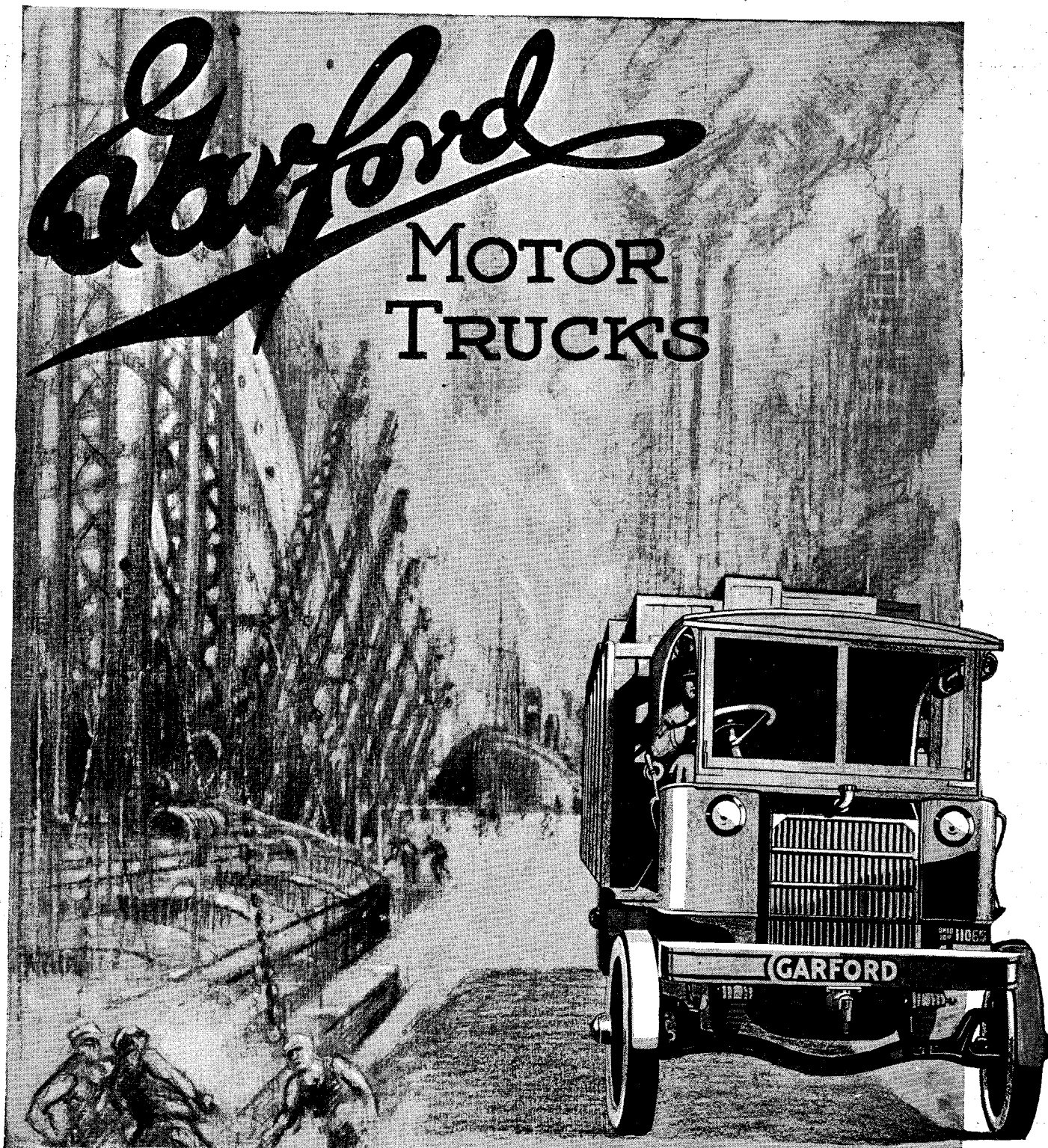
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Maid of the Lilies, warrior of the Sword,
Jeanne d'Arc,
True soldier in the service of the Lord,
Shall you not hark?

To-day the candles burn before your shrine,
Your banner glows within the sacred space,
But not alone, for with it, by God's grace,
There does another of its colors shine;
Two and yet one—a holy thing enshrined,
Sainte Jeanne,
Two banners at Domremy are entwined,
Bless them as one!

There is a little church in France to-day;
How many prayers have risen thence to you!
For their sake heed another prayer and new,
Strange words yet beautiful your people say,
Bend down between the lilies and the lance,
Sainte Jeanne,
"For those Americans who died for France"
Light their souls on!

There is a little church in France to-day;
Your people kneel about the altar there.
You who were warrior and woman, bear
With hands of very love this prayer they pray:
A simple prayer for those souls chivalrous
Who dared the dark,
"For those Americans who died for us,"
Jeanne d'Arc.

Amelia Josephine Burr in her "Silver Trumpet" (George H. Doran, New York) gives us a vivid picture of one of the soldier-sons of France.

A FRENCH CAPTAIN

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Three wounds . . . he was so weak . . . just
to let go
The grip of will on torn and weary flesh—
For then would come a silence . . . and long
sleep. . . .
And when he waked—if waking was for him—
Then he could fight again . . . but now—O God!

Only to slip to earth a little while
And lose the shattering tumult of the guns!
But something in his heart would not let go,
Something that thudded in his ringing ears
"For France! for France! for France!"

He struggled on
Bleeding, unconquered—and unconquerable,
For when the bullet struck him in the breast
He shouted to his men as he went down,
"Never fall back! It is my last command."

That was one soldier's death. You who can sneer
(God pardon you!) at him and at his like,
You who walk proudly in your nobler ways,
Are you as faithful to humanity
As he to France? Do the stern tests of peace
Awake the God in you as war in him?
If it were so, there were an end of war.

Even death loses its terrors when met
"on the sacred soil of France," or so
Lieut. Carroll Carstairs tells us in "More
Songs by the Fighting Men," the second
of the series published by Erskine Mac-
donald, of London.

DEATH IN FRANCE

BY CARROLL CARSTAIRS

If I should die while I am yet in France
Before the battle-clouds have rolled away,
Give me to feel that death will but enhance
Life's secret vision on its passing day.
Grant then to me new, individual power
In reverie, whilst whimsically I trace
Thro' eager, breathless youth, each pulsing hour,
The light and shadow on its fading face.
And in death's soonest minute let me seek
Life heightened by new splendor, poise, surprise,
New color flushing deep its paling cheek,
New wonder looking from its tired eyes.
Time's brought a rare patine to old Romance—
Death has an ancient dignity in France.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addressed to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY'S REMINISCENCES

Pumpelly, Raphael. My Reminiscences. 2 vols. 8vo, boxed. Pp. xxiv-844. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$7.50 net. Postage, 20 cents.

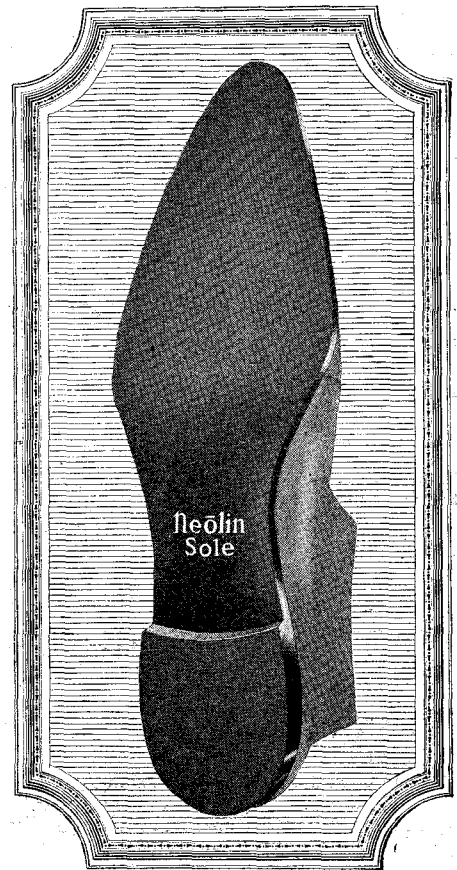
Not infrequently the assertion is made that the liking for biography, autobiography, and "reminiscences" is an acquired taste. With encouragement such as is furnished by these two volumes, however, the acquisition of a taste for this kind of literature might come easily and quickly.

Raphael Pumpelly was born in Owego, N. Y., in 1837—almost before the days of railroads. He came of fighting stock, his paternal grandfather having fought through the French, Indian, and Revolutionary wars. His mother was a woman of education, wit, wisdom, and genius, and the refinement which was hers she passed on to her children. Raphael in his early childhood experienced more than the usual accidents and narrow escapes, reducing his vigor but in turn developing courage and even a bravado that has not been useless. In later childhood Presbyterian surroundings induced an ardent dislike for Sunday, and for what he calls "spiritual things." He was early an organizer, as a boy subletting and "superintending" his boyish task of clearing a field of stones. Rollin's "Ancient History" was one of his diversions, Miller's "Old Red Sandstone" another; the latter induced the bent for geology, in which later he was to become an expert and an authority. Schooling was received at White Plains and New Haven. Then, instead of entering Yale, he was permitted to go to Europe to finish, his mother accompanying him. This was in 1854.

From this point on the narrative is intensely interesting. One may read what Hanover and Dresden were like in 1854; Prague, Vienna, Cologne, Freiburg, and Paris, in 1855; Naples (including Vesuvius), Rome (then "the City of the Popes"), and Corsica (in the days of bandits and the vendetta), in 1856. Then came Freiburg and the association with the geologist Neoggerath, which settled the major direction of Pumpelly's studies, which he pursued in the Royal Mining Academy there. The next two years passed in travel and study of mines and rocks, and 1859 found the young man of twenty-two in America, and at work in what was then the "wild and woolly" Arizona, engaged as a geologist to develop the Santa Rita silver-mines. Those were the days of the "Apache terror," and for two years, in danger from the Apaches, Mexicans, and road-agents, Pumpelly carried his work to a conclusion, and then literally escaped through the desert. Here is a thrilling chapter on "The Yuma Trail," where the author gives the following incident:

"Riding one night, we saw before us a camp-fire, by which we found an American and one Mexican. As meeting a traveler on a desert is always an event, we dismounted and smoked while the others were eating. The American was on his way to Sonora, and the Mexican was his guide. We told him how dangerous it then was to travel through the intermediate country, and in Sonora.

"Well, I guess I'm pretty much proof



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against bullets and arrows, stranger; just feel here," he replied, putting his hand on his breast.

"We felt his leather shirt, and found it double, and lined all round with disks of something heavy.

"Those are all twenty-dollar gold-pieces. I'm pretty much proof," he continued. It was useless to give further warning to a man who published the fact that he was encased in gold, so we left him to his fate. We heard afterward, all the way to Los Angeles, that he had everywhere boasted of his golden armor; and, later still, that he had been murdered by his guide."

The year 1861 found Mr. Pumpelly in the service of the Japanese Government as geologist and mining engineer at an annual salary of \$5,000. The voyage was made in a clipper ship, broken at Hawaii, where the following incident took place:

"While we were at the Paré an incident occurred which illustrates a curious superstition still prevalent among the people. In examining the volcanic rock of which the hills consist, my attention was attracted to what I took to be a waxlike mineral known as palagonite. Detaching it without much trouble, I was surprised at finding a hole behind it, apparently containing more of the same substance. Hoping to increase my supply of a rare mineral from a new locality, I stowed away in my pocket, without a closer examination, the piece I had obtained, and proceeded carefully to dig out the rest with my knife. Much to my astonishment the prize produced from the hole was a half-decayed rag. A closer examination of the supposed mineral, so carefully treasured in my pocket, showed that it belonged decidedly to the animal kingdom. Mr. Carter asked an explanation from some passing natives. They explained that the substance found was the navel cord of some infant, it being an ancient custom, at the birth of a child, for the parents to hide this part of the infant, to whom alone the place of concealment is afterward shown. Should an enemy, by any chance, discover the sacred repository, it would be in his power to bring about the death of the unsuspecting owner by sorcery."

This illustrates well the variety of happenings and relation contained in these volumes. The travel and work in Japan were done only seven years after Perry's treaty between Japan and the United States. Here is on nearly every page information of the most varied kind—on the flora and fauna, the appearance and habits, religions, customs, and ethnology of the Japanese, and the geography and geology of the islands. A visit to a temple at Yeddo, for instance, revealed a group of fifteen *phalli* in one temple enclosure. Life there is well illustrated by the following incident:

"I had for servants a soldier and his wife. The woman cooked and kept the house, the man did everything else. I gradually intrusted to him the keeping of accounts and the key of my safe. He was a quick calculator with the *abacus*, and skilful with the pencil or brush. If I wanted parsnips, for instance, and only knew the word for root, he would with a few quick strokes of the brush draw a beet with its leaves, then a turnip, or a *diago*, a yam, etc., till he came to a parsnip. All done rapidly and botanically correct. This intimate acquaintance with everything around them and the ability to sketch were a part of the general education."

After two years in Japan, Mr. Pumpelly went to China, went up the Yangtze River, and happened upon the Taiping rebellion. He subsequently came into the employ of the Chinese Government to explore the Chinese coal-mines. Subsequently he crossed the Gobi desert, then returned by

way of Siberia to Europe and America, taking what must have seemed the tame work of professor of mining at Harvard in 1866. After 1873 he was engaged in geological work for several States, for the national Government, and under the Carnegie Institution, all of which is described with an unvarying verve and liveliness that keep the reader on the *qui vive*.

Subsequent travels and work at home lead to lively jottings, as witness the following, credited to Georgia in 1884.

"Among the people of this part of Georgia one saw everywhere the great change wrought by the war. Families once rich and socially important were now poor and their second generation working for a living. Prosperity seemed to attach to the formerly poorer element. We never saw any sign of our being disliked as Northerners. On the contrary, we were sometimes serenaded. It was natural that we should see amusing sides of remote Southern village life which it would hardly do to relate, but one instance I will risk. We were calling on the third bride of a lawyer. My wife asked whether she was born in the village.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I was born in Massachusetts." Whereupon her husband announced:

"Yes, I always go North for my wives!"

Two more intensely "human" volumes than these can hardly be conceived. The cheeriness, brightness, and good nature of the author break out everywhere. And this is not at the expense of the more weighty matters of excellent historical and scientific information that really "informs." There are eighty photographs and illustrations and thirteen maps.

MR. USHER ON THE WINNING OF THE WAR

Usher, Roland G., Ph.D. *The Winning of the War. A Sequel to "Pan-Germanism."* With Maps and Illustrations. Pp. 382. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. \$2. Postage, 12 cents.

"This is an optimistic book for pessimistic people," says Professor Usher in opening his preface. Taking it as a whole, the book justifies his statement, altho certain sections of it take a darker view of the war than one likes to see put forth. He holds that "by the old European formulas the Allies can not win," but he maintains that "in the light of the new formulas, by which the world is now and henceforth will be controlled, the Allies have already won a victory of a scope and finality unparalleled in past wars." Throughout Book I he discusses "The German Menace"; and this, as he sees it, is "The New Pan-Germanism." Of this he says:

"There is a new Europe and a new world created by the war, and a new Pan-Germanism intent on the domination of both. It was born of the war, suckled in the fear of defeat, nourished in the expectation of dominion. Like the old, it is the product of Machiavellian craft and of Teutonic ruthlessness; it sees nothing too great for its aspiration, nothing too mean to be utilized for victory. It believes its ambition so lofty as to consecrate the baseness of its methods. From the slime and muck of merciless warfare it aims to build a new *Kultur*, dazzling in its purity and splendor, surpassing the glories of Athens and the achievements of the Renaissance."

This new situation came about naturally enough, as he reasons; and what may result from it he asserts with plain positiveness:

"Germany may win the war and lose it, the Allies may lose the war and win it, because it is fought not primarily for military results, but for its effect upon the reorganization of Europe when the war

is over. They have merely to understand the war to see that they have already won security, safety, and significant objectives far more important than those sketched in the first speeches of their statesmen. . . . The Allies have yet to confess to themselves that the war has solved their problems and has already created for the future an invulnerable defense. Forces older than armies and thrice as potent have worked on their behalf and victory stands ready to their hands, needing merely to be comprehended, organized, and utilized to be infallible and final."

Professor Usher believes that "permanent peace must rest upon the conversion of the people of the Central Empires"; that they "must repent of their own free will"; that "the control of the world is no longer to be decided in Europe"; that "a new world has grown into existence outside Europe of which Europe is but a part"; that while "Pan-Germanism planned its domination" the Allies, "by cooperation upon terms of equality, have already won"; that they "have merely to recognize the potency of the new internationalism and shape their future plans and campaigns in accordance with the dispositions which it dictates, in the fashion best to utilize the vast forces it provides." That "the collapse of Russia completely destroyed the balance of power in Europe" is his view; that "the influence of Europe in the world has decreased; the influence of the world in Europe is now for the first time recognized." And he urges that even—

"A German victory would, therefore, be unable to achieve anything of great moment. In the long run an international coalition of nations upon the broad basis of common humanity and equality, an international democracy among nations of various continents, will be sure to prevail over the selfish interests in any one continent, however strong, however well organized."

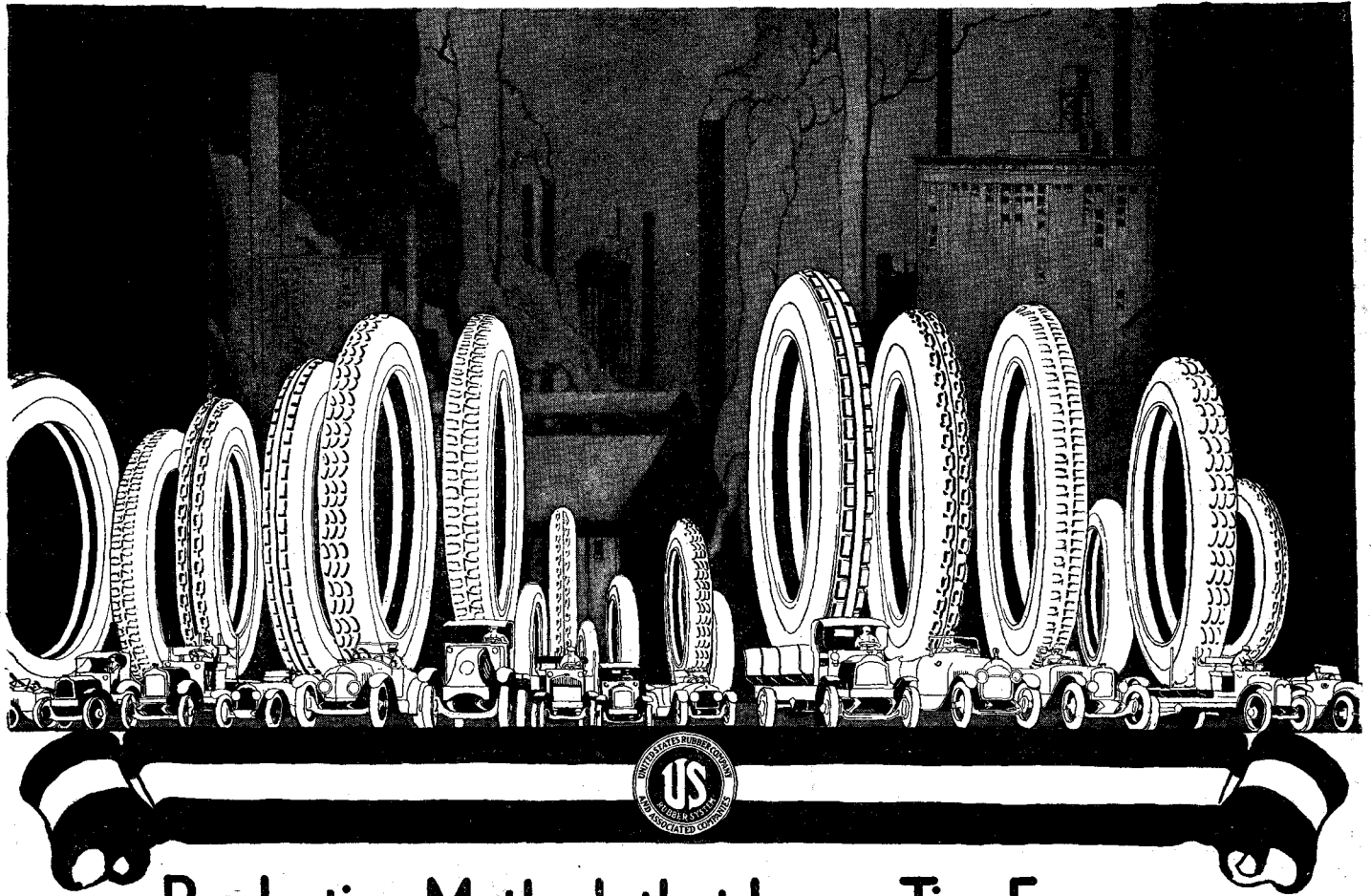
The author's optimism reveals itself in Book III. For he is optimistic, first and last. Clearly showing where the Allies have failed, he sees distinctly, as he believes, where and how they can succeed. In spite of all the German brutality and bad faith—which he recognizes; in spite of all their secret service machinations—which he sets forth; in spite of everything which has appeared to make for German victory, up to the day his final pages were written—he maintains that "a relatively limited victory in France or Italy is all that is either necessary or expedient"; and he pleads for patience while that is prepared for and secured. And he closes by saying:

"Nothing but the great moral campaign against Germany could have created the conviction of the necessity of the new alliance, of the identity of interests of the Allied countries which now animates them all. Indeed, by precipitating the war, the Germans expected to create a new empire. The very dispositions upon which they counted have created one—but it is not theirs."

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Jenks, Jeremiah W., Ph.D., LL.D., and Lauck, W. Jett. *The Immigration Problem. A Study of American Immigration Conditions and Needs.* Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Pp. 605. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.75 net. Postage, 16 cents.

Many changes were made in, and much new matter was added to, the third edition of this work. For this fourth edition the text was carefully revised, the authors tell us in their preface to it, "and all



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Equip with United States Tires.

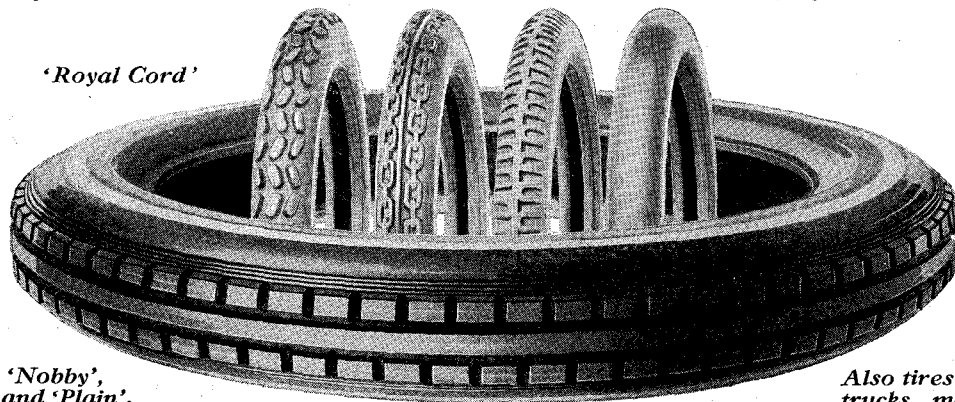
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There is real economy in their use. There is mileage economy; dollars-and-cents economy.

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for passenger cars.

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trucks, motorcycles,
bicycles and airplanes.



GRINNELLS WOULD HAVE SAVED IT.

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Stamping out Guerrilla Warfare

MANY fires of known or suspected incendiary origin are occurring daily. It is guerrilla warfare. Many great American industries are among the victims—as completely wiped out as if wrecked by shells in Flanders.

Machine-gun Efficiency

There has always been in America a guerrilla warfare of another sort waged against business. It is Nature's insidious trickery reenforced by man's carelessness, called "fire-hazards" by the experts. Twenty-five thousand American businesses have been awake to its depredations. They have armed themselves with the machine guns of fire-protection—the automatic sprinklers.

Fires are so easily started. Your watchmen can't be in all places at once. Just as surely as you have combustibles in your property, just so surely will fires start when Nature gets ready to "strike her match."

Nothing can stop fires from starting, but automatic sprinklers can stop all fires from spreading.

As soon as that first little ribbon of smoke has developed into a sufficient blaze to send a column of heat to the ceiling, the fusible strut in the nearest sprinkler-head will soften and down will come a drenching rain, while the alarm-bell sends out its clamor for help. It is all automatic and instantaneous. If the fire is not entirely put out by the sprinklers when help arrives, it will at least be under control and easily attended to.

The sprinkler-protected enterprises have done and will continue to do their full duty in our industrial mobilization.

In justice to the nation's need, no concern that plays a part in the war can neglect this great standard precaution against interruption of business. It matters little whether the

automatic sprinkler system costs money or pays its own way by insurance savings, the point is that the wheels of industry positively must not stop one moment until the war is over!

Considering the known efficiency of sprinklers, even incendiarism is no excuse for suspension of business and inability to fill orders.

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Supervisory devices on a sprinkler system make vicious tampering with the system impossible. Sprinkler-protection thus becomes actually infallible even against alien enemies.

An incendiary may move through your plant for weeks, studying to find an opportunity for mischief, but everywhere—in the attic, in the cellar, in the closets under the stairs, in the big rooms and in the dark corners—he finds always the little sprinkler-heads on duty, ready and able to balk his plan. He cannot tamper with any part of the system without flashing the news of his machinations to the central supervisory station.

The way the insurance rate drops when you put in sprinklers shows how the chance of interruption by fire practically disappears. A cut of 50 or 90 per cent. in the annual outlay for insurance is the reward the Underwriters will give you if you install this modern protection.

The Grinnell System, the oldest and best known, protecting more property than all other kinds put together, is shop-assembled and comes to your property all cut to measure, ready to be installed without interrupting or embarrassing even your busiest department.

Don't theorize—get the figures! Address the General Fire Extinguisher Co., 274 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

available data inserted so as to bring the discussion of the immigration problem completely up to date." *Digest* readers will recall that the Sixty-fourth Congress passed a new Immigration Bill last year, and the complete text of that is among the additions to this new edition, being Appendix A, while a chapter concerning it, appearing in the text, was prepared by Mr. W. W. Husband, Secretary of the former United States Immigration Commission. With that Commission Dr. Jenks and Professor Lauck were associated during the entire four years of its labors; and such association fitted them peculiarly for the analysis of its extended report, in forty-two volumes, on which their study was based. Their persistent efforts to improve this analysis, to extend it, and to assure its accuracy, have resulted in adding new material of great value to the text and to the appendices. They have drawn chiefly upon official sources, but their own personal knowledge of these, and such personal conclusions as they have none too freely founded thereon, give uncommon force to all they say. Until war ends immigration may be of less concern to this country than it has been in the recent past; but the question is one requiring the best statesmanship to handle, and the fullest information which can be obtained; and present careful study of it may be essential to the future of our nation. These authors and their publishers have rendered a national service in the labor and expense manifestly incurred for the production of this book.

Morris, Robert T., F.A.C.S. The Way Out of War. Notes on the Biology of the Subject. Pp. 166. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1. Postage, 8 cents.

To say that there is any "biology of the subject" of war may surprise readers—biology in the accepted sense of that word. Dr. Morris writes about it, however, with a calm assurance that there is. "Durable nations," he asserts, "are composed of varietal hybrids"; and Germany, as it appears, is not sufficiently "hybrid" to be long durable. As we understand him, she is degenerating because of this lack. This opinion is thus hinted:

"The German knight of old, *der edel Ritter*, stood erect when donning his shining armor. He engaged the enemy heroically, actuated by the accepted finer martial motives. The German knight of to-day crawls upon his belly dragging a gas-tank behind him."

As a basis for peace, agricultural science, intensive agriculture, is urged by Dr. Morris; one of whose conclusions as to the war he states in these words:

"If anybody feels that any survival of the fittest is to be looked for as a result of the present war, he may go to Flanders and there find the fittest—underground."

McLeod, T. B. The World War and the Road to Peace. With an Introductory Note by S. Parkes Cadman. Pp. 126. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1918. 60 cents. Postage, 6 cents.

In his Foreword to this little volume Dr. McLeod says: "The American pacifist is not necessarily a traitor, neither is he a fool, and many of us would like to have his creed stated fairly and discussed dispassionately." According to this author, all Americans are pacifists from one point of view: they deplore war. But most of them believe this war is justifiable; and he predicts that it will go on "until the Teutonic Powers are beaten down, brought to terms, and compelled to atone (as far as atonement is possible) for their barbaric crimes against the world."

Fisher, Irving, and Fisk, Eugene Lyman. *Health for the Soldier and Sailor.* Pp. 148. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 60 cents net. Postage, 4 cents.

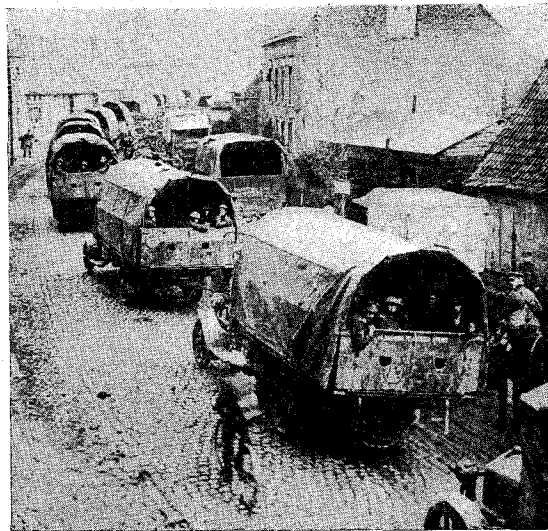
Embodying certain introductory material from "How to Live," the popular work by these authors, and approved by the Hygienic Board of the Life Extension Institute, with which they have official connection, this little volume comes with expert authority and may be accepted unhesitatingly in all it says. It covers a wide range of topics closely related to the man in the camp, at the front, or on the sea. It should be read by every one of "Our Boys in Khaki and Our Boys in Blue." In size and shape to fit the pocket readily, it may be carried there as a handbook of indispensable practical value.

Helps, A. E. *Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., D.C.L.* Pp. 405. New York: John Lane Company. \$4 net. Postage, 16 cents.

The letters of any one man possess interest for a limited number except when the man is of national or international importance or connected with other celebrated men. Both exceptions hold good in this case, since Sir Arthur was a notable figure of the last generation, a friend of Queen Victoria, and was "Clerk of the Privy Council," on terms of intimacy with Gladstone, Carlyle, Disraeli, Tennyson, Ruskin, and many important personages on both sides of the Atlantic. This collection of letters covers a period from 1829-75 and bears on current topics and literature; but, to American readers, their greatest attraction will lie in their expressions concerning American institutions, ideals, and achievements and especially in the correspondence with Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Sir Arthur Helps was a man of mentality and of pronounced philanthropic tendencies; best of all, he had a keen sense of humor and his letters are brightened by many an apt story. The difference between the English and American point of view is clearly manifested, especially in the letters pertaining to the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and there is much absorbing and instructive information on varied subjects.

Fletcher, J. S. *Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish.* Pp. 214. New York: John Lane Company. \$2.50. Postage, 12 cents.

The history of one Yorkshire parish—Darrington—is of interest to any lover of archeological investigation, but, naturally, of particular local interest. The book is satisfactorily illustrated by a resident of the parish, Mr. G. P. Rhodes. The information is varied and comprehensive, including physical attractions, prominent families identified with its development (especially that of Savile), its part played in great movements, and with famous men. Yorkshire has so much that is general in its interest: "Scarcely a yard of highway, an acre of land, is there hereabouts which is not associated with the great deeds and outstanding figures of the past," and the aspect of this parish is as suggestive to the student of history as it is pleasing to the lover of characteristically English scenery—"upland, lowland, rich meadow, cultivated field, wood coppice, orchard, and garden." The author has a mass of information at his disposal and believes that the lives of men identified with the parish and "the gray stones among which they and their families have had their day" personify the "true history of England and the English." There are too many statistics and details to make the book interesting to the general reader, but the lover of Yorkshire and local color will devour every word with avidity.



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In war service a truck must have the vitality to perform its duty against odds—without hesitation—with increased speed—over rough roads—day and night—with absolute certainty. It must be *dependable* to the last degree.

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Chase Mohair Velvets are backed by our seventy-one years of successful manufacturing, and have been used by America's leading hotels, railways, and homes for over thirty years.

No other upholstery material combines rich, decorative appearance with extraordinary wearing qualities to such an extent as the beautiful, luxurious Chase Mohair Velvets.

Made from the lustrous fleece of the Angora goat, Chase Mohair Velvets enchant with their beauty. Their wonderful, lustrous surface is not impaired by pressure—no wearing out in spots—easily cleansed, comfortable, sanitary and sturdy.

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Enduring from generation to generation.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

GERMAN SUBMARINE PIRATES STILL COMBING THE COAST

SOME of the survivors of the Kaiser's "Seeing America" submarines are inclined to regard the commander of one of the fleet as rather a polite sort of person because he did not cut their throats, or make them walk the plank in the cheerful, care-free manner of those old-time rovers of the seas who sailed under the skull and cross-bones. But, "whether with or without manners, a pirate is a pirate, and hanging and not recognition of his 'kindness' is what he deserves." This is the way a writer in the *New York Times* looks at the matter, a view that it is not difficult to share, since the commander's "kindness" was demonstrated only by setting his victims adrift in open boats sixty miles from shore to be drowned, instead of slitting their throats at once in the good old-fashioned way.

At all events, any perfection of manner shown by the commander was not imitated by his crew, who are said to have lined up on the top of their submarine and with triumphant grins address their victims in Teutonic gutturals as "*Sau-hund*," this being the Hun way of saying "pig-dog."

But whether it was done politely or in a way which is more easily attributable to our German foes, the visiting fleet of under-sea craft certainly rolled up a goodly score between May 25 and June 5, their card showing the destruction in that period of fifteen vessels off the New Jersey coast. Survivors of the raid reached New York City on rescue ships and by way of Atlantic City, where some of them landed in open boats. They had interesting stories to tell of their experiences, and while some of them placed the submarines employed as high as three, the preponderance of testimony seemed to fix the number at two.

The schooner *Eva B. Douglass* landed 150 of the passengers and 94 of the crew of the torpedoed steamship *Carolina* in Brooklyn. One of the former was Second Lieut. Bernard O. Weitz, who for more than a year has been in the United States Weather Bureau in Porto Rico. Says the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

He walked into the home of his mother and sisters still dripping wet from the hours he spent in the small boats at sea. His visit was to have been a complete surprise. He had won his Army commission at San Juan and was coming home on a two weeks' furlough that would have allowed him five days in Brooklyn had he reached here on schedule time, which was Monday morning.

Lieutenant Weitz said that he had been in the dining-room of the *Carolina* when the U-boat attack was begun.

"We all heard the loud report of her guns and ran on deck," he said. "There alongside lay the big glistening submarine with a number of her crew lined up on

deck. E. W. Vogel, the Marconi operator, had begun sending S. O. S. to beat the band as soon as the submarine was sighted, and shortly after we got on deck the German skipper ordered a shot fired through the aerial. A number of the submarine's crew waved their hats and handkerchiefs and several men near me said that they heard them shout '*Sau-hund*,' which means literally 'pig-dog.'

"All hands on the *Carolina*, so far as I could see, were cool, even after we had taken to the boats. We rowed all night, part of the time through a terrific rain and thunderstorm which soaked us all to the skin. The *Carolina* sank slowly as we rowed away. The big shells from the guns of the submarine ripped her sides to pieces."

When Arthur Courtin came ashore he had no one awaiting his return. He wore a cap and his clothing was disheveled. The first thing he wanted was a smoke. He is a member of the Brooklyn fruit commission, and vice-president and director of the Empire Products and Export Company.

Mr. Courtin reached his home at 8 A.M. to-day almost exhausted. When seen by an *Eagle* reporter he said that, tho he had not closed his eyes in three nights, he would tell his story.

"We were plowing through a smooth sea Sunday evening and the dinner call had just been sounded. I was sitting in a steamer-chair just outside my door. A number of the passengers had already gone below; but I lingered to read a little. Suddenly I heard a noise that sounded like a crackle of the wireless. I sprang to my feet and looked up toward the wireless apparatus. As I did so I saw the wireless operator come out of his room and also look up.

"A moment later, the same sound, but much louder, came again. It was the passing of a shell overhead. I said to myself, 'That's a submarine.' I rushed back across the deck as the passengers began to boil up from below. When I got into my stateroom I found that my life-belt was gone. I got another and found my place at the boats."

Ten boats were loaded with thirty-five persons to a boat. There was no hitch in the proceedings and no undue excitement until it was discovered that a man and woman had quite thoughtlessly overlooked their children. Says the Lieutenant:

"Our boat started back to get the little folks, when it was discovered that they had been taken into another boat.

"As we pulled away I saw the submarine. It appeared to be about 300 feet long, and ten men stood on the deck. Each one held a pair of marine glasses to his eyes, and they appeared to me to be assigned each man to watch what went on in a particular boat.

"Somewhat to the surprise of all of us, the small boats were not fired upon. Captain Barbour called out to the German captain:

"'Captain, I didn't quite understand your orders.'

"'Go to shore!' the German barked back.

"The submarine fired six shells into the *Carolina* before she began to sink. Before she began to go down I saw two men jump overboard. We believed they swam toward the submarine.

"The ten boats were tied together in a long string to keep them from scattering.

Why Japan came to Waltham for Time

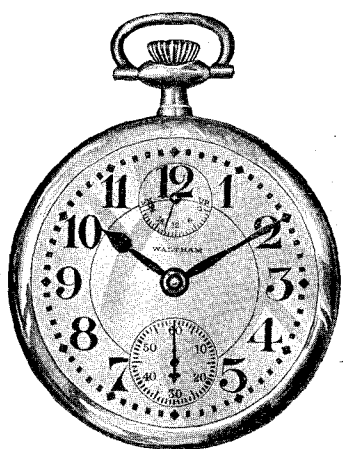
Japan began to build a modern empire. About the same time, Waltham commenced the manufacture of watches. This happened more than a half century ago.

Japan sought for her own use the most modern ideas that civilization had developed. Waltham determined to improve on all that had ever been done to make watches accurate. Finally, their mutual aims toward perfection brought them together on a basis that has proved to the advantage of both.

Japan searched Switzerland, France, England and America for the most reliable railroad watch in the world. And the watch she chose in preference to all others was a Waltham.



Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham



The Vanguard
The World's Finest Railroad Watch
23 and 19 jewels

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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He is a regular customer of ours. He promises not to be unless—but read his letter:

"I have been smoking a great many years, but can frankly and honestly say that until I smoked a few of Shivers' Cigars, I never was at all times sure of getting a cigar which I knew would thoroughly satisfy my taste. Furthermore, it is no longer necessary for me to go into a cigar store and try first one cigar and then another, which usually resulted in but part success.

"So long as you continue the manufacture of your present quality at the same more-than-fair price to consumers, I assure you of my continued patronage, whether I'm in Maryland or France."

Our business is manufacturing cigars and the entire output of our factory is sold to smokers at wholesale prices. They are sold by the box on approval. A man can smoke ten, and if No. 10 isn't as good as each of the preceding nine, he doesn't have to pay us anything.

Consequently, in every box one cigar must at all times be as good as another. If each one was not, we would have to change our offer:

OUR OFFER IS: Upon request, we will send a box of 50 El Nelsor Cigars to any reader of The Literary Digest. He may smoke ten. If not delighted, he may return the remaining 40 at our expense, and no charge will be made for the 10 smoked. If he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to send us within 10 days the price, \$2.75.

We are able to sell at this low price because we sell direct to smokers, thereby cutting out both the expenses and profits of both jobbers and retailers. You will appreciate how much this saves, when we tell you how many of our customers declare our 5½-cent cigars give them as much satisfaction as any ten-cent-straight cigars they have ever bought.

During the past 16 years this offer and our cigars themselves have built up a business for us of which we are proud. As proud as we are of our factory at 21st and Market Streets, Philadelphia, where our cigars are hand-made in such sanitary surroundings that we like to show visitors over every floor. That seems to make lifetime friends for our cigars.

But as our cigars mainly have to sell themselves, our special work is to see that they are at all times up to the mark.

El Nelsor is a hand-made cigar of long, high-quality Havana filler blended with Porto Rico. It is wrapped in genuine selected Sumatra leaf.

If you would like to try a cigar prepared to make its own way with you, send for a box today. If you smoke ten-cent-strights you may feel that you have come upon a way to cut your war-time smoking expenses virtually one-half.

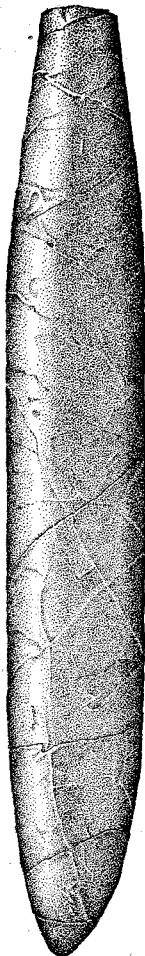
In ordering, please use your business letterhead and specify whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars.

Our catalogue shows 17 other brands of cigars offered you upon the same better-than-any-guarantee terms. Send for a copy.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Shivers' El Nelsor
EXACT
SIZE
AND
SHAPE

About midnight, just before the storm broke, three of the boats became separated from the rest; and a motor-launch, whose engine was dead, went off, propelled by oars, to get them. It brought back one of the three and started after the others, but did not get them.

"The storm broke with wind, rain, lightning, and thunder. We all thought that our time had come. It was no use rowing any more. All we could do was to hold fast to our place and try to keep from being flung into the sea. The storm abated after an hour and we bailed out the boat. There were no lights anywhere on the water.

"We rowed for awhile and finally sighted the four masts of the schooner *Eva B. Douglass*. One of our boats rowed over to her and she hove to.

"The skipper of the *Douglass* certainly was a gentleman. Altho he was bound for Norfolk, he said that he would take every one on board and turn his ship about and bring the passengers all back to Brooklyn."

The small boat in which Samuel Johnson made his escape from the *Carolina* was not so fortunate as the others. Something went wrong and the boat capsized, dumping every one, including women and children, into the sea. Johnson thus describes their experiences:

"We had a hard struggle right there, but eventually everybody was hauled back on board our boat. We were awash several times; but always managed to bail the boat out. After the *Carolina* started to blaze we naturally had no desire to hang around there. So we left the vicinity.

"Later on a terrific thunder-storm added to our troubles. All around we could hear calls for help, and when daylight broke we were alone. There was nothing in sight, not even a smudge of smoke on the horizon. How we ever lived through that night is a mystery to me, but there was not one among them that did not meet every situation bravely.

"We placed the water-supply in charge of Mrs. Hamilton. She was our commissary department. Anybody who said he was hungry or thirsty received enough to keep him going and that was all. We agreed on that beforehand, because we didn't know how long we were going to be out there. The men, however, insisted that the women be given a double supply. The rations consisted of ship's biscuits and water."

Mrs. Rachel Hamilton is the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of San Juan, Porto Rico. When she finally landed at Atlantic City she took a philosophical view of the situation, and highly praised the men in charge of the boat, saying cheerfully:

"So long as a Porto Rico boat had to be sunk, I am glad I was on it. I would not have missed it for anything in the world. When I am sure that all the people in the other boats are safe the tragedy will be entirely dispelled so far as I am concerned.

"When we sighted the shore we were told by Lieutenant McClaren that it looked like Atlantic City. Did it look good to us? Well, rather. And when we came ashore you had the band playing for us just as if you knew we were coming."

In one of the boats was an old woman of

seventy who in the night during the heavy storm calmly address those in her boat, who were cowering from the beating rain and drenching waves. She held something in her hand above her head as she said solemnly:

"This is a piece of the cross of Christ which was sent to me by my son, a priest in Rome. My faith is in God. This is a sign that we shall not die!"

Others among the survivors in this boat were two boys. Both lost all they had which for young Francisco Vives, a Porto Rican, was quite a serious matter, as \$200, which it had taken him several of his thirteen years of life to save to pay the expenses of his education here, went down in his suit-case on the *Carolina*. When the first shot was fired Arnold Bohne, who is on his way to work on a Pennsylvania farm, was reading a detective story—title not recalled by the young castaway, but evidently enthralling, for he did not allow the shell to interrupt his reading. He says he thought "some one was getting wise with a revolver." And then:

"About two minutes later I heard another shot. Even then I did not know what it meant, but some of those in the smoking-room were looking out through the port-holes to see if they could catch sight of anything.

"A little later some passengers with life-preservers on ran into the smoking-room to say that there was a submarine near by. Nobody seemed to be frightened. I closed my book and got up. As I did I heard the third shot.

"I dropt the book and ran full speed to my stateroom, where I got hold of a life-preserver and put it on. I ran up to the second-class deck, where I saw all the second-class passengers standing in a crowd. Nobody seemed much excited. I looked out over the rail there and saw a submarine with her decks awash. I could see her conning-tower. I supposed she was just about to go down. It was the first submarine I had ever seen in my life.

"The officers said that the women and children should get into the boats first and the men let them go. Nobody was making any trouble. I heard just one woman cry because she could not find her child.

"We pulled away from the ship and then I saw the submarine closer. I could see her flags flying and a big man with a beard appeared on her deck and called to us through a megaphone. I believe he was the captain. He talked good English, but he had an accent. He said:

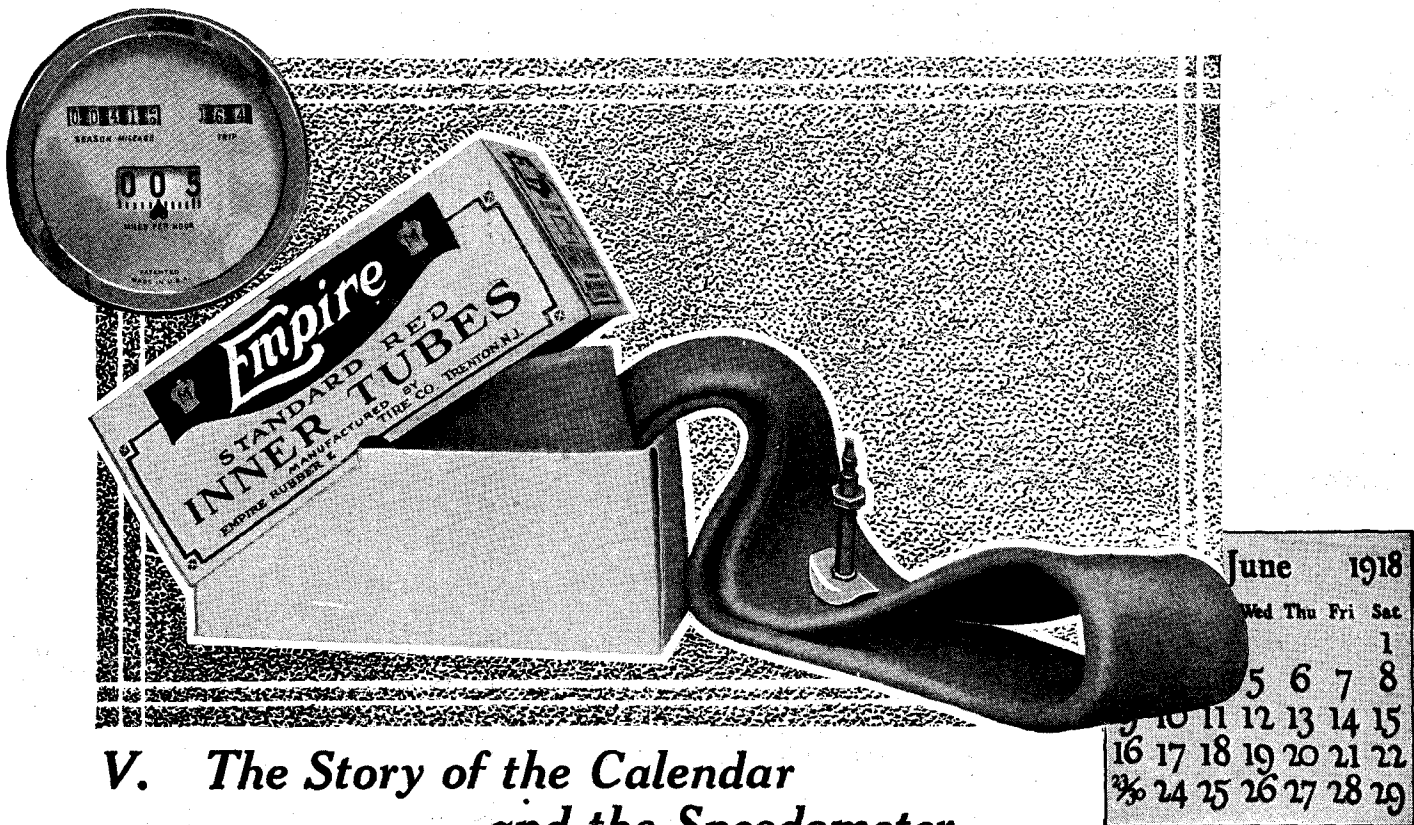
"Go back to your ship! We won't sink her to-day, but don't use your wireless!"

"We pulled back toward the *Carolina*, but as we were going that way our captain's boat passed us and there were soldiers on it. When the German captain saw that he said he would sink the *Carolina* anyhow.

"The captain of the *Carolina* called to us to row away from the ship and we headed for the west. We picked up a boy with a life-preserver on who was in the water."

Erwin W. Vogel, the wireless operator of the *Carolina*, kept right on sending messages after the submarine commander

Why *Empire Red Tubes* last as long as the average car itself



V. *The Story of the Calendar and the Speedometer*

It is easy to measure the service of a casing. The speedometer does it.

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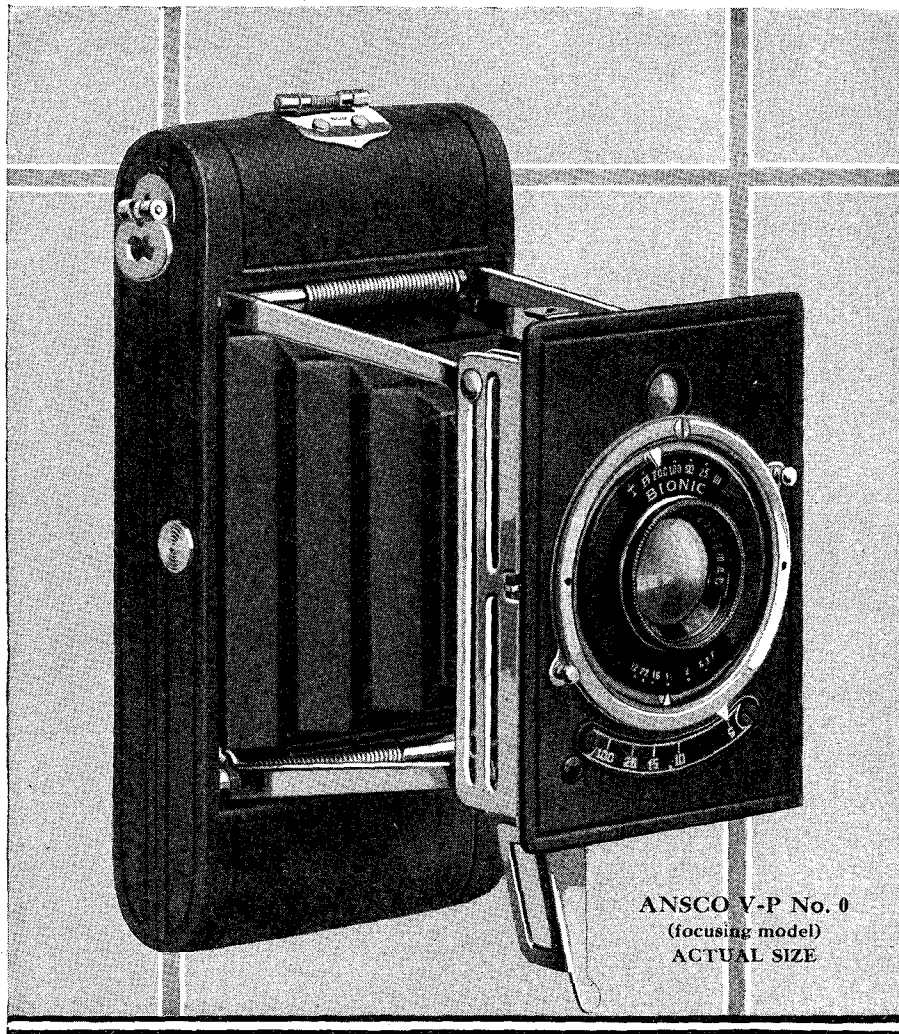
For 30 years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N. J., have been making rubber goods famous for long life. Many Empire Red Tubes sold 6, 8 and 10 years ago are still running. Some of them have gone 50,000 miles or more. But that is not the significant fact; the real point is that they have lasted 10 years and are still tight.

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In finish and workmanship the Ansco V-P No. 0 is a beauty. It is made in three models priced from \$8 to \$25 according to equipment. Other Ansco cameras, \$2.75 up.

*Write for a specimen picture on Cyko Paper.
Then ask the Ansco dealer for a demonstration.*

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

had ordered him to cease. And he had the satisfaction of hearing from shore that his signals had been received before he was ordered by his own captain to stop. Vogel is only eighteen years old, and, according to the *New York Sun*, he is "wide at the shoulders, lean at the waist, and amply provided with sand." Here is his story:

"I had been asleep and was just dressing to go on duty, when my assistant, Harry Werner, sent a messenger to me with word that a submarine was shelling a schooner somewhere and that he had caught the schooner's signal. I dived on deck in my bare feet, undershirt, and trousers.

"As soon as I got the cups to my ears I caught the schooner's signal over again and learned that she was the *Isabel Wiley*, in latitude 38.07, longitude 75.10. I sent Werner to warn the captain, and the ship's course was changed right away.

"I had a snack brought up to me and was sitting eating it and still listening in when at 5.30 a shell plopped across our bows. I squinted out and saw the 'sub' hauled right alongside. I could hear the passengers bundling up on deck. I yelled to Werner to go find out our position from the captain or one of the officers and sent our first call out, giving our name and the fact that the Dutchmen were shooting. By the time I had sent it twice two more shells had gone whistling over us.

"It wasn't my business to figure out whether we were to be allowed to leave the vessel or whether we were to be sunk outright. My job was to send. I kept right on shooting out the distress message and yelling for somebody to give me the position.

"Presently Werner came in and said that the Dutchman had hailed us by megaphone and said I must stop sending. I told Werner that I wasn't taking orders from any skipper but my own and to get me my orders from Capt. Barbour. He disappeared, and after I had sent the signal once or twice over again he came back with the captain behind him.

"'You can stop sending,' said the captain. The cups were still at my ears and I didn't hear him perfectly, so he shouted it over again, and added, 'that is an order.' Then I stood up from my chair and stepped away from the machine and the captain directed me to leave the house in case a shell might find its way in on us."

Enoch Roker, a sailor on the schooner *Edna*, which was sunk on May 25, as told in *THE DIGEST*, spent eight days with the other six members of the crew in the interior of the submarine that destroyed their vessel. According to the *New York Globe*, Roker learned from a boatswain during the time he passed underseas these facts concerning the submarines:

The submarines off this coast were the *U-151* and the *U-153*. They left Kiel in the midst of noisy public celebrations about seven weeks ago. They carried six months' supplies of food and fuel-oil, said the boatswain, and were to operate in American waters until August, when they would be relieved by other submarines and would return to home waters.

Since reaching this side of the Atlantic, the boatswain told Roker, the submarines had operated around Bermuda, the Bahamas, and the West Indies, and off Cape Hatteras.

Roker said the submarines were alike. The one he was on was about fifty feet longer than the schooner *Edna*, he noted, when she ranged close alongside his ship. As the *Edna* was 300 feet long, that made the submarine's length 350 feet. She mounted 6-inch guns and had two deck-hatches besides the one in the conning-tower. The tower was used exclusively by the officers, the smaller hatch, which was aft, by the crew and prisoners in going on deck or going below. The big hatch, near the conning-tower, Roker never saw open. He surmised it was used for supplies.

Aboard the submarine at the time they entered—May 25—said Roker, were the crews of the schooners *Hattie Dunn* and *Hauppauge*. All were treated well, fed the same meals as the submarine's crew, and permitted the freedom of the men's quarters. At night and during cloudy days, when no ships were in sight, moreover, they were permitted on deck.

Breakfast consisted of tea and black bread. There was one hearty meal a day. It consisted of a stew of potatoes, beans, and bacon, alternating sometimes with corn-beef hash, plenty of black bread, and indifferent coffee. There was plenty to eat, said Roker.

After the sinking of the *Winneconne* the crew of the *Edna* were placed in the boats of the former vessel. Roker's eight days' association with his captors apparently molded a pleasant impression of them, for *The Globe* says:

As they clambered into the small boats the submarine captain leaned over and asked whether they had fresh water.

"Wait," he said, when told they had not.

And presently German sailors lowered several casks of fresh water and a number of cans of black bread into the boats.

"Good luck," said the submarine captain, as the small boats pulled away.

One of the heroes of the encounters with the German undersea buccaneers on our coast is Patrick Huston, of Brooklyn, an able seaman of the freighter *Texel*, which was within sixty miles of New York when attacked. Huston was at the wheel, and was the first to sight the submarine as it flashed to the surface and opened fire. *The Globe*, telling the story, says:

A few members of the crew who could speak English had the highest praise for Huston's conduct.

"I was just coming up on deck for my watch when I heard a crash and looked up to see splinters flying all around," said William Laufer, of Millington, N. J., a graduate of a marine school listed as a deck engineer on the *Texel*. "It seemed to me as tho shells were arriving from every direction as I hit the deck. Pat had a close call on the first shot from the submarine. It tore away one side of the pilot-house not five feet from him and there was a regular hail of shell and splinters showering him. But Pat is Irish and he stuck right there at the wheel, keeping the *Texel* nosing right along in her course.

"The shrapnel crashed all around the pilot-house, but Pat never left the wheel until the skipper ordered the engines stopt, and he swung around in the sea awaiting the arrival of the U-boat skipper and his boarding party. I ran up to Pat and found him cussing a long splinter that had stabbed through the back of his hand. He was fighting mad and wanted to take a

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First, finger-tip the foamy, pine-tar lather into your scalp, gently but firmly.

After a thorough massage, the lather may be left on for ten minutes, or more with benefit—before rinsing it off with warm water and drying the hair with a towel.

Now see how much fresher, how much more brisk and pliant your scalp feels after this exercise with soothing, healing, healthful "PACKER'S."

Consider also the benefit—both immediate and ultimate—which comes to the *hair*, as a logical result of this regular, systematic scalp-exercise. Send 10c for sample half-cake.

Our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," contains 36 pages of practical information. A post-card request brings you a copy.

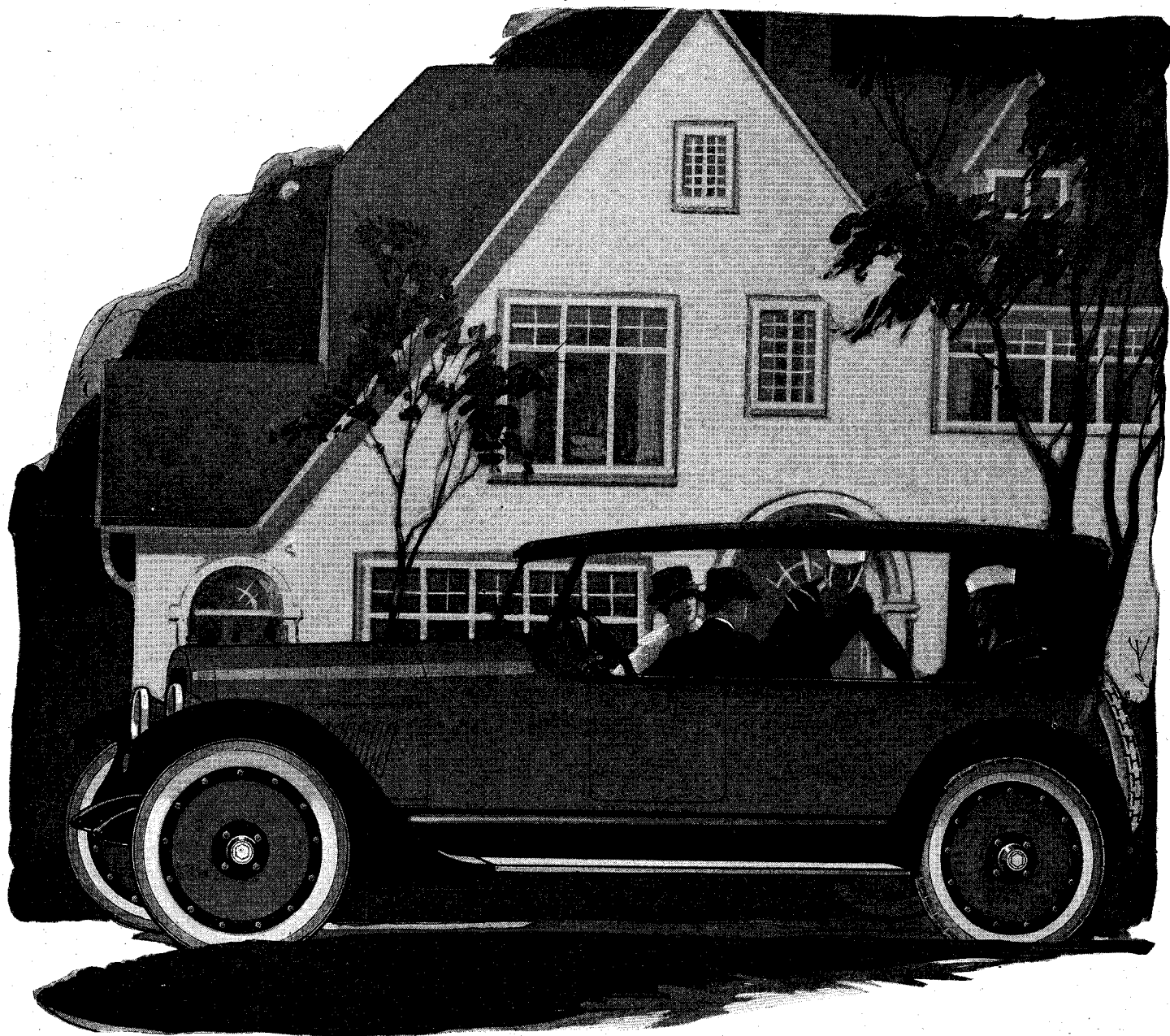
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Adding greatly to the beauty of the car; adding greatly to the comfort, the safety and the life of the car; designed with the same engineering skill, and—made of *steel*—precisely as the rest of the car—that is the Disteel Wheel.

There is nothing revolutionary or radical in the Disteel Wheel. It is merely a logical development. It merely completes the esthetic and the mechanical unity of the motor car. The wheel is no longer the blemish and the weakness in the car's design—but the vital element of greater beauty and greater efficiency.

High speed, the stresses of the road, the strains which skidding and collision put upon the motor car wheels—these today demand a resilience and a strength that can be found in *steel*—and *steel* only—

the *wheel* that is a single steel disc—the Disteel Wheel.

Disteel Wheels, too, are easily cleaned. They save tires and make mileage. They are easily dismounted and make tire-changing simple. They stay tight with the hub. They eliminate rattling spokes and squeaky rims.

Their instantaneous adoption, both in this country and Europe, which has far exceeded our expectations and manufacturing plans, is due merely to the fact that Science has at last produced the *wheel* for which car designer, manufacturer and owner have been waiting.

Disteel Wheels are suitable particularly for quality cars. Your motor car dealer will tell you about them.

DISTEEL
WHEELS

DETROIT PRESSED STEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

crack at the Germans. Pat did not seem to think he had done any more than any fellow would who happened to be at the wheel."

Huston himself laughed at the close call he had.

"That wheel-house sure looked like a sieve when I got outside and on deck," said he. "Guess I was lucky, but I will get square some time with those birds for what they did to my new serge coat. Look at it."

Huston pointed to the coat, hanging on pegs. It had been slashed to ribbons by shrapnel splinters.

R. K. Lowry, of Brooklyn, a former Girard College boy, was the skipper of the *Texel*, which carried a cargo of sugar from Porto Rico. He tells this story of the loss of his vessel:

"The first warning we had was when shrapnel burst over the bridge at 4.20 p.m. Sunday. Two submarines next drew alongside our ship. The captain, who spoke good English, boarded our boat, demanded our papers, and ordered us to leave the ship. The guns of his U-boat were kept trained on us."

After the submarine commander had taken over the *Texel*, Captain Lowry reported that the captor said:

"I hate like h— to do this, but we have been ordered to get into action or return home. We have been over here for two months."

"There was no attempt to get the men," Captain Lowry continued. "We manned two boats, and everybody was saved. When we were leaving, one submarine nearly crashed into us. The captain shouted and waved us back to safety."

Capt. Humphrey C. Newcombe, skipper of the four-masted schooner *Edward H. Cole* had never seen a submarine until one of the Kaiser's underseas pirates tackled his vessel off the New Jersey coast, and began to send shells across his bow. At first he thought—as did his mate—that "some naval reserves were getting fresh," and so, when the submarine lumbered to the surface like a leviathan, broke out a German flag, and her commander popped out of her "innards" the Yankee captain may be pardoned the trite Americanism with which he is credited: "Well, I'll be d—d!"

Whether or no the Teutonic U-boat commander was the same who overhauled and sank the *Texel* he spoke English equally well and, according to the New York *Sun*:

Newcombe generously admitted that the particular boat which got him was manned by sailors who acted like "gentlemen of the sea," but that did not make him feel any better when he saw the gallant four-master, smashed by bombs, vanish under the sea.

The lookout of the *Cole*, a naturalized young American of Detroit, had noted the periscope of the submarine when the schooner was about fifty miles southeast of Barnegat. She had sailed from Norfolk with a cargo of 2,516 tons of coal for Portland.

The mate, Robert Lathigie, had seen the periscope also, and later, when the submarine emerged, he felt confident that she was an American vessel. It seemed inconceivable that a peaceful and

orderly Yankee collier should not have received some word from the Government before her departure from Norfolk that there was peril in her path. The skipper, mate, and crew wondered why the submarine, which displayed no ensign, was interfering with the progress of the Yankee, flying the Stars and Stripes bravely from her taffrail flagstaff.

The submarine was within about 200 feet of the *Cole* when the commander hailed the schooner in a voice which Captain Newcombe describes as resembling that of a cultured German waiter in a New York restaurant before the war.

"Get out your boats; I am going to sink you," he announced. Skipper Newcombe told *The Sun* reporter:

"I was surprised at his politeness. He treated me like a cousin, not that I care about the relationship, and I have got to give him credit for it. Then he put off in a boat and boarded us with two other officers and demanded my papers. I gave them to him and he said, showing that he was really German, that he would give me seven and a half minutes to get away."

"I said that I could do it in five, and he smiled. His two men had brought bombs with them and they placed them along the sides of the vessel and on her decks and in the hold. It did not require all the bombs to sink a coal-laden ship like ours."

"We abandoned ship in the yawl. There were eleven of us, and we were a bit crowded. About sixteen minutes after we left ship, by my chronometer, which the German skipper permitted me to take away, we saw the *Cole* go down. The explosion of the bombs made a regular Fourth of July display. We had only two oars in the yawl and made rather slow progress toward the beach, about sixty miles away. The submarine did not fire on us. In that respect the commander acted like a gentleman. Before we got out of sight of the U-boat we saw her sinking a steamship that I believe was the Porto Rico liner *Carolina*."

"For the next two hours I heard firing at irregular intervals, and I think the same U-boat was sinking other vessels. At 7.30 p.m. I saw a steamship coming from the eastward. Later I learned that she was the *Bristol*, bound from Boston for Norfolk for coal."

"We stood up and waved our hats and coats. She saw us and came alongside. While we were climbing aboard we heard the U-boat that had sunk the *Cole* firing at a steamship further south. Then we saw another submarine emerge about 500 yards astern of the *Bristol*."

"For thirty minutes the submarine crossed and recrossed our wake. Six of our men were sent below to help the day and night shift of nine men of the *Bristol* feed the furnaces, and the way we tore through the sea reminded me of the nigger on the safety-valve in the old Mississippi days."

"The skipper said the *Bristol* could make only about eleven knots doing her damndest, but we got fourteen out of her, I believe, and the U-boat gave up the chase. The submarine was not of the super-type that I have seen described. She seemed to be a little less than 300 feet long and carried two guns of about five or six inches caliber, one just abaft amidships and the other about a third of a ship's length from the bow."

Efficiency and a pencil

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MOVIE-STAR DRAWS A VIVID PICTURE OF STRICKEN FRANCE

IF you are a movie-fan you have seen Lillian Gish on the screen, perhaps in D. W. Griffith's latest production which has for a background the war-devastated regions of Europe. In the *Pittsburg Post* Miss Gish relates her experiences during her visit to distressed France. She tells how she used to sit on the front porch of her home in Massillon, Ohio—a long time before the war—watch the people go by and wish that she could get her dresses in Paris. She does not explain the connection between passing Massillonians and French tailoring. She got to Paris, tho she had to go through several raids to reach there, and she says in her naive way:

But at last in Paris! How you love to do things no one else can do! In Paris, not even if you are Mrs. Vanderbilt, can you have an automobile and run around in it excepting just so many squares in a certain part of the town, because all the gasoline they have—they don't call it gasoline, they call it "*essence*"—belongs to the Government and they have to use it for government automobiles. So you must take a plain taxi, if you can get one, which isn't as easy as it seems. The taxi-drivers that are allowed *essence* are very haughty people. But I rode in an auto—a long, rakish, devilish, Parisian-looking car.

Paris still has gates, just as you read about in romantic novels.

There is a particular gate that leads to the war-zone, and not a single human being can go in the war-zone unless he is a soldier or officer or vouched for by one.

A soldier stops you. He looks at your papers; he looks you all over, and then says, "Pass, friend." And so I realized, after I had pinched myself several times, that little me—Lillian Gish, of Massillon, Ohio—was riding in the war-zone under the auspices of the great French Government!

Through the fields are long lines of barbed wire where the trenches are. The very trenches that they use to defend Paris against the Germans.

Now you see a town the Germans bombed. You see cute little houses, all stone, the stone walls around them. Now you come to these same kind of houses, only they are all blown to pieces. Rack and ruin everywhere.

I can write about it, and I can talk about it, and you can hear about it all until you are old and gray and sit in the house on a rocking-chair, but you could not understand until you saw it. Just to see streets, muddy and deserted, and little graveyards of houses, hundreds of them—ruins of houses that were just like graveyards of stone!

I have been in cellars myself with a lot of other people around, frightened to death, sitting close to mama and Dorothy, who always has the shakes worse than anybody and whispers like she used to when she was a baby. Did the people of these homes sit like that in the cellar when the bombardment got nearer and more terrible until maybe the Germans blew the houses in on them?

As she progressed toward the Front the spirit of France began to grip her, and she felt as if she wanted to do something to help—anything to beat the horrible Huns! And she writes:

I know one place that has been under bombardment more or less for three years and they are fighting around it worse than ever this very minute while I am writing.

There is a cathedral that is on the end of what they call the *Place Grande*, and they have blown it all to pieces and they have bombarded the *Place Grande*, which is just like the main square in Massillon, where they have cannons from the Civil War and cannon-balls with chains tying them together, and where the boys and girls sit around sometimes at night and Sundays.

Well, they have blown this *Place Grande* all to pieces and they have knocked the railway-station down and there is hardly a square yard they haven't wrecked.

They blew out the kitchen and the lady cooked in the dining-room—they blew out the dining-room and the lady moved to the cellar. She had two daughters, they were not so much to look at, but one of them was great at laughing.

Of course, when the shells were dropping right around, I don't suppose she laughed much, but as soon as it was over she started laughing. I tried to talk French to her and it almost slew her. My French seemed more effective than the German shells.

With women like this, who just keep on doing the work that is given them to do, and others like this girl, who laughed no matter what trials came, the Germans may burn down their houses, may blow them up; they may make tombstones and graveyards out of their cities, but that is as far as they will ever get, because the French are going to keep on working, keep on laughing, and keep on fighting.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

LIEUT. HOWARD GROSE, of the old 69th of New York, and now on the staff of General Linehan, who took over the Rainbow Division, has been at the Front for more than five months. He writes to his brother, Waldo Grose, of New York, that in another month he will get a gold chevron on his left sleeve for six months' continuous service in the zone of advance. Similar chevrons are worn on the right sleeves for wounds.

"Both my sleeves are as bare as a rookie's so far," he says in a letter dated April 5 and printed in the *New York Telegraph*, but he continues:

The reason I am not entitled to a mark on my right wing is that I did not get hit. I have in my trunk a piece of casing of a high explosive (H. E.) that sizzled past my bean one night and cut down a fair-sized tree ten feet off. It is a foot long, five inches wide, and one-half inch thick, and made chills and fever for yours truly in passing.

You ought to hear a respectable shell on its way. There at least is a noise you can't get on Broadway. Stand back of your guns and they go off with a low boom and immediately the shriek of the shell, beginning in a high key and whining down through the scale like a buzz-saw going into a board. After the noise of the shell is gone you hear the boom of the explosion of the projectiles on the *Boche*, and you hope it smashed him into many pieces for some that he has done to your own boys.

But a German shell coming your way is another story. First there is the distant

sound of the gun, and nobody pays any attention to that, because if that is all there is to it, you should worry.

If the shell is coming anywhere near you it tells its own story on the way. The singing is just reversed to one going away, starting low in tone and whining up, and a sudden end to the pretty noise with sharp Bam! that makes you stop thinking for a second. Of course it depends on how near the bird lights just the way you feel. The farther away the better I like it.

Shrapnel is another tale again, and makes the devil of a row in the air, with a nasty bark and a messy spilling of bullets and splinters. Some kinds of heavies seem to tumble along, acting sort of drunk in the air, and make a noise something like a train, rumbling and rattling, and a big noise in exploding, and leaving a hole sometimes as big as a room.

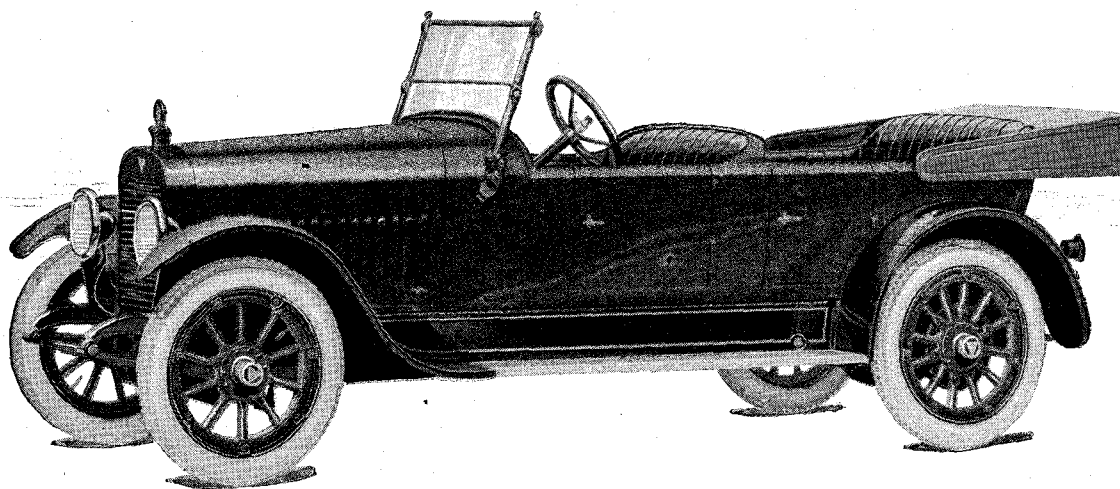
One of the nicest little playthings of all are the machine guns when they are on our side. During an artillery-scrap or any kind of action their noise is drowned by the incessant din of the big guns, but after they get all done the put-put-put-put of the "typewriters" is certainly like music. Wagner in ragtime. And when they are against us we can't hear much of the gun itself (during a fair-sized action), but the noise of the bullets overhead is unique. You know what one bullet sounds like, well, try to imagine the air full of hundreds of them all sailing by at once. Actually they sound so thick that I can not help looking up and trying to see them. But they are not visible, being in too much of a hurry, I suppose. The impression I get is that there is a sheet of metal overhead making a devil of a row and most likely white hot; at least it sounds so, and "them as say they know" swear that it is so. When the range is on you or just ahead the only way is to keep down, or if that is not possible with your duties, then move fast and try to keep healthy. That is the difference between machine guns and artillery; with the latter there is no place to go!

There is a break in the letter here, but on April 8, three days later, he writes, apparently from some point where food and bed are close at hand:

I have not had one minute since I put down the above slander and not sleep enough for a mouse. So I am just going to let a dinner that I have just ordered to make up for three meals slide down, and me for the downy. Believe me, it's some downy, too, all Frenchy and soft and the kind that the orderly in the morning has to fish around to see if I'm in it or not. Way out of sight I go and nary a wiggle till I have to. After the war I am going to stay in one of those things for a month with a hand-grenade for the nut who attempts to wake me.

Speaking of grenades, there is a little toy that I don't get used to. Of course in the trenches they are all about, handy like, and so much the better. Now, a gun goes off, and it is safe to expect that the bullet will amble off in the general direction that the muzzle is pointed—*n'est-ce pas?* But a grenade is another thing yet. Like an orange that you monkey with a little bit, and zowie! up she goes in a hundred hunks, each one going fast, and not far enough away to my liking. Some of the soldiers get maudlin about their pet grenades and real cross when they have to leave them for any reason. But everybody has a pet something and that is only one of the species.

Before I really got into this game I



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had an idea that the Front was a continual slaughter and carnage all the time, and I suppose you have some sort of impression, too. Such is not the case, excepting of course a battle like the one that is now in progress on the Somme. But we have many days when there is not much doing, and at times you have to listen hard to hear any firing at all. They do not have to put signs up in No Man's Land to keep you off or anything like that, and it is generally not long before some of our gang start something to wake the Boche up and stir him around a bit.

Here there is another break in the letter, but this time one would guess that the censor had been at work, for it goes on abruptly:

Not that I was *Croix de Guerre* myself, or anything like that. No such luck. Besides, nobody saw me when I was brave, and I have to tell the story myself. But I have got so now that I can make up some dandies.

Here is one about another that is not made up, but true in all details:

There was a scrap. A good one. Never mind where or when, but not so long ago and Somewhere in France. One of our lieutenants was knocking around in No Man's Land in the thickest kind of barrage that Fritz can put up—one of his special hates. Said lieutenant guessed that some of his men out there were hurt, and, as I say, was just poking around a bit. In the darkness he slithered down into a shell-hole and found two men there. It was pouring rain and the mud was almost to his knees. I know because I was not so very far away. One of these men in the hole was a French officer and the other an American soldier, and both badly wounded. This lieutenant took off his helmet and equipment and got the Frenchman on his back and made his way in that mud and shell-fire back to our lines and turned over his load to the litter-bearers.

Then he went back about 150 yards and found his man, with his leg about cut off by a shell. He got out his knife and finished the job, put a tourniquet on and brought the wounded man in over the same route. And then he went back and cleaned things up so that there were no traces and brought back all his equipment. Both wounded men told the story to the doctors in different hospitals, and he is getting the highest decoration from the French Army. Naturally he is a god in his regiment and out of it and nothing comes too good for him.

Where I am it has been raining steadily since March 27 and there is not a lot of cheer in these rural parts. Thank Heaven when the hate comes on they haven't got the range on my little bed, because if I come home some time and find my little busted-down home gone I'm going to smash ten of theirs to get hunk. Mebbe I'll do it anyway, just to get funny.

I guess I'm too sleepy for much use now and I can't get the rosy thought out of my mind—so good-by, everybody, till the next time. My typewriter is getting cranky, too.

Here is a grim reminder of the Boche drive that opened on March 21.

From what was once a coal-cellar, now used as an emergency hospital for the dangerously wounded, Florence Bullard, member of a Red-Cross unit in France, wrote to her sister in Glens Falls, N. Y.:

"This will be a short letter, as I can say

nothing. Look at the date (Easter Sunday, March 31) and remember what you saw in the newspapers at that time, and you will understand why."

The German drive has made March 21 memorable, and on March 31 the reports stated that the enemy advanced in four waves, but was checked with losses that reached thousands. In her letter, which is printed in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, Miss Bullard writes:

On the afternoon of March 22 I was in my barracks when I was called to the office of the medical chief. He had just received a telephone message that I was to be transferred at once (within half an hour) to this place where I now am.

No instructions were given except that I was to be ready when the French military car came for me. I had no time to say good-by to my patients, and there was no explanation why the other two American nurses were not to be sent.

I hurriedly packed, put on my cape and veil, and they loaded my trunk and bag into the car and away I went. The medical chief at the hospital where I was was very angry because the medical inspector of the Sixth Corps army took me away (the medical inspector is the highest authority of the hospital in the Army, and he knew me from being at the Front last October during that battle).

I arrived here in this deserted village in due time. Everything in the place was evacuated except the hospital where I am, and we are installed in the cellar. It is a sort of coal-cellar, completely underground. The Army is only twelve miles away from us and only the wounded that are too severely injured to live to be carried a little farther are brought here.

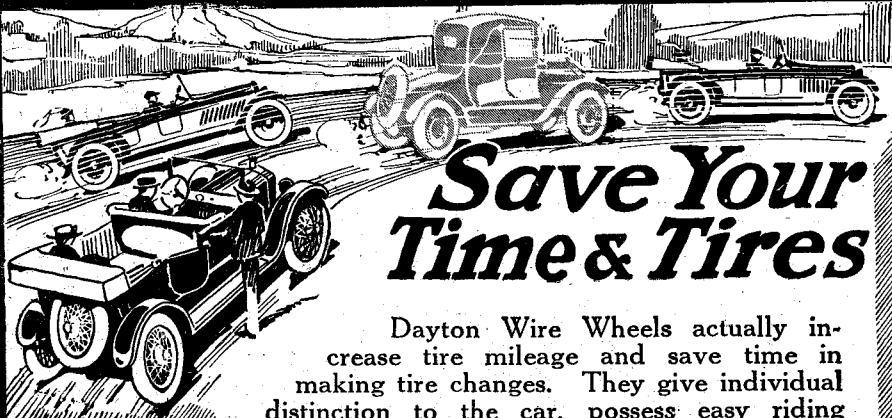
I found on my arrival that my duties were to be interpreter for the English-speaking ones and the care of them. I have not seen daylight for eight days now and the stench in this cave is pretty bad; no air, artificial light, and the cots are so close together you can just get between them.

Side by side I have Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, and French, and a part in the corners are *Boche*. They have to watch each other die side by side. I am sent for everywhere—in the little room they have curtained off with blankets for an operating-room, the dressing-room, and back again to the rows of men. Another part of the cellar is curtained off for the officers.

Of course, some only stay twenty-four hours, because they send them away just as fast as it is possible, for even this cellar is too dangerous a place to be in. The cannon goes day and night and the shells are breaking over and around us. As yet I have never had a moment's fear, but one is so busy and with hand and heart too full to think of your own self. The noise of the bursting shells is terrific at times. I am very well, but do not have much time to think of myself.

I have had to write many sad letters to American mothers. I wonder if it will ever end and we will live a life other than one of confusion and tragedy. I am the only English-speaking person in this cellar except my patients.

I almost feel guilty to have stolen even this moment from my wounded. I wish I might tell you more, but if I did it would never leave here, for this is indeed a critical time in history and I am in the very midst of it.



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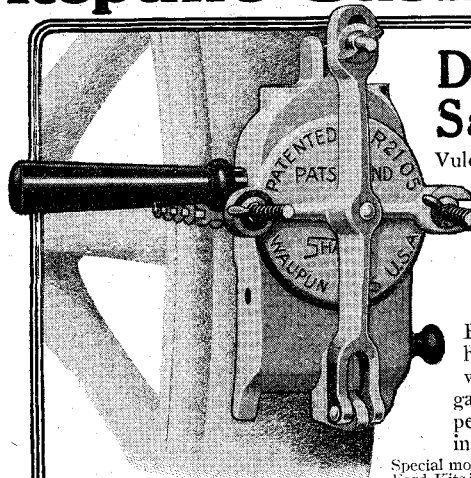
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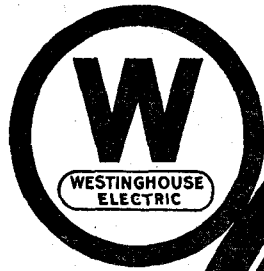
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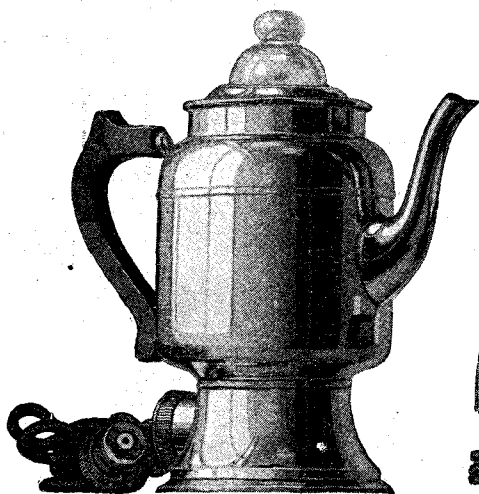
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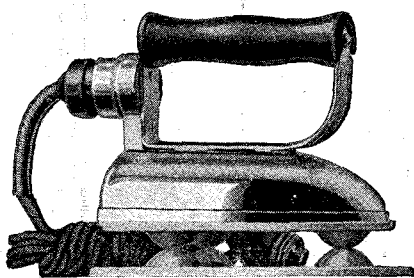
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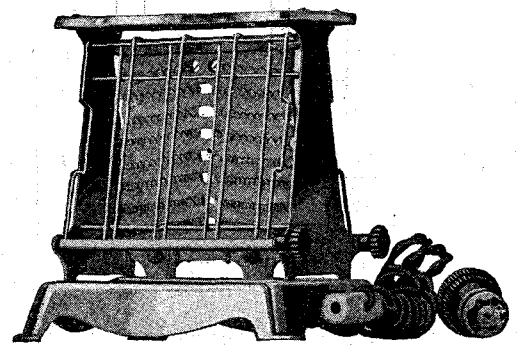
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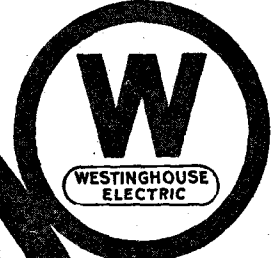
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That's the kind of a breeze you get from a Westinghouse Electric Fan, whatever its size or type, month after month, year after year.

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The use of drawn steel instead of cast iron for the base has made possible a satin-like effect in black that is one of the distinguishing marks of Westinghouse Fans.

But distinctive beauty and large volume of breeze do not fully measure the superiority of Westinghouse Fans. They're quiet-running. They're economical of current. They're dependable.

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Fan motors have been produced by engineers who are masters in the art of building motors for every purpose, and they have been so made as to sustain the world-wide reputation of Westinghouse Electric in motor design and construction.

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Last summer thousands of persons put off buying fans until extremely hot weather came, and the demand then exceeded the supply. Many went without, many had to buy inferior makes. You can make sure of getting your fan and of enjoying its breezes the whole summer by seeing your dealer today.

Westinghouse Fans are sold by light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores, where you'll also find Westinghouse Electric Irons, Toaster-Stoves, Turnover-Toasters, Sew-Motors and many other electrical conveniences and utilities. Some of these are illustrated and described below.

A Westinghouse Fan for \$10.00

The Westinghouse Whirlwind Fan is an especially attractive 8-inch fan. Though moderately priced, it is a real Westinghouse Fan in reliability and efficiency. Price slightly higher in the West, South and Canada.

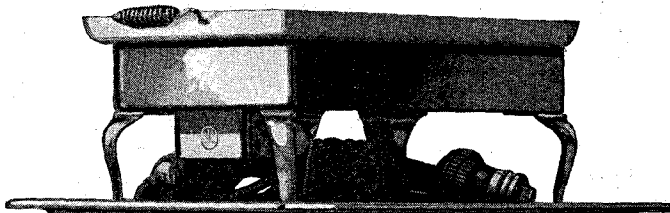
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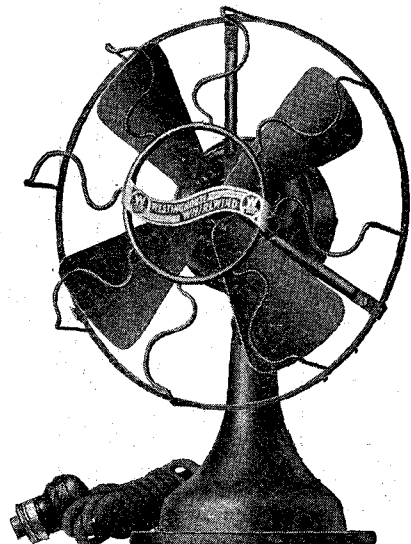
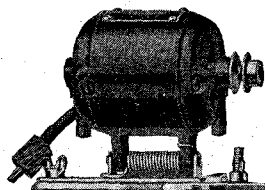
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Whirlwind Fan—This is the attractive and efficient \$10.00 fan referred to above. It gives a good breeze and will last for years.

Toaster-Stove—A complete table stove that will broil meat, fry eggs, make griddle cakes and toast—in short, do the work of a double-burner gas stove. Price \$7.00.



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Dr. W. Irving Clark, of Worcester, Mass., who is in service in France with the Red Cross, pays a glowing tribute to the bravery of the French soldier in a letter which is printed in the *Worcester Gazette*. He writes:

In my experience so far the thing which strikes me most forcefully is the quiet courage of the French soldier. I have seen him under the most trying circumstances, not when borne up by the excitement of the field, but when lying bandaged and splinted in a hospital with weeks of suffering behind him and many months ahead of him, with a final outlook of complete or partial incapacity. And he meets it all with a brave smile, without a groan—enduring dressings tho you can hear his teeth grate. He is always joking with his comrades and never flinches when he is told that another operation will be necessary. I have talked to and treated many who have been wounded three and four times and then returned to their companies for more.

In America we get the idea that a wounded man has but one wound. This is very rare. All have more than one, and I had one man with sixteen. The wounds which one sees at the base-hospitals are not often caused by bullet or bayonet, but almost always by a shell. The pieces of shells are not large, varying in size from a pea to the size of the end of your thumb, seldom larger. The majority of these with the surrounding tissues are cut out at the Front and we have the suppurative wounds and broken bones (fragmented) to look after.

As might be suspected, the forebears of J. G. McHugh were Irish. Also, as might be suspected, he inherited a bit of prejudice against England and the English. But all that is changed now, and it only needed a week at the Front to do it.

"They are great!" he writes to his mother in Portsmouth, Va.

McHugh was a member of the staff of the Portsmouth *Ledger-Dispatch* before he went to the officers' training-camp at Fort Meyer, and was assigned to the aviation branch of the military service. He has been in France for some time, and after seeing the sights of Paris, he writes in a letter to his mother, parts of which are printed in *The Ledger-Dispatch*:

The University Union, of which the University of Virginia is a member, was just occupying the Palace Hotel. Its officers extended us many courtesies. The rates charged for rooms and most excellent meals, compared to average Parisian prices, were exceedingly reasonable.

A third of our casual detachment was sent from that city to a training-school in another of the Allied countries. The rest of us were forwarded to an advanced flying-school just in its incipency. The beginners' schools being crowded, we were put to work in the muddiest place I ever saw in my life, building barracks. To dig post-holes it required one man to ooze the shovel into the mud, another to "plop" it out, and a third to scrape it off. One man at the work would have been as helpless as a fly in the midst of fly-paper.

Then the two months' aviation instruction gone through in the States was applied to wielding hammer and saw. The

cadets next did guard duty. A later detachment of cadets spent eight hours a day picking pebbles off the flying-field, the pebbles having a knack of being thrown up into the propellers and breaking them.

The gang that hangs around the stove in Squire Hawkins's store and condemns the Republican platform never was so vociferous in its complaints as were those would-be fliers. The "buck" of responsibility was passed like in the nursery-rime of "This is the house that Jack built," where it is a question whether Jack, himself, the cat, the mouse, or the cow—as in the Chicago fire—started the even more famous conflagration.

When in box cars that traveled along at a snail's pace, the grumbling commenced. One blamed our own Government; another, the French; still another, the railroad officials. It was only stopt when a savant would place the blame with: "Damn the Kaiser!" This sentiment was infectious.

That expression is about as popular as the French, "It is the war!" which is heard everywhere. I visited a hospital in Paris. A chic little Parisienne accidentally dropt a saucer. Even before the sound of crockery crashing against the floor reached our ears came the omnipresent, "*C'est la guerre!*"

The aviation cadets at this particular camp evidently resented their method of training for air-service, for McHugh, continuing, quotes these thoroughly American verses:

Get up in the morning 'round about three,
Stand in the mud for a fool reveille;
When it comes to flying, it's "You lazy gang of
Micks,
Grab a pick and shovel and get over in the ditch."

Another verse runs something like this—something like, for both the censor and public opinion would use the pruning-knife on an exact copy:

Go down to the hangars to take a little flight,
The d—— old mechanic says, "machine's all
right";
You climb a thousand meters and the engine
goes flat,
You fall and break your neck—and they give you
h—— for that!

It might be of interest to know that there are three newspapers published in English here in France, carrying a liberal amount of American cable news. One, the Continental edition of the London *Daily Mail*, carries two columns of clippings from American dailies. I have frequently seen Norfolk notices. The other two journals are the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune*.

The aviation cadets between flying and ditch-digging have found time to publish a weekly paper which made its debut last week. It is an exceedingly clever publication of the same size as the Monday edition of the French dailies, which upon that day are limited by the scarcity of paper to one sheet. In it the officers are considered almost as in the light of college professors and each bears some "trick" sobriquet.

We presented a mélange of "stunts" at one of the local theaters during the holidays and a more elaborate one is to be placed on the boards soon. The craziest "Jazz band" you ever want to listen to is the pride of our barracks. They pay visits to hospitals, bringing, if necessary, their own piano.

The city itself is not devoid of entertainment. Tho the French music-halls

hold no interest for Americans except that of providing insight into a phase of the country's life, there is a pleasure to be found in the operas offered each Saturday and Sunday night, the operas presented being for the most part of native composers. One could condone poor voices among the male singers because of the sacrifice made by the stage for the trenches. Strange, accordingly, is it that their voices are much better than the female. When singing "off stage," out of sight of the director's baton, the chorus is excruciating; I have seen the director stop his orchestra so off key was the chorus.

The difference in the food situations in France and England the writer found to be very marked, and it is in this connection—home sacrifices—that he found the English "great." He says of the food in France:

We are fed wonderfully well. At first we suffered the tiresome monotony of a French cuisine. At that time we spent all our money buying food here in town until the demand was so great that prices rose proportionately. The French and American local authorities are cooperating to restore the normal. With the advent of such an excellent army mess, the fellows ceased coming to town for food.

The contrast between food conditions in England and France is startling. Here, for a price not unreasonable in consideration of the war, one can buy all that one wishes to eat and whatever is desired. In England, no matter what we offered in the way of money, we could not secure, in one hotel, a "full American meal." The bread, sugar, butter, meat, in fact, everything, was limited. Hoping for a chance at "seconds" we would leave the hotel and return later to the dining-room. It was almost as if the Britishers were wary of the American appetite, for no sooner than regaining seats were we informed that having been served once we could not stage a come-back. I recall one instance of our plight.

Several of us "made eyes" at our waitresses, and upon returning after the dinner hour would make little gifts of candy to them. In the morning they would at first ignore our order, serving the other patrons until the room was emptied of all save us. Then, clandestinely and upon tiptoe, would they ferret out the last ounce of tea, rummage around in out-of-the-way places, in the bottom of that broken cup and under the mound of unused dessert-spoons, for those precious bits of sugar and to us would be given treasures hoarded for a possible visit of the King, or 'Tommies' returning from the thick o' it.

I did not like the English before I spent a week with them. They're great! In casualties the French may have made greater sacrifices; in the self-sacrifice of those at home, the English have it on them. If Mr. Hoover achieves the same in the United States you will find the privations of war more bitter than the fictitious German propaganda.

Another letter that recalls the beginning of the March drive of the Germans is written by William B. Carson, of Dover, N. J., a motor-truck driver who has been many months with General Pershing's forces at the Front in France. In his letter, which is printed in the New York *Evening World*, he writes:

I wrote some time ago, but since then big things have happened and by good

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luck I have had a chance to get in on them, do my small bit, and be in one of—if not the greatest—battle of the world and in history.

We were called upon to leave where we were in two hours on March 24, and after driving two days and nights we arrived with our wonderful division at the Front in a new sector. The Big Push had started two days before, and the first sight of what war really looks like was brought before us at a city fifteen miles from here.

Charlie, it was a sight never to be forgotten, and I'll always remember it. I'd like to go into details and tell you the whole story, omitting nothing; but of course I can't. I'll do the best I can.

As we were leaving this city I just spoke of we saw the retiring troops in great numbers coming in. Along with them came artillery, refugees of every description, carrying what they could of their belongings. Some had push-carts, wheelbarrows, donkey-carts, dog-carts, horses, and wagons. Some with bundles on their heads. Old men and women and children and babies—some walking, some being carried, some riding, and some just lying along the road.

The road was congested with three-way traffic. Such a sight I never dreamed of—wounded being helped in by comrades and great convoys being rushed up to the Front. In this last bunch were twenty-three of us, with our nerves all a-tingling, going we knew not where.

But in the evening we arrived at the Front in the Noyon sector just in time to get in on the big battle; and it was indeed some battle!

The Boche came on in countless numbers in mass formation, only to be met by great numbers of 75's or three-inch guns used point-blank at eighty yards. The slaughter was something terrible. The Boche met the 75's and were piled up over six feet deep. This may sound untrue, but it is not. It is just as true as the day is long.

The fighting was terrible and at once we were sent in with our division. We had not been in three hours when we were forced to get out of the village where we were, only five minutes ahead of the Germans and in such great haste that we lost everything we owned except our car and the clothes on our backs.

At another point they settled down to work again, "and work it was," writes Carson, who says:

For ten days and nights we have had five posts and each one at the Front, evacuating down roads where shells were falling like hail, tearing down buildings, ripping trees up by the roots, cutting them off as if with a saw and blowing men and horses to bits.

You drive on, seeing the shells hit on your side, in front and behind, and you wonder if the next one will get you. You hear one hit at your side of the road and a spray of dirt and mud covers you and the car; and still you are not hit. But the whistling shrapnel tells you that it was a close call.

You hear another and feel a jar and when you get to the hospital you find a few holes in your car. My car has been hit on three different occasions and has eleven holes in it. It is a terrible feeling, Charlie, and I asked my God to spare my life and so far he has done it. No one knows the feeling. Things happen quickly and there is a lot one can't remember and a lot one will never be able to recall.

I only know that at such times your

nerves are frozen and you work like a machine.

Further evidence of the glad welcome extended by France to her American allies in the war-zone, both as fighters and ministers of mercy, is contained in a letter from the Front from Dr. Walter G. Murphy, of Hartford, Conn. Dr. Murphy is a children's specialist and gave up his practise in February to go to France as a Red-Cross worker among the fugitive children. In a letter to his wife, written on March 26, he says:

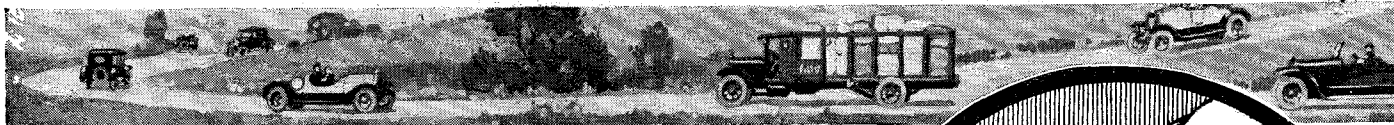
I have had so many varied experiences in the past twenty-four hours that I hardly know where to begin to tell you about it all and my head is in a whirl.

Monday I went to the north and visited four hotels taken over by the French for refugee children. I have views of the place which in normal times is a very fashionable resort and is beautiful. In this place I saw about 1,200 children between the ages of four and fourteen. In the evening I was invited by Miss Kitchener to dinner to meet the Chief Surgeon of that section and his wife. Both could talk a little English and were very delightful people. Later in the evening the local physicians were invited in for a conference and six were present. We went over the civil problems of the war and discuss ways and means for help by the Red Cross. From this gathering I gained a very high opinion of French doctors. They were very gentlemanly, quiet, and rather subdued—and why not? Of the eight people present four had lost a near relative, brothers and sons, in the war, but yet how determined they all were and how grateful for our help.

This morning I came to another town in the district to continue my investigations and bumped slam-bang into almost everything. Just before we arrived a convoy of refugees, numbering 1,500 people, old men, women, and children, had been sent here from the war-zone, where the fighting is now going on, and such a sight! I have wished for you many times, but not then, and as I really saw war for the first time I was thankful that such things as I saw then in the barracks, where the people had been taken, could not happen to you at home. I will not detail this experience, I can not, but I must tell you of just two instances.

When our party of five people entered one room where there were perhaps two hundred people eating soup and war-bread, for their breakfast, we naturally attracted some attention, but not very much. The people were too tired and forlorn to notice anything very long. I was asked by the French officer in charge to come into the middle of the room for a minute. I stepped forward, not suspecting his object, and was introduced as a representative of the Red Cross, who had come from America with thousands of others, to help the French people. There was such a brightening of tired faces and such cheering and hand-clapping, such joy in hearing the words Red Cross and America that I was quite overcome to be the agent upon whom such gratitude was actually thrown. I was proud too.

We went out through the court where the people's belongings were piled together; household goods of all descriptions, beds and bed-clothing, furniture, even chickens, dogs, and goats were there, brought by their owners thirty miles on foot, in some cases, when the warning was given to



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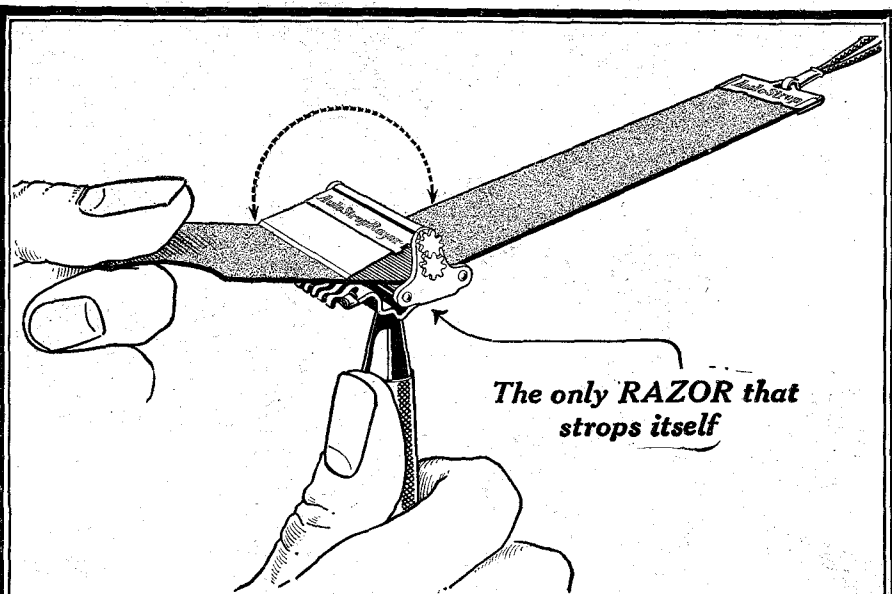
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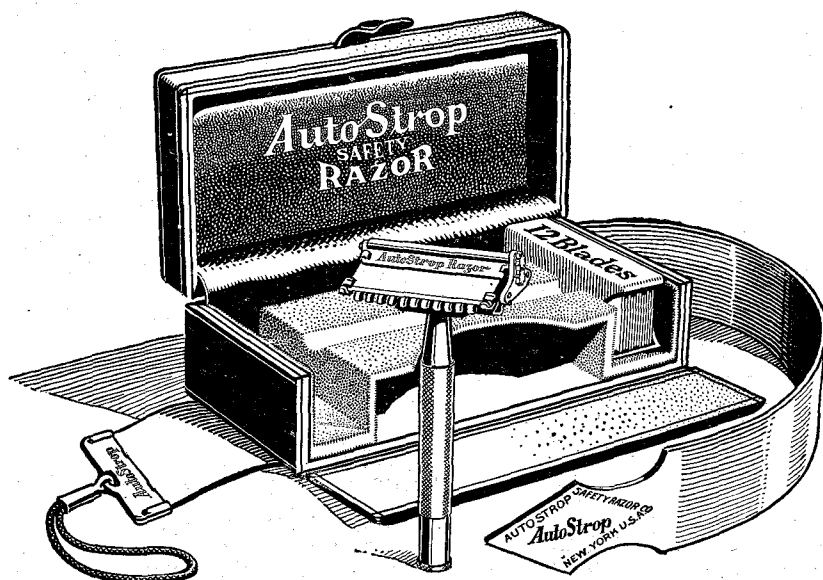


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evacuate, and we passed an ambulance which was taking a mother and her baby, only a few hours old, to the hospital. There, too, was an old couple—they must have been at least seventy. He was blind and she old and bent, and there was talk of sending him to the hospital, and it had just been decided they could stay together and he would not have to go away. Such joy, such smiles, and tears. And the old people hobbled away, hand in hand, as happy as two people could possibly be. They were together; what else mattered?

Is there love, mother? Never tell me there is not, for, after seeing all this I know better. There is nothing like it in the world. In spite of hunger, cold, weariness, with everything gone, even the roof over their heads and the clothes, except those they had on—and miserable clothes at that—those two were happy because they could remain together Wonderful!

After lunch I visited the Mayor and the Prefect, two institutions for war-orphans, and then went to the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Ghost. There I found a sister who had been in the institution in Hartford and remembered me. And the Mother Superior, a dear old lady, said:

"Go get the girls and tell them an American is here," and soon in trooped about twenty novices, in nuns' dress and big hats, and such a commotion! I didn't know novices were human, but these certainly were, and such excitement! They were all from America, some from Connecticut, and I was the first man they had seen in uniform. They have been here since August and every day on their walks they have watched for soldiers from home, and I was the first. They all had American flags in their rooms. They all asked questions at once and giggled and laughed just like real girls; and when I told them of some of the things I had seen and what the American soldiers were doing they just couldn't contain themselves; and I could hear side remarks like "Look at the cap!" "See the U. S. on his collar!" "Isn't it nice to see a real American soldier?" and all that. They were finally called away to their prayers, but if a lot of girls of twenty or thereabouts, even novices, could keep their minds on their prayers after such excitement, they were different from any girls I ever saw. It was a great experience and a happy contrast to the morning.

I suppose you have read of the big gun which has been firing on Paris and have been worrying about me. As near as I can tell it is not doing much damage and is not greatly feared. Such a thing was tried on the English coast towns at one time, but not for very long. It must have been firing the last morning I was in Paris, but I did not know it. I don't imagine I will spend much time in Paris in future.

My room at the hotel is opposite a large square, which last night was quite deserted. This morning when I looked out a full-blown fair, or market day, was going on, and it has been interesting to watch—booths, wagons, and wheel-barrows, and everything to be thought of on sale. The only thing I could not find was a hot roast-beef sandwich, but there was everything else—cows, pigs, chickens, household goods, toilet articles, dry goods, and anything you wanted—and such a hubbub as the peasant women in their white caps can kick up when they have a customer!

KAISER'S \$5,000 "GOLD" CUP WAS \$36 WORTH OF JUNK

THE old-time Confidence Kings of New York are feeling a little chesty, it is reported in well-informed circles along Broadway, for Kaiser Bill Hohenzollern has been added to their roll-of-honor members because of a clever trick he turned some time before his criminal propensities were generally known.

The "Emperor's Trophy," which was won by the yacht *Atlantic* in the ocean-race in 1905, has been declared to be "phony." Its estimated value was \$5,000.

"Thirty-six dollars and not a cent more!" declared the expert whom the "gold" cup finally reached after being sold and resold in the Red-Cross drive until it had brought into the war-fund of that organization about \$125,000.

A writer in the New York *Sun* thus chortles gleefully over the incident:

A new alarm was sent broadcast throughout the world yesterday to arrest on sight a lowlife named F. W. V. A. Hohenzollern, alias Kaiser Bill, alias Meundgott, alias Fred Wilhelm Hohenzollern, alias Bill the Boob, alias Bill the Cathedral Wrecker, alias Stupid, alias Gyp the Baby Stabber, alias Bill the Overinsured, alias Wilhelm the Unnecessary, alias Fathead, alias German Measles, alias Friedrich Wilhelm Victor (long laughter), Albert Hohenzollern, fifty-nine years old, of 22A Wilhelmstrasse (ring O'Leary's bell), Berlin, Germany, who even before yesterday had been "wanted" generally throughout the civilized world on the charge of being an international crook.

The newest charges against Hohenzollern, which were made by United States Marshal Big Tom McCarthy, are that the internationally notorious crook, who was last seen picking violets in front of the press-gallery somewhere far back of the German trenches while also picking his teeth with the right point of his mustache, "did conspire, connive, and attempt to be a bum sport and did with malice aforethought succeed in achieving same by getting, obtaining, securing, and uttering one phony pewter mug, thinly plated with gold, and did offer, give, and utter same as 'The Emperor's Trophy, or 'The Kaiser's Cup,' in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five as a 'solid-gold' trophy, to be competed for in an ocean-race of yachts, the same to be open to yacht-owners not only throughout the civilized world, but also to yachtsmen who at that time were inmates of Germany."

The exact wording of the newest charges against Hohenzollern, as made by Marshal Big Tom McCarthy, are quoted here largely from memory and may not be strictly verbatim. But the sense of the accusations is precisely as quoted above, to wit, that the famous "Kaiser's Cup," which was sold at auction time and again and again during the recent Red-Cross drive, until it had brought in about \$125,000 for the Red Cross, turned out to be—when beaten to a frazzle to be sold for the "gold" of which it was supposed to be made—almost solid pewter, with a thin veneer of gold.

Followers of yachting news will probably recall the big race for the "\$5,000 solid-gold Kaiser cup," which was won in

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Photograph of Goodyear's seven-truck fleet operating between Akron, Ohio, and Boston, Massachusetts, on a round-trip schedule of less than 8 days, in summer and winter service

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travel at the speed these trucks maintain.

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1905 by the yacht of William Marshall, flying the colors of the New York Yacht Club, a stately organization with no experience with "shovers of the queer." When Mr. Marshall's son was killed while flying a war-plane in France his father thought that the best and most patriotic use to which the cup could be put was to turn it over to the Red Cross to be auctioned off for the benefit of its war-fund. And so, says *The Sun*:

At Madison Square Garden, the Metropolitan Opera House, and other mighty Red-Cross rallies during the drive the cup was put up at auction, Marshal Big Tom McCarthy usually being the lusty lunged auctioneer. And each night whoever bid the cup in promptly turned it back to the Red Cross to be auctioned off again at the next opportunity.

The last public appearance of the cup was at the final meeting of the drive, held at the Metropolitan Opera House on the last Saturday night of the campaign, President Wilson being present. Big Tom himself and nine of his cronies chipped in that night until they had raised a pot containing \$2,500, and the ten bid in the cup.

Then Big Tom and the Red Cross folk sent the lump of "gold" to a dealer in precious metals and told him to weigh the mass and ease a perfectly good check along to the Red Cross in payment.

At 10:11 o'clock the next forenoon the dealer in precious metals called Big Tom McCarthy up. At 10:11:01 A.M. Big Tom hit the ceiling at a spot directly above the telephone in his office on the third floor of the Federal Building, slightly denting the plaster. "Pewter, all pewter," said the dealer when describing his scientific experiments with the hammered cup, the experiments being necessarily confined, it was explained further to Big Tom, almost wholly to quantitative, with little or no qualitative, analysis.

The analysis didn't even show the antimony, bismuth, and copper alloys found in good pewter. As near as Big Tom could recall the result of the analysis, it ran (to lapse for the nonce into purely scientific lingo) about as follows:

Tin.....	Much
Lead.....	Oodles
Antimony.....	Nothing doing
Bismuth.....	Nothing doing
Copper.....	Blooeey
Phony pfennigs.....	Thirty cents
Liverwurst.....	Much
Dried sauerkraut.....	A fillum
Germs.....	Oodles
Cooties.....	Billions
Gold.....	Slight trace

At the very moment that Big Tom McCarthy hit the floor of his office again he offered, unofficially and out of his own pocket, a reward consisting of his pay envelop for a year for old man Hohenzollern dead, or 30 cents alive. Reporters, spilling out of their coop in the Federal Building at the first sound of the crash in Big Tom's office, learned that Berlin Bill had added counterfeiting to his other digs into the statutes as made and provided, and then—lustful for the big reward offered for the pelt of Bill—asked Big Tom for a technical description of the noted crook.

McCarthy went into a description of the Hohenzollern family for a thousand years, always working up to his climax, Big Bill of Berlin, who he said was "all of

that" besides being a self-made man. Continuing, *The Sun* says:

Hohenzollern, according to the Federal officials and the Police Department, is described as a married man, with a wife and six unwounded sons. The oldest son, Fred, is described by Big Tom as a young man in his thirties, who, again, according to the Marshal, lacks just enough brains to be half-witted. Fred Hohenzollern is in business with the old man, Marshal McCarthy says, and is also wanted here and in various European capitals on charges of murder, arson, burglary, trespassing, chicken stealing, burglary of churches, hospital wrecking, baby killing, shooting without a permit, speaking the German language, masquerading as a soldier, vagrancy, consorting with other crooks, robbing orphans, breaking into church poor-boxes, unsuccessful assault, wearing his face in public, drunk and disorderly conduct, admitting that Hohenzollern is his father, breaking the back-pedaling speed limits, and the blanket charge of being an all-around no-good dish-faced coot.

Friends tried to cheer up Big Tom, chief auctioneer of the King's cup, by calling attention to the fact that even the old Coot Hohenzollern had turned out to be a bum sport yachtsman, if it weren't for his phony pewter mug the Red-Cross treasury wouldn't be as well off by about \$125,000 as it is to-day.

CUT-RATE THEATER-TICKET KING RUNS DRUG-STORE ON THE SIDE

ABOUT twenty-five years ago Joe Le Blang ran a cigar-counter on Sixth Avenue, New York City. To-day he owns a drug-store for which he paid \$60,000 cash, together with an annual rental of \$35,000, and wears more diamonds than the late "Diamond" Jim Brady ever sported, for he believes with Mr. "Fingy" Connors that "them what has 'em, wears 'em."

Don't see the connection with that Sixth Avenue cigar-counter? Well, it might be regarded by some as rather a thin thread, but it was at this cigar-counter that Le Blang used to receive theater passes for the privilege of displaying theatrical posters in his windows. Not being a devotee of the "drammer," Joe sold the passes to his customers, and in that way came to look upon theater-tickets as merchandise, something to trade in—to gamble in, too, for about three years ago he bought every seat at the Eltinge Theater for a period of eight weeks and sold them at cut-rates, netting a profit of \$3,000. To-day he sells more theater-tickets than any one in the "big show" town.

The drug-store is merely a side issue. He bought it because he needed a new entrance to the Public Service Ticket Company, as he calls his bureau. To a writer for the New York *World* who found him at the big flat-topped desk in his private office he said:

"New York theatergoers—the great bulk of them, I mean—do not care much about the quality of the shows they go to see. If they did, the majority of our

playhouses would be empty. Four out of five New-Yorkers go to the theater simply to go to the theater. And they select the playhouses where the prices are the highest, just as they like to patronize the hotels and restaurants where the prices are the highest. For the majority of New-Yorkers are obsessed by the idea of high prices—the higher they are the better they seem to like them. Theater-tickets are just like merchandise."

Mrs. Le Blang, who sat near by, nodded her head in a way that revealed the diamond sparklers in her ears.

"When merchandise doesn't sell, what do merchants do? They start bargain sales. And they keep up bargain sales until their stock is disposed of."

"If merchants didn't cut prices the stuff wouldn't sell, would it? Well, it's just the same with theater-tickets. But to sell them you've got to give the public the idea that they are worth more than you are asking for them."

"I am not discussing the three or four big successes. I do not handle their wares. I am referring to the forty other plays on Broadway. I dispose of their surplus stocks at cut-rates—not at what the shows are worth, but in proportion to the values the managers put on their entertainments. If a manager puts a dollar value on his show, obviously I can not sell a ticket to it for \$1. But if he puts a \$2.50 value on it, I can get \$1.25 for each ticket."

"Why? Because it is human nature to want to get something for nothing. Trying to get something for nothing is one of the principal indoor sports in New York. In addition, the majority of New-Yorkers do not think for themselves. They read that a play is 'the greatest hit on Broadway in twenty years,' and they buy tickets to it. If it's rotten, as it often is, are they disappointed? Not a bit. They think it is a good show because they are unable to think for themselves. Mind you, I don't say that they always enjoy sitting through such a performance. What I say is that the majority of New York theatergoers are unable to judge of the merits of a play."

"What does the average New-Yorker say about an evening spent at a playhouse? He says, 'I went to the theater last night,' doesn't he? If you asked the name of the play or what actors were in it he'll reply: 'I don't remember the name of the play, but it was a swell show,' or a 'bum show,' as it happened to strike him. But the fact that the play pleased him or bored him is of little importance. The important thing is that he went to the theater."

"I don't look upon myself as a public benefactor. I'm a business man, and I run big risks in my business just like many other business men. Look at those boxes of unused tickets," he said, pointing to the shelves behind his desk. "I paid thousands of dollars—real money—for them, and didn't succeed in selling them. The public was fed up on bargains at the time."

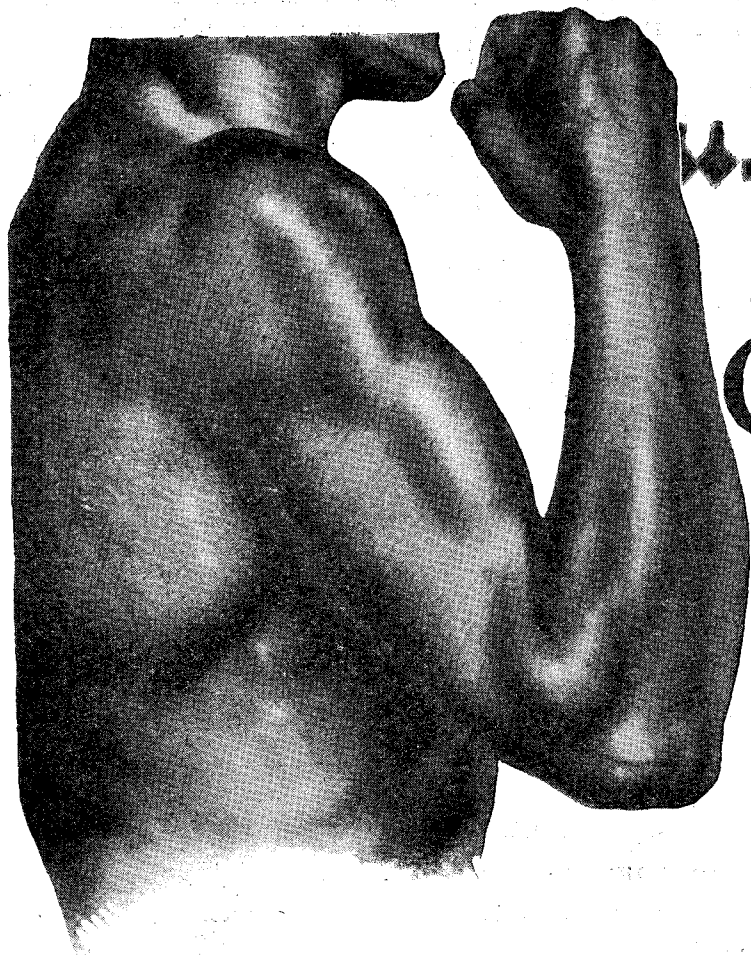
"Do you go to the theater yourself?" I asked, as a parting question.

"Very rarely," answered Mr. Le Blang. "I don't care much about the theater. Besides, I'm too busy looking after my business."

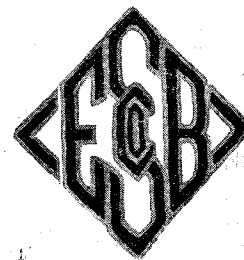
"But how do you find out about the shows?" I asked. "Do you read the dramatic criticisms in the papers?"

"Say, a joke's a joke," replied the cut-rate ticket king. "I thought you came here to talk seriously."

And Mrs. Le Blang joined in the laughter at my expense.



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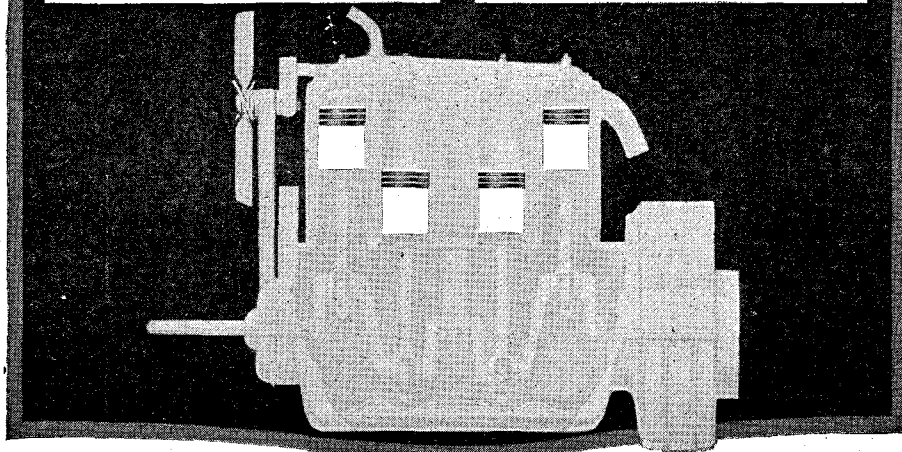
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Then It's a Chorus.—"Does a woman always have the last word?"

"No, sometimes she is talking to a woman."—*The Widow.*

Big Banking Crisis.—NEIGHBOR—"Got much money in your bank, Bobby?"

BOBBY—"Gee, no! The depositors have fallen off somethin' fierce since sister got engaged."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sabbath Preparedness.—OLD LADY—"Does your father live in the fear of the Lord?"

KID—"I reckon he does—leastways he allus takes a gun with him when he goes out on Sundays."—*Gargoyle.*

This is Awful.—BEGGAR—"I'm an ex-chimney-sweep out of a job; can't you give me a quarter?"

GENTLEMAN—"You're a big, husky man; why don't you get a job?"

BEGGAR—"Because nothing else seems to soot me."—*Punch Bowl.*

Play Ball!

Sing a song of baseball,
Good old Yankee game;
Rain or shine, war or peace,
Play it just the same.
Out behind the trenches,
Swat the little pill,
Helps to boost the spirit
For swatting Kaiser Bill.

—*The Widow.*

No Settled Residence.—"Where are you going to lecture to-night, my dear?" inquired Mr. Wise of his wife, a prominent equal-suffrage lecturer.

"I am to address the Cooks' and Housemaids' Union," she responded.

Her husband laughed.

"I see nothing to laugh about. Surely they have as much right to vote as any other woman," his wife began, indignantly.

"I am not denying that, my dear," mildly explained Mr. Wise; "but it is a waste of time. Don't you realize that a cook or housemaid never remains long enough in one position to be entitled to a vote?"

Mrs. Wise, recognizing the wisdom of this, canceled her engagement by telephone.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Testing Uncle's Faith.—"We'd have more prayers answered," said Bishop Hoss, of Muskogee, "if we had more faith."

"Too many of us are like Willie. Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"Uncle, give me that colt, will you?" he asked.

"Why, no, Willie," said his uncle. "That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?"

"I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world," said Willie.

"Then," said his uncle, "I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me."

"Is that so, uncle?" said Willie, eagerly. "Won't you please give me this colt, then, and pray for one for yourself?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Explaining the Gender.—SHE—"I never could see why they call a boat 'she.'"
HE—"Evidently you never tried to steer one."—*The Widow.*

A Long Voyage.—At the present speed of operation it takes a ton of shipping a year to carry one soldier to France.—*Mark Sullivan, quoted in The Independent.*

Class Was All Right.—ANGRY PROF.—"Do you think this class is a joke, young man?"

STUDE—"No, sir, I'm not laughing at the class."—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Handing Down Pa's Teeth.—SMALL BOY—"My father's got a new set of teeth."

FRIEND—"What's to become of the old ones?"

SMALL BOY—"Oh, I guess they'll cut 'em down for me."—*New York Evening World.*

The Editor's Appeal.—In this kind of weather approximately so many typographical errors on the editorial page seem unavoidable and essential and all we ask of our esteemed and perspiring proof-readers is that they put as many as possible of the irreducible minimum in the extracts from valued contemporaries and as few as possible in the original work, it any.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Back to Nature.—"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studym' 'bout it an' a-worfyin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep!"—*Life.*

His First Performance.—"Who's dead?" asked the stranger, viewing the elaborate funeral-procession.

"The bloke what's inside the coffin," answered an irreverent small boy.

"But who is it?" the stranger pursued.

"It's the Mayor," was the reply.

"So the Mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Well, I guess," said the small boy, witheringly. "D'you think he's having a rehearsal?"—*Milestones.*

The Selfish Farmer Again.—A senator, apropos of the farmer's attempt to raise the price of wheat, said the other day:

"The farmers are actuated by selfish motives in this business. It's like the story of the duel.

"Two gentlemen with their seconds retired to a farmer's meadow to fight a duel. The various preliminaries were arranged, and the duel was just about to begin when the gaunt figure of the farmer was seen racing across the grass toward the scene of conflict.

"The farmer seemed in great distress of mind. 'A humane chap,' the principals and seconds thought; 'he wants to prevent bloodshed'; and they welcomed him kindly.

"Excuse me, gents,' the farmer said, gulping with emotion, 'but is this here goin' to be a sword or a pistol duel?"

"Sword duel,' said a second. 'Why?"

"Well, you see,' said the farmer, 'if it was a pistol duel I'd want to take my cows in first.'"—*Washington Star.*



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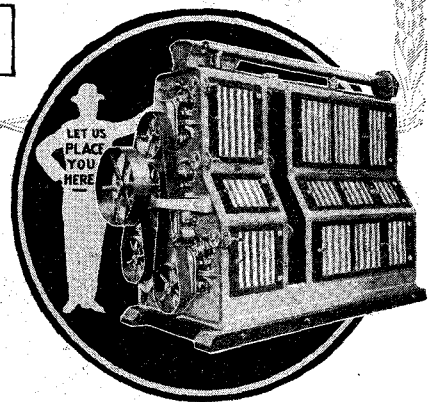
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

June 5.—London reports that despite fierce fighting all along the western side of the new Marne salient, from northwest of Soissons to Château Thierry, there was no material change in the line.

The French night report states that altho the enemy multiplied his efforts at various points, he was everywhere repulsed, suffering serious losses. French counter-attacks regained the ground that had been occupied near Vingre, 150 German prisoners and machine guns being taken. The enemy was driven out from around Chavigny Farm and 50 prisoners taken.

The British official report states that twenty-one prisoners and three machine guns were captured as the result of an unsuccessful raid by the enemy in the neighborhood of Morlancourt, and beyond the usual artillery-action on both sides there was nothing to report.

Berlin reports that German successes were extended on the southern bank of the Aisne, the Allied forces being thrown back toward Ambleny and Cutry, and their position at Dommiers captured. Successful advances in Flanders are reported to have resulted in some prisoners.

The official report from General Pershing received in Washington states that the American troops penetrated the enemy positions in Picardy and Lorraine, inflicting losses in killed and wounded.

June 6.—A London dispatch states that despite the German announcement that the situation was unchanged an attack by French and American troops on the point of the German salient nearest to Paris, just west of Château Thierry, drove back the invaders nearly a mile on a front of two miles, 270 prisoners being taken. The report of a French prisoner who escaped states that hundreds of bodies of Germans are lying around everywhere. The troops guarding him and other prisoners had not received rations since May 27, and were compelled to live on what they could find in the country. The same condition was said to prevail throughout the German armies on the front line.

The French official report states that an attack between the Oureq and the Marne carried out by French and American troops advanced the French line in the region of Veully-la-Poterie and Bouresches. Prisoners numbering 270, including ten officers, were taken. West of Longpont the French, supported by tanks, advanced and took prisoners. German attacks at Champlat, the heights of Bligny, southwest of St. Euphrase, and between the Marne and Reims, were repulsed. On the preceding day the French drove back German groups that had succeeded in crossing the Oise, taking 100 prisoners. North of the Aisne and north and west of Hautebraye the French improved their positions, taking 50 prisoners. Artillery-fighting was heavy.

The British report that enemy attempts to raid the position southwest of Morlancourt was repulsed with loss. Local fighting in which the enemy was repulsed by the French took place during the night in the neighborhood of Loere. Hostile artillery is reported active in the Strazeele sector. The American official report states that American and French troops advanced their lines about a mile northwest of Château Thierry, capturing prisoners and inflicting severe losses on the enemy.

The German report states that the situation on the battle-front is "unchanged."

In a general summing up, Berlin reports that since May 27 the army group of the Crown Prince has captured more than 55,000 prisoners, including more than 1,500 officers, and 656 guns and 2,000 machine guns.

June 7.—London reports that while Berlin still announces "the situation unchanged" the French and American troops in a series of brilliant operations captured the villages of Veully-la-Poterie and Bouresches, ten and four miles respectively northwest of Château Thierry, both points of great strategical value which have been fought over most bitterly for several days. Last night the French captured the village of Le Port, west of Fontenoy and north of the Aisne, and also the village of Vinly, north of the Oignon River. They also regained Hill 204, a position of great importance.

The French official report states that French and American troops enlarged their positions north of Vinly up to Lisières, east of Chézy, and have taken Veully-la-Poterie and Bouresches. Bligny, between the Marne and Reims, has been captured and two hundred prisoners were taken during the day. The American troops gained ground on the front of Torcy, Belleu, and Bour-esches, west of Château Thierry.

The British report that the French improved their line near Loere and captured prisoners. British troops raided a German post in the Strazeele sector, capturing prisoners and a machine gun. Artillery-activity is reported on both sides.

Further advances by the American troops near Château Thierry and the infliction of severe losses upon the enemy are reported by General Pershing. Minor readjustments of the American line, involving several advances, during which severe losses were inflicted on the enemy and prisoners captured, are noted. Artillery action is reported at points held by the American troops in Picardy, on the Marne front, and in the Woevre and Lorraine.

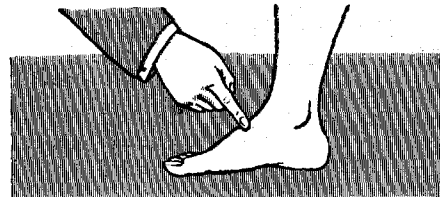
Berlin reports that the fighting was restricted to local engagements. After strong artillery-preparation Allied positions on the banks of the Andre River are said to have been occupied and three hundred prisoners taken. Two officers and fifty men are reported to have been captured by the Germans during a French advance west of Kemmel.

June 8.—London reports that the fighting on both sides of the Marne salient, a battle-front of eighty miles, while incessant, has settled down to what is described in official statements as local operations.

Lively artillery-action is reported by the French in the neighborhood of Hangard-en-Santerre and south of the Aisne. All gains are maintained and the French lines have been carried to the western outskirts of Dammard, east of Chézy and north of Veully-la-Poterie. Fifty prisoners were taken. Two violent assaults by the foe upon positions reconquered by the French are repulsed with heavy enemy losses.

The British official report states that the enemy trenches were raided in the night south of Arras, and early in the morning French troops captured forty-seven prisoners in a successful enterprise at Dickebusch Lake. British patrols inflicted heavy losses on the enemy in the Strazeele sector. Hostile artillery is reported to be active north of Albert and southeast of Arras.

The German report states that the situation is unchanged. Several attacks by French, American, and British regiments are said to have broken down without gain. This is the first time



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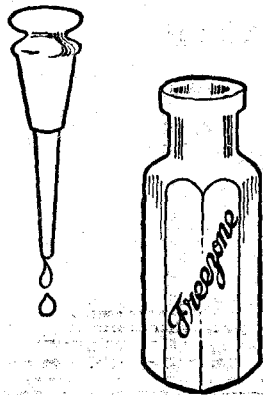
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that the American forces have been
mentioned in official German reports.

June 9.—London dispatches state that the
Germans, attacking in great force, and
with utter disregard for their losses,
begin the new drive for which the Allies
have been looking and in the district
where it was expected, between Mont-
didier and Noyon, a front of about
twenty miles. Heavy fighting is re-
ported to be continuing.

The French official report states that the
German offensive was developed with
sustained violence, but the French
troops met the shock along the entire
line which was maintained intact. The
artillery-preparation was begun at mid-
night, and at 4:30 o'clock the infantry
attacked. On the left the Germans
were unable to cross the French cover-
ing zone and were strongly held on the
line of Rubescourt, Le Fretoy, and
Mortemer. On the center, after re-
peated assaults in which their losses
were heavy, the enemy succeeded in
getting a foothold in the villages of
Ressons-sur-Matz and Mareuil. On
the right the Germans met energetic
resistance and were held on the front
comprising Belval, Cannectancourt, and
Ville.

The British report nothing of interest
on their front.

General Pershing's report for June 8
(delayed) tells of unsuccessful attacks
by the enemy northwest of Château
Thierry in which the Germans lost
heavily.

Berlin reports capturing the heights of
Gury and adjoining enemy lines. Local
attacks of the British and French are
said to have been sanguinarily repulsed.

June 10.—London dispatches state that
the great German attack made little
progress altho between Montdidier and
Noyon the offensive is maintained with
a ferocity scarcely paralleled in this war,
the gains, however, being only nominal.

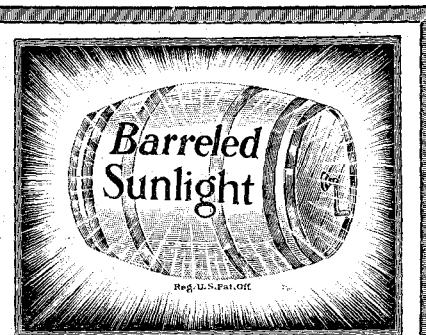
The French report that on the second day
of the enemy offensive the German
forces were able to take at great sacri-
fice the villages of Méry, Belloy, and
St. Maur, also gaining a footing in
Marquégise. The battle continues on
the southern outskirts of Élincourt.
Courcelles, captured and recaptured,
finally remains in the hands of the
French. On the center, by the em-
ployment of fresh forces, the enemy was
able to continue his progress, reaching
the southern edge of Cuvilly Wood and
Ressons-sur-Matz. Prisoners num-
bering nearly 1,000 were taken by the
French in various engagements to-
gether with 30 machine guns. Pri-
soners report the enemy losses to be
enormous.

The official British announcement states
that beyond artillery-action on both
sides there is little to report.

Berlin reports that in a powerful attack
on June 9 the German forces pene-
trated into the hilly district southwest
of Noyon. South and southeast of
Lassigny an advance is claimed far
into Thiescourt Wood. East of the
Matz River Gury is reported captured,
the Allies being thrown back beyond
Bourmont and Mareuil.

June 11.—London reports that the Allied
troops in a counter-offensive struck back
vigorously, driving forward on a seven-
mile front between Montdidier and
Noyon, retaking much of the ground
recently lost, inflicting tremendous casu-
alties on the enemy, pinching the
German salient at a point southeast of
Montdidier, and taking a thousand
prisoners.

The French night report states that Allied
troops, despite desperate resistance,
reached the southern approaches of Le
Fretoy and captured the heights be-
tween Courcelles and Mortemer. Belloy



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and Gemlis Wood were retaken, the French forces reaching the southern outskirts of St. Maur, taking more than a thousand prisoners and several guns. In the center the Germans were driven back beyond Loge Farm and Autheuil, the French troops acting in unity with adjoining units. Violent enemy attacks against Chevincourt were repulsed. South of the Oureq River the American troops are reported to have brilliantly captured Belleu Wood, taking 300 prisoners.

The British report raids and minor operations in the region of Morlancourt, the line being advanced nearly half a mile on a front of more than a mile and a half, 298 prisoners, including five officers, and 21 machine guns being captured. Hostile artillery is reported to have been active during the night with gas-shells.

Berlin reports that southwest of Noyon French counter-attacks failed with heavy losses. A local break-through by the Allied forces on the Corbie-Bray road was said to have been brought to a standstill, and on the rest of the Front the Allied attack is reported to have broken down with sanguinary losses. Divisions of French Army reserves brought up for centralized counter-attacks were repulsed on June 10 in bitter fighting. The troops of General von Ebern captured the ridge east of Méry and broke through the fourth Allied position, it is reported. General von Schoeler's forces crossed the Matz, stormed the heights of Marquégise and Vignemont, and pressed forward as far as Autheuil. General Hoffmann's corps penetrated Allied positions and entanglements on the heights south of Thiescourt. On the Oise the Germans report pushing forward as far as Ribécourt. The number of prisoners is asserted to have been increased by more than 10,000, bringing the total number captured by the Army group of the Crown Prince since May 27 up to 75,000.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

June 5.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that the Marine forces on June 3 and 4 beat off two desperate attacks of the enemy on the Marne battle-field. To-day they wiped out a large enemy patrol, and charged and captured enemy positions, taking machine guns and many prisoners.

June 6.—The French official report on the operations at Château Thierry on May 31 states that "the courage of the Americans was beyond all praise, and their watchfulness never failed them, and with their machine guns prevented any reattack by the enemy. The colonials were struck by their wonderful morale under fire."

A dispatch from the American Army in France states that eleven more officers and men have been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

June 7.—A dispatch from the American Army in Picardy states that as a result of two attacks by the Americans against the enemy northwest of Château Thierry, 300 prisoners were captured and the American line extended over a front of about six miles and to a depth of two and a half miles. The American losses are reported to be heavy, but the German dead were three deep in places. The fighting continues sharp around the sector of Veully-la-Poterie.

June 9.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that the Americans again repel German attacks in the Marne sector. The artillery-fire on the Toul front has diminished in the past twenty-four hours.

June 10.—A dispatch from the American

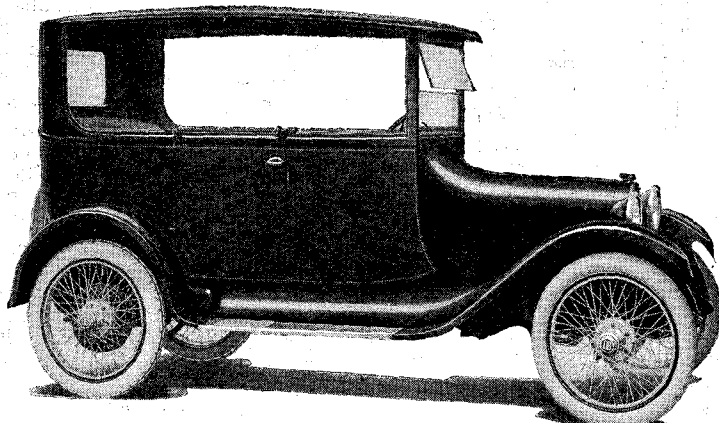
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Army in France states that the Marines at daybreak attacked the German lines, penetrating for two-thirds of a mile on a 600-yard front in the Belleu Wood northwest of Château Thierry. Two *minenwerfers* were captured. A heavy enemy attack was repulsed near Boursches with severe enemy losses. Lively artillery-action is reported in the Château Thierry and Picardy sectors. The French Government issues a statement in which it says that "with strong will and irresistible activity the American troops continue absolutely to dominate the adversaries they oppose."

June 11.—Washington reports the Army casualty list as totaling to date 7,519, divided as follows: Killed in action, 1,072; died of wounds, 318; died of disease, accident, and other causes, 1,597; wounded in action, 4,190; missing in action, 342.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

June 5.—An official statement from Army Headquarters states that an enemy airplane of a huge model and having four motors was brought down on the night of June 1-2 in the region of Nanteuil-le-Haudoin. The crew of eight men were made prisoners.

French official reports state that on June 4, during a double expedition in the Valley of the Savieres, bombing escadrilles dropt more than seventeen tons of explosives on enemy concentrations, which were completely dispersed. On the night of June 4 fourteen tons of explosives were dropt on railway-stations at Fismes, Fère-en-Tardenois, Roye, and Bohain.

An American lieutenant and pilot force down an enemy plane within its own lines near Toul, according to a dispatch from American Headquarters in France. Several hundred men and officers gathered around the machine and the American artillery at once shelled the spot, wrecking the machine and inflicting casualties.

June 6.—General Pershing reports to Washington that between April 14 and May 31 Lieut. Douglas Campbell brought down six hostile airplanes. Captain Peterson and Lieutenant Rick-enbacher each brought down three during the same period. All were confirmed.

The French official report states that on June 5 nineteen enemy airplanes were brought down or forced to land out of commission. A German captive balloon was burned and at night twenty-five tons of explosives were dropt on cantonments, depots, railway-stations, and convoys in the enemy zone. A large fire resulted at Fère-en-Tardenois.

A German official report states that in the last two days 46 Allied airplanes were brought down and 4 captive balloons destroyed. Richthofen's squadron is reported to have brought down 15 on June 5.

Paris reports that as a result of a raid of German airplanes last night one person is reported dead and several wounded.

The British official report states that on June 5 long-distance bombing-machines dropt five tons of bombs with good results on Metz-Sablons station triangle and railway-sidings at Thionville. During the day explosives were dropt on various targets, including Armentières and Roye stations and the Zeebrugge seaplane base. Seven hostile machines and three observation-balloons were shot down, and three planes were driven down out of control. Four British machines are missing.

June 7.—A British official communication on aerial operations states that on June 6 fourteen German machines were destroyed and eight driven down out

of control. Several observation-balloons were destroyed and an airplane was forced to descend by anti-aircraft fire. One British machine was lost.

June 8.—The British report on aerial operations states that twelve enemy machines were brought down by British airmen and seven driven out of control. Three British machines were lost.

A dispatch from The Hague reports that on June 2 five British and seven German seaplanes fought a battle off the Dutch coast. One German machine fell in flames into the sea, and one British machine was forced to descend, but landed safely. Another British plane, which descended to repair its propeller, was later set on fire by its five occupants who waded ashore and gave themselves up for internment.

June 9.—The British official aerial report states that, cooperating with the French, British air-squadrons heavily bombed Nesle and Fresnoy-le-Roye. Four hostile machines were brought down and two disabled. British machines escaped unhurt.

June 10.—Paris announces that last month French anti-aircraft guns brought down twenty-eight German planes and damaged twenty others.

Paris dispatches state that the German offensive between Montdidier and Noyon has been marked by aerial operations on a tremendous scale, which have been accompanied by heavy enemy losses.

June 11.—The French official report on aerial operations states that on the night of June 10-11 twenty tons of projectiles were dropt on convoys, cantonments, and railway-stations and two munitions-depots. Explosions occurred in the neighborhood of Chaumes and also of Soissons. On June 10 four German planes and one captive balloon were brought down.

The British aerial statement says that eight tons of bombs were dropt on enemy troops, transports, and ammunition-dumps on the French battle-front. Six enemy airplanes were shot down and seven driven down out of control.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

June 5.—The Navy Department at Washington reports that on June 4 the steamship *Eidsvold* (Norwegian) was sunk by an enemy submarine off the Virginia Capes. The crew was rescued. This makes the number of vessels sunk off the American coast fifteen since the opening of the enemy submarine operations. The number of lives lost is placed at 48.

A dispatch from St. John's, N. F., states that the bark *Attila* and a schooner were torpedoed on their way from Gibraltar. The craft were laden with salt. The crews were saved.

June 6.—The captain and crew of the British steamship *Harpathan*, landed at Old Point Comfort, report that their vessel was blown up off the Virginia Capes on June 4.

June 7.—The crew of the steamship *Vinland* (Norwegian), landed at Cape May, report the torpedoing of the vessel off the Virginia Capes on June 5. She was a small, unarmed cargo-vessel.

Cable messages received in New York state that the American freight steamship *Argonaut* was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Scilly Islands on June 5.

June 9.—A boat containing the mate and fifteen men of the crew of the American steamship *Pinar del Rio* landed on the North Carolina coast and another boat with sixteen men was landed on the Virginia coast. The steamship had been torpedoed, and was the eighteenth

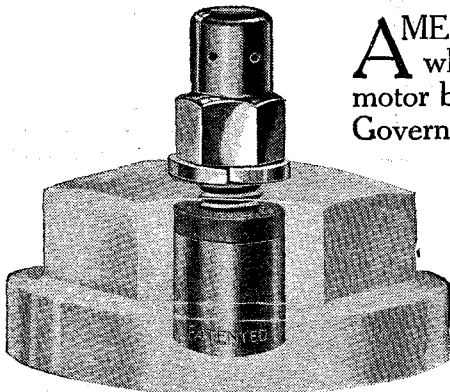
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victim of the German raiders on the coast.

London reports that three German submarines were sunk by depth bombs dropt by British airplanes whose efforts were directed by balloon-observers.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

June 5.—The Amsterdam correspondent of the London Times states that the inmates of German prisons will be drafted into the Army as a whole under a bill to be presented to the Reichstag.

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

June 5.—Provost Marshal-General Crowder issues orders to the Governors of all States, except Arizona, for the mobilization between June 24 and 28 of 200,000 more draft registrants. This brings the total number of selective-service men called to the colors to 1,595,704. When they reach camp the nation's Army will number more than 2,000,000 men.

June 6.—A Washington dispatch states that emergency estimates, reaching \$28,000,000, to establish permanent airplane and balloon stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in Hawaii, and the Panama Canal Zone, are sent to the House Appropriations Committee by Secretary Baker.

A Washington dispatch states that the entire output of steel and pig iron of the country is taken possession of through the War-Industries Board and will be concentrated on mills and foundries turning out munitions and vital war-supplies.

June 7.—Jeremiah A. O'Leary, who fled from New York in fear of prosecution, is indicted by the Grand Jury charged with conspiring to commit espionage, conspiracy, and treason. The penalty is death, and for an American who harbors him six years' imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000 may be imposed.

Washington states that Germany's threat to take action against Americans under German control unless the United States releases Capt.-Lieut. Franz Rintelen, who is serving a sentence at Atlanta as a spy and plotter against the Government, is met by a flat refusal.

June 10.—At the request of John D. Ryan, director of the Aircraft-Production Board, a bill is introduced in the Senate that provides for the creation of a \$100,000,000 aircraft corporation to "facilitate and expedite the production of aircraft, aircraft material, and equipment."

A Washington dispatch states that in a speech to the "Blue Devils" of France, who are in America to speed up the Third Liberty Loan, Secretary Baker announces that more than 700,000 Americans have now left for France.

Philip D. Rader, of San Francisco and Robert Connor, of Los Angeles, are killed by the fall of an airplane at the Curtiss aviation-field in Buffalo.

A dispatch from San Antonio, Texas, states that sentences of life-imprisonment were imposed by a court martial upon forty-five conscientious objectors who had refused to wear army uniforms.

June 11.—A Washington dispatch states that Provost Marshal-General Crowder has called upon Porto Rico for 12,468 draft registrants for the National Army, while Hawaii is asked to send 4,336.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

June 11.—A dispatch from Amsterdam states that Moscow newspapers say that Czecho-Slovak troops, about 15,000 strong, have occupied the Siberian Railway in the southern Urals, where they captured arms and artillery.

A Washington dispatch states that Boris Bakhmeteff, Russian Ambassador, makes public an appeal from Russia for the intervention of America and the Allies to save that country from German domination.

FOREIGN

June 6.—A London dispatch states that the merchant tonnage completed in the shipyards of the United Kingdom and entered for service during the month of May was 197,274, which is the highest figure for any month during the past year, and was an increase over April of 85,741.

June 7.—An Amsterdam dispatch reports that 50,000 persons are homeless as the result of a fire in Constantinople that devastated the eastern part of the Sultan Selim quarter.

June 8.—A dispatch from Porto Rico states that 11 Germans, including F. Schomberg, the Swedish consul, were arrested on Presidential warrants at the order of Governor Yager.

DOMESTIC

June 6.—The first aerial-mail trip between New York and Boston is successfully completed in three hours and twenty-two minutes by Lieut. Torry M. Webb, United States Army aviator, flying an Army biplane equipped with a Liberty motor.

June 7.—The Department of Agriculture forecasts a bumper wheat crop in June, and basing its estimate on this, Washington estimates a total production of 931,000,000 bushels, which would be the second largest harvest in the history of the country.

June 8.—A Washington dispatch states that statistics from the Department of Commerce show that in the first five months of the year, 629 vessels of 687,055 gross tonnage were built in this country.

June 11.—Despite a fog, Lieutenant Webb cuts the air-mail time between New York and Boston to three hours.

FRANCE'S BELOVED FAT MAN—

Many stories are told of the late General Grossetti, a gallant soldier of France, illustrating his bravery. The General was so large that he walked with difficulty, and rode only with great discomfort to himself as well as his horse. The *Paris Gaulois* tells this story of his coolness under fire:

During the battle of the Yser, toward the end of the afternoon, when it was judged impossible for the French troops longer to withstand the enemy's fire, a British staff officer, sent by Sir John French, arrived on the scene to inquire what the French commander proposed to do about it.

General Grossetti, when his troops had begun to fall back, had calmly seated himself on a camp-chair, easily within range of the German shells, which were falling continuously in close proximity to his exposed position. When the Briton appeared Grossetti ordered another chair.

"Pray give me the pleasure, sir, of sitting down beside me," he said. Notwithstanding his British calmness and courage, the English officer hesitated a second or two. Finally he sat down. The French general said:

"You may say, sir, to Marshal French that my name is Grossetti and, as it indicates, I am too fat to retire."

That was why Grossetti was afterwards known as "the armchair general."



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L. H. HEINKE, Secretary.

June 4, 1918

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

AS TO HOW THE NEW TAXES COULD BE RAISED

ALREADY the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House of Congress has become absorbed in consideration of schemes for raising more money for war purposes through taxation. Perhaps the most novel, if not radical, measures thus far considered are those which were offered to the committee on June 10 by Dr. Oliver M. W. Sprague, professor of banking at Harvard University. Professor Sprague was one of several students of economics who had been asked to appear before the committee. While many of the points brought forth by others were interesting, members of the committee have been heard to say that they fell chiefly in the theoretic class and had little of practical application. Professor Sprague, from an account of his appearance printed in the *New York Times*, appears to have greatly impressed the committee with the novelty of his ideas as well as his forceful presentation. Definite plans of taxation for the \$8,000,000,000 bill were advanced as follows:

That the war excess-profits taxes should follow the system in operation in England, namely, the imposition of a tax of 80 per cent. on war-profits, which should be compared with the profits of a normal year before the war.

He maintained that there should be a heavy tax on necessities, because such a tax would fall upon the masses and they, too, should pay their portion of the war's expenses. Luxuries, in which automobiles were included, he said, should have a stiff tax imposed upon them. The income tax should be heavy. In addition to the present tax there should be an emergency income tax of 10 per cent. on the entire income, which, however, would not be collected provided the taxpayer had bought Economy Bonds to the value of 10 per cent. of his income. These bonds were to be similar to Liberty bonds except that they were to be registered and non-transferable, and subject to call by the Government at the end of any year.

Professor Sprague said that the laboring class, representing 10 per cent. of the people of the country, were better off in a financial way now than a year ago, while the middle class, or those receiving salaries, were worse off than a year ago by reason of the fact that salaries had not increased with the leaps in wages paid for manual labor.

"There is no reason why the laboring man should not assume his part of the cost of this war along with the very rich, who are making increased profits," said Professor Sprague. "For that reason I would place a heavy tax on necessities."

He maintained that this tax on necessities would tend to reduce consumption and would prevent the retailer passing more than the tax along to the consumer. For instance, a tax of one or two cents on tea would be passed on with an addition of about five cents. But if the Government made the tax 25 cents a pound, as it was in England, the retailer could not pass along to the consumer anything more than the tax, plus a reasonable profit. Other consumption taxes recommended by Professor Sprague included these:

A tax of 10 cents a pound on coffee and cocoa.

A tax of 36 cents a pound on tobacco.

A tax of \$7.50, instead of \$3, on a barrel of beer, and a tax on substitutes for beer of about half this amount.

A tax of \$2 a barrel on wheat flour.

A tax of 2 or 3 cents a pound on sugar.

Asked whether he actually considered beer and tobacco necessities of life, Professor Sprague said he would not class them strictly as such, but, as they were rather generally used, he had placed them among the articles of consumption which might readily be taken as necessities because of their wide use. Continuing his statements, he said he would place a very stiff tax on luxuries, including shirts which cost over \$1.50 and pajamas costing more than \$2. He mentioned that in France there was a stiff tax on pajamas which sold for more than \$16 a pair.

"One reason I have for taxing luxuries high," said Professor Sprague, "is that a heavy tax would lessen the demand, and labor used in their manufacture would be set free to enter necessary production lines. As evidence of the large possibilities of securing additional labor and materials for war purposes, a few concrete examples of conditions in particular industries and occupations perhaps will be helpful. Consider first the pleasure automobile. There has been little, if any, diminution of the consumption of gasoline and very few chauffeurs have been dispensed with. Chauffeurs as a class have mechanical instincts and many possess not a little mechanical skill. All of them could be usefully employed in connection with our ship-building program or in allied occupations. The country needs the discontinuance of such use of this part of its limited supply of labor. In any event, it will be discontinued in the course of time. Far more progress would already have been made in this direction if the war-revenue act recently passed by Congress had included a tax of \$10 a month, rising by stages to \$50 a month, on all employers of chauffeurs for other than commercial purposes."

Professor Sprague also advised a tax of 20 to 25 cents a gallon on gasoline used for pleasure cars, 20 per cent. on hotel rooms costing over \$2.50, and 20 per cent. on meals costing more than \$1. A stamp tax on checks, which might be graduated, was also suggested. Asked to make a list of luxuries, he mentioned offhand jewelry, phonographs, silks, and athletic goods.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that in Canada sporting goods, works of art, jewelry, toilet preparations, certain vegetables, and fruits have all been brought within the scope of an order-in-council passed to restrict the importation of luxuries. Such goods may be imported only on license issued on recommendation of the War Trade Board. A long list of articles classed as non-essentials in war-time has been given out. Among them, in sporting goods are: Billiard-tables and cues, pleasure boats, skiffs and canoes, sporting guns and rifles and the ammunition therefor, game bags and cartridge-belts, skates of all kinds, pistols, revolvers, and other firearms except for war-purposes, and fishing rods. Among fruits are included: almonds, shelled and unshelled; unshelled Brazil nuts; shelled and unshelled pecans; shelled peanuts; unshelled walnuts and other unshelled nuts; blackberries, goose-



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What is the United States Department of Agriculture Doing for the Tractor?

BEFORE discussing this question it is well to consider briefly the immense facilities at the disposal of our National Department of Agriculture. In this connection it is suggestive, also, to review the activities of our allies in developing the tractor.

Appropriations available for conducting the Department of Agriculture amounted last year to the gross sum of approximately \$26,000,000. In these days of stupendous loans and appropriations it may not be easy to appreciate the magnitude of this sum. Yet it represents in dollars and cents an amount exceeding the total revenue and expenditures of the entire National Government in 1840. With this annual budget, with Department representatives throughout the nation, with the publishing facilities of the Government Printing Department and the mailing privileges of the Post Office Department at its disposal, the Department of Agriculture is in position to render helpful tractor service.

How have these immense facilities been utilized?

What tractor work has been undertaken has been under the jurisdiction of the "Office of Farm Management." As far back as ten years ago the officials of the "Office" began the investigation of the farm tractor. Each year the research work has become more extensive.

In 1917 a canvass of 34,000 tractor owners was made. An elaborate questionnaire was mailed to these operators. It contained about 50 questions relating to tractor operation, covering the points most frequently raised by farmers. A large number of replies was doubtless received, containing information which would be presumably of use to both farmers and manufacturers, and, in all probability, the continuation of this work has since resulted in obtaining many thousands of additional reports from other tractor owners. But the data thus obtained have not yet been made available.

The suggestion has been advanced that the Department follow the example of foreign governments and establish at Washington a Tractor Division. It is felt, however, by many students of tractor progress that such a division would be impracticable for the reason that the tractor is of necessity so closely related to other farm machinery that it could not by itself be treated adequately. Yet there is no question among most experts but that the Government should at once engage its attention more actively with the farm tractor.

This brings up for additional attention the wide-spread demand for a separate division to deal with farm implements and farm machinery in general or, even if this were not advisable, a utilization of the Department's Office of Farm Management into which such research naturally falls.

The efficient use of farm machinery and implements is as fundamental to profitable farming as the efficient use of factory machinery is in the manufacturing industry. It is, in fact, as fundamental to agricultural success as the raising of certain strains of live stock or of special varieties of crops.

Besides the foregoing methods of obtaining tractor information through the mails the Office of Farm Management has conducted through its specialists supplemental personal investigations.

It is certain that as a result of all its investigations the Department of Agriculture has accumulated a vast fund of invaluable data on the tractor. But this store of information is packed away in its archives. It has not been given to the farmers of the nation. It has not been distributed to the tractor indus-

try. It may be likened to a fortune locked in the office safe, with great possibilities, but buying nothing, earning no interest.

The thirst for such tractor information as that which the Department possesses is evident. We know of requests for authoritative tractor information which have been made on the Department not only by individual farmers, but by defense leagues, community organizations, state agricultural departments, agricultural colleges, bankers, tractor manufacturers, etc. Urgent applications for lectures on tractors have been included among these applications. With its present facilities it is doubtful if the Department has been able to respond to more than a small fraction of these requests.

In short, the United States Department of Agriculture has not given the farmers of this nation the full benefit of the immense and practical store of information it has secured on farm tractors.

The United States Department of Agriculture has not given to the farm tractor industry of the nation information in its possession which would aid in the progress of tractor design and manufacture.

Beyond the accumulation of an enormous amount of data the Department has not gone, but it is awakening to the vital necessity of going further. Indeed, it went so far as to include in its budget an item of \$39,500 to be expended for a tractor testing plant. But this insufficient sum was stricken from the Agricultural Bill by the House Committee.

Examination of the publications of the Department of Agriculture reveals a dearth of literature on the subject of tractors. The 1917 report is not yet available. The Secretary's report for 1916 contains no reference to tractors. The 1916 Year Book contains only a single and incidental mention of the subject of tractors, occupying a few lines.

Under the designation of Farmers' Bulletin, No. 719, entitled "Economic Study of the Tractor in the Corn Belt," issued in 1916, a pamphlet was devoted to a consensus of reports on tractors obtained from 200 owners on Illinois farms. This bulletin was compiled by Arnold P. Yerkes and L. M. Church, who have done excellent research work on tractors. The bulletin is careful to specify, however, that it contains no conclusions of the Department but simply records the conclusions of the 200 tractor operators.

We turn now to the tractor work of our allies.

In 1915 the French Ministry of Agriculture took up the study of the tractor. The French authorities did not stop with the collection of data. A well organized "Tractor Division" of the Department is testing, purchasing, and operating tractors throughout the Republic.

The Tractor Division is conducted by military officers with all the thoroughness of an army's commanding general's staff. At the headquarters instead of maps showing the location of regiments there are maps showing the location of batteries of tractors, the areas plowed and to be plowed. The director is able to move the tractors to points where they are most needed.

Meanwhile scientific experts are constantly accumulating valuable facts on tractors and this information is immediately made available to French farmers and French tractor manufacturers.

With the mechanical genius inherent in their race, French manufacturers of tractors are rapidly incorporating with their output the lessons learned from the Government's experimental work. France is looking to her own makers to supply the tractor demand after the war. Her Government is developing

the tractor industry in such a constructive way that the French manufacturers are certain to get much of the trade which now originates in the United States.

The Government of Great Britain through its Board of Agriculture is not only collecting tractor data but conducting thorough tractor tests, developing operators and operating tractors. The British Government is also making it easy for English farmers to purchase tractors. All results of a central tractor organization are communicated to the county agricultural executive committees. The British Government is bending its full tractor interest to the task of plowing two and a half million acres of grass lands for this year's harvest.

An elaborate report was recently made to Parliament on the Government use of tractors. Gross expenditures to October, 1917, for the Government purchase of tractors for rental to the farmers of Great Britain amounted to \$6,934,732. To offset this expenditure were receipts for rentals to farmers amounting to a total of \$5,109,825. Up to December 1, 1917, there were 1660 Government owned tractors. In the week ending December 1 there were plowed by these machines 14,956 acres.

British tractor manufacturers are receiving full Governmental cooperation and are already bringing out an increasing output. There is a new creeper, for instance, designed by the Mechanical Transport Service of the British War Office and manufactured by one of the oldest and best equipped machinery concerns in Great Britain. As with the French, so with the British, steps are being taken to make the home industry meet the home market.

From this brief outline of tractor activity by the French and the British Governments it will be seen in comparison how little our own Government has thus far undertaken.

The United States Government up to the present has established no national tractor policy.

The United States Department of Agriculture has not as yet put into operation nor formulated any coordinated plan for helping the farmers of the nation in deciding upon their tractor purchases and the operation thereof on an efficient basis.

Spasmodic and somewhat hit or miss tractor policies have been formulated by individual states. Certain states are endeavoring with more or less success to do on a small scale what France and Great Britain have accomplished for the tractor on a national scale. The state tractor activities may be characterized at this stage of development as groping.

Owing to war conditions the strategic position of the tractor industry of the United States is now immensely strong. But after the war when the foreign industry gets on its feet there will be keen competition. By that time our Department of Agriculture should be giving to the American industry the benefits of its investigations.

Among the steps which might be accomplished at once by the United States Department of Agriculture are these:

The formation of a distinct farm machinery division.

The establishment of a national farm tractor government policy.

The distribution of tractor information among farmers and the tractor industry.

There are many other tractor accomplishments which the Department could make, but these are fundamentals.

Farm Tractor Department
The Literary Digest

berries, raspberries, cherries, strawberries, cranberries, currants, and grapes. In green fruits are peaches, plums, quinces, apricots, pears, and nectarines. Further mentioned are: mangoes, plantains, pomegranates, and pineapples. In the vegetables are: sugar-beets and fresh tomatoes. Candied peels, candied fruits, and nuts are included, with sweetened breads, cakes, pies, and puddings, containing sugar; flavoring-extracts, custard and jelly powders, lime- and fruit-juices. Automobiles valued at \$1,200 and upward f. o. b. at place of manufacture are named, as well as paintings, photographs, oleographs, prints, perfumery preparations for the hair, mouth, or skin, when imported. Manufactures of gold and silver, electroplate and sterling, and manufactures of marble are named.

Commenting on the letter from Secretary McAdoo to Chairman Kitchin advocating a normal income-tax rate of 12 per cent. and in which, instead of favoring the man who only cuts coupons or collects rents, the Secretary favored following the example of other nations and taxing the "unearned" income higher than the earned income, *The Wall Street Journal* remarks that this is in line with a policy it has long and often urged. The writer then prints an instructive table as to what the taxes on incomes might be if the rate were made 12 per cent. In this table a normal income tax of 12 per cent. is compared with the rates of the present law, assuming that what is known as the 8 per cent. "joker" is repealed, and that the taxpayer is married and entitled to \$2,000 exemption, surtaxes being figured at present rates:

Income	12% Normal	McAdoo Total	Present Normal	Present Total
\$3,000...	\$120	\$120	\$20.00	\$20.00
4,000...	240	240	40.00	40.00
5,000...	360	360	60.00	60.00
6,000...	480	490	120.00	130.00
7,500...	660	685	175.20	*319.00
10,000...	960	1,035	267.20	*655.80
15,000...	1,560	1,810	451.20	*1,392.40
20,000...	2,160	2,650	634.20	*2,199.20
25,000...	2,760	3,660	819.20	*3,117.60
40,000...	4,560	6,660	1,371.20	*5,973.60
60,000...	6,960	11,460	2,107.20	*10,408.80
80,000...	9,360	17,260	2,907.20	*14,392.80
100,000...	11,760	24,060	3,707.20	*19,378.80
250,000...	29,760	89,560	9,707.20	*72,228.80
750,000...	89,760	387,560	29,707.20	*329,667.20
1,000,000...	119,760	555,060	39,707.20	*476,951.20
2,000,000...	239,760	1,290,060	79,707.20	*1,131,648.80
3,000,000...	359,760	2,040,060	119,707.20	*1,801,605.60
10,000,000...	1,199,760	7,290,060	399,707.20	*6,491,605.60

*Includes 8 per cent. tax, on assumption that all income is from salaries or fees.

†Includes 8 per cent. tax on salary of \$60,000.

OUR PROMISE OF GREAT CROPS

In the first week of June, a government crop report was issued which gives promise of a yield of 344,000,000 bushels of spring wheat and 587,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, or a total outlook for 931,000,000 bushels of wheat. This showing has been exceeded only once in this country—in 1915, when we had a bumper crop of 1,025,501,000 bushels. Compared with 1917, the promise is for an increase of 80,000,000 bushels. The estimate for this year compares as follows with eight previous years—the totals being for winter and spring wheat combined.

	Per Acre Bushels	Acreage	Crop, Bush.
918...	15.8	58,881,000	931,000,000
917...	14.2	45,941,000	650,828,000
916...	12.2	52,785,000	636,318,000
915...	17.0	60,469,000	1,025,801,000
914...	16.6	53,541,000	891,017,000
913...	15.2	50,184,000	763,380,000
912...	15.9	45,814,000	730,267,000
911...	12.5	49,543,000	621,338,000
910...	13.9	45,681,000	635,121,000

The government estimate for oats is for a yield of 1,500,000,000 bushels, which compares with 1,587,286,000 bushels in 1917. Following is a comparison with years back to 1911:

	Condition	Acreage	Crop, Bush.
1918...	93.2	44,475,000	1,500,000,000
1917...	88.9	43,572,000	1,587,286,000
1916...	86.9	41,527,000	1,251,837,000
1915...	92.9	40,996,000	1,549,030,000
1914...	89.5	38,442,000	1,141,060,000
1913...	87.0	38,309,000	1,121,768,000
1912...	91.9	37,917,000	1,419,337,000
1911...	85.7	37,763,000	922,298,000

In Washington it is conjectured that the present promises may, before harvest, develop into a production of a billion bushels. Experts have been aiming at a billion-bushel crop in order to help in feeding the armies and civilian population of the Allies. In the development of the record crop of 1915 they find results to substantiate their hopes. In June of 1915 a total wheat-production of 950,000,000 bushels was forecast. The quantity gradually crept upward until the final figures for the year showed 1,025,800,000 bushels. The acreage sown to spring wheat this year is larger by 2,000,000 acres than ever was sown before and 21.5 per cent. larger than last year, aggregating 22,489,000 acres. The condition of the crop on June 1 was 95.2 per cent. of a normal, or 1.5 per cent. better than it has been in a ten-year average. Winter wheat, growing on the second largest acreage ever planted, showed a condition 3 per cent. better than the ten-year average, with 83.8 per cent. of a normal. Following is a table that has been prepared of acreages sown of several important crops, including wheat and oats:

Crop	Acreage, p. c. of 1917	1918 * Acres	Condition June			
			1918	1917	10-Yr. Av.	1918
Winter wheat...	132.7	36,392	83.8	70.9	80.8	86.4
Spring wheat...	121.5	22,489	95.2	91.6	93.7	...
All wheat...	128.2	58,881	87.7	78.5	85.3	...
Oats...	102.1	44,475	93.2	88.8	89.4	...
Barley...	103.1	9,108	90.5	89.3	90.4	...
Rye...	132.5	5,435	83.6	84.3	89.6	85.8
Hay, all...	99.3	69,531	89.0	85.1	88.0	89.6
Pastures...	...	...	92.5	83.8	89.8	83.1
Apples...	...	...	69.8	73.9	68.2	...
Peaches...	...	...	52.0	60.5	61.4	...

* Three 000's omitted.

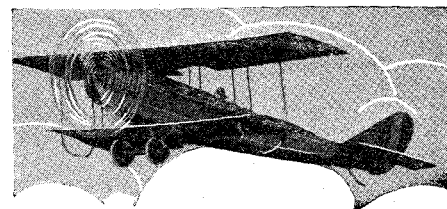
For the crops to be harvested from these sowings, estimated yields as indicated by June 1 condition of crops, and final yields in preceding years for comparison, the following table has been given:

Crop	Total Production— in Millions of Bu.			Yield Per Acre— Bushels		
	1917	1918— Dec. Est.	1918 Av.	1917	1918— Dec. Est.	1918 Av.
Winter wheat...	537	418	552	16.1	15.2	16.1
Spring wheat...	344	233	257	15.3	12.6	13.8
All wheat...	931	651	809	15.8	14.2	15.4
Oats...	1,500	1,587	1,296	33.7	36.4	32.8
Barley...	235	209	202	25.8	23.7	27.0
Rye...	81.0	60.1	44.5	14.9	14.7	16.5
Hay, all...	107	94.9	95.4	1.54	1.36	1.40
Apples, 1st crop...	203	175	214	...	...	...
Peaches...	42.9	45.1	49.6	...	...	...

† Interpreted from condition reports. ‡ Tons.

FEWER BUSINESS FAILURES

It appears that business failures are still on a descending scale. The May total as reported to *Bradstreet's* was the smallest reported in any month for nearly eleven years, or since September, 1907. Liabilities in May were also at a low ebb. Smaller totals have been recorded only twice, and then in June, since the summer of 1909. There were 795 failures reported for the month, a decrease of 4 per cent. from April, of 33 per cent. from May a year ago, and of 43 per cent. from May, 1916. The liabilities for May totaled only \$9,040,363, which was 28 per cent. less than in April and 34 per cent. less than in May a year ago, but 9 per cent. in excess of June, 1916, when liabilities fell to the lowest point since September, 1906. Failures monthly in each of the past two years are compared as follows:



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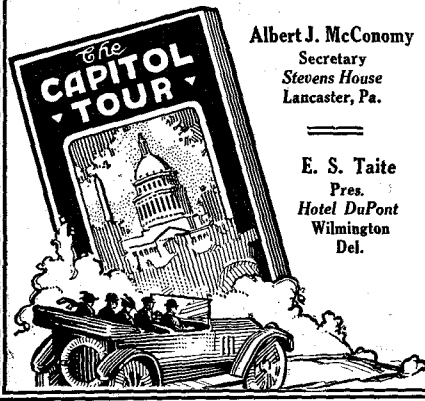
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1918	Number	Assets	Liabilities
January.....	1,219	\$7,244,578	\$16,629,531
February.....	918	6,232,570	11,468,534
March.....	893	6,650,940	12,542,179
First quarter.....	3,030	\$20,128,088	\$40,640,244
April.....	829	\$6,500,538	\$12,549,811
May.....	795	4,710,248	9,040,363
Five months.....	4,654	\$31,338,874	\$62,230,418
1917			
January.....	1,558	\$14,702,267	\$24,342,506
February.....	1,126	5,390,711	12,186,528
March.....	1,147	5,465,630	11,518,610
First quarter.....	3,831	\$25,558,608	\$48,047,644
April.....	1,096	\$5,473,947	\$11,140,899
May.....	1,189	7,109,912	14,282,275
Five months.....	6,116	\$38,142,467	\$73,470,818

Another table gives the failures, assets, and liabilities during May for a series of years from 1893 to 1918, inclusive, as follows:

	Number	Assets	Liabilities
1918.....	795	\$4,710,248	\$9,040,363
1917.....	1,189	7,109,912	14,282,275
1916.....	1,404	9,730,232	20,118,083
1915.....	1,436	9,973,210	18,138,775
1914.....	1,181	9,493,349	17,491,672
1913.....	1,104	7,574,645	14,589,588
1912.....	1,111	6,281,278	12,852,527
1911.....	1,030	7,941,526	14,850,622
1910.....	885	5,183,145	13,337,578
1909.....	902	6,636,258	13,241,119
1908.....	1,103	14,296,850	26,844,459
1907.....	755	5,290,000	10,546,983
1906.....	695	5,605,071	10,101,486
1905.....	761	6,626,676	13,845,053
1904.....	815	5,312,512	9,954,389
1903.....	686	3,689,239	7,203,089
1902.....	769	3,768,941	8,690,976
1901.....	783	3,911,956	8,629,904
1900.....	710	3,331,004	8,209,793
1899.....	720	2,724,639	5,912,216
1898.....	984	4,796,399	10,526,960
1897.....	1,054	6,662,020	13,461,542
1896.....	996	7,782,081	13,470,335
1895.....	875	4,093,651	8,576,689
1894.....	861	5,899,001	19,700,150
1893.....	1,049	17,683,072	32,087,921

The number of failures for five months in 1918 were only 4,654, a decrease of 23 per cent. from the like period a year ago. They were only about half what they were in the like period of 1915. The liabilities for five months made a total of \$62,230,418, which was a decrease of 15 per cent. from a year ago, and only 40 per cent. of what the total was in 1915.

A 4 PER CENT. DROP IN RETAIL PRICES—THE FIVE-YEAR RANGE

For March government figures showed a decline of 4 per cent. in food prices, due in large degree to changes reported in eggs, butter, and potatoes. These returns are based on reports received from retail dealers by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Among the fifteen articles for which relative prices were given, four showed the following decreases: Eggs, 28 per cent.; potatoes, 22 per cent.; sugar, 13 per cent.; and butter, 5 per cent. Two articles, milk and flour, showed no change. A table showing the course of prices in the United States during February and March, 1918, has been compiled as follows:

Article—Unit	Average Money Price	
	Feb. 15, 1918	Mar. 15, 1918
Sirloin steak, pound.....	\$0.334	\$0.338
Round steak, pound.....	.314	.318
Rib roast, pound.....	.263	.268
Chuck roast, pound.....	.227	.232
Plate beef, pound.....	.177	.182
Pork chops, pound.....	.336	.339
Bacon, pound.....	.484	.488
Ham, pound.....	.438	.441
Lard, pound.....	.330	.332
Hens, pound.....	.362	.362
Salmon, canned, pound.....	.291	.295
Eggs, dozen.....	.611	.443
Butter, pound.....	.579	.552
Cheese, pound.....	.349	.351
Milk, quart.....	.134	.134
Bread, 16-oz. loaf.....	.082	.084
Flour, pound.....	.066	.066
Corn meal, pound.....	.070	.072
Rice, pound.....	.118	.120
Potatoes, pound.....	.032	.025
Onions, pound.....	.049	.040
Beans, navy, pound.....	.181	.181
Prunes, pound.....	.165	.165
Raisins, seeded, pound.....	.150	.151
Sugar, pound.....	.106	.092
Coffee, pound.....	.304	.304
Tea, pound.....	.609	.615

Looking at a year's figures, however, the showing is not so favorable to the consumer. Prices of food as a whole advanced 16 per cent. between March 15, 1917, and March 15, 1918. The only decline was in potatoes, which article decreased 51 per cent. Corn-meal showed the greatest increase, which was 75 per cent. Sugar showed the least increase, or 4 per cent. The increases in the prices of other articles ranged as follows: Rib roast, 14 per cent.; flour and sirloin steak, 15 per cent. each; bread, 17 per cent.; butter, 19 per cent.; round steak, 20 per cent.; pork chops, 21 per cent.; eggs, 27 per cent.; ham, 31 per cent.; milk, 35 per cent.; lard, 39 per cent.; and bacon, 47 per cent. Food as a whole was 59 per cent. higher in March, 1918, than in March, 1913. Every article increased in price 33 per cent. and over. Flour was just twice as high in March, 1918, as in March, 1913. Lard increased 112 per cent. and corn-meal, 145 per cent. In only four articles was the increase less than 50 per cent. Eleven articles increased over 50 per cent., and three of these increased 100 per cent. and over. Percentages of increases in detail for this five-year period are given as follows: Corn-meal, 145 per cent.; lard, 112 per cent.; flour, 100 per cent.; bacon, 87 per cent.; ham and sugar, 69 per cent.; bread, 68 per cent.; potatoes, 67 per cent.; eggs and pork chops, 66 per cent.; milk, 51 per cent.; round steak, 49 per cent.; rib roast, 38 per cent.; sirloin steak, 37 per cent.; and butter, 33 per cent. A table is presented showing average and relative retail prices of food in the United States on March 15 for each year, from 1913 to 1918, as follows:

Article—Unit	Average Money Price March 15			
	1913	1915	1917	1918
Sirloin steak, pound.....	\$0.246	\$0.246	\$0.295	\$0.338
Round steak, pound.....	.213	.221	.267	.318
Rib roast, pound.....	.193	.195	.233	.268
Chuck roast, pound.....	.160	.193	.232	.232
Plate beef, pound.....	.122	.122	.146	.182
Pork chops, pound.....	.202	.177	.279	.339
Bacon, pound.....	.261	.264	.333	.488
Ham, pound.....	.262	.256	.338	.441
Lard, pound.....	.156	.152	.238	.332
Salmon, canned, pound.....	.198	.198	.222	.295
Eggs, dozen.....	.263	.255	.349	.443
Butter, pound.....	.414	.359	.461	.552
Cheese, pound.....	.232	.232	.323	.351
Milk, quart.....	.089	.088	.100	.134
Bread, 16 ounces.....	.063	.063	.072	.084
Flour, pound.....	.033	.044	.057	.066
Corn-meal, pound.....	.030	.033	.041	.072
Rice, pound.....	.091	.091	.120	.120
Potatoes, pound.....	.015	.014	.052	.025
Onions, pound.....	.033	.033	.125	.040
Beans, navy, pound.....	.076	.076	.154	.181
Prunes, pound.....	.137	.137	.141	.165
Raisins, seeded, pound.....	.125	.125	.141	.151
Sugar, pound.....	.054	.066	.087	.092
Coffee, pound.....	.299	.299	.304	.304
Tea, pound.....	.546	.546	.615	.615

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"C. A. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—" (1) Is or was there ever an Irish language, or is it a dialect? (2) Is it true that the Irish overran England and Scotland at any time?"

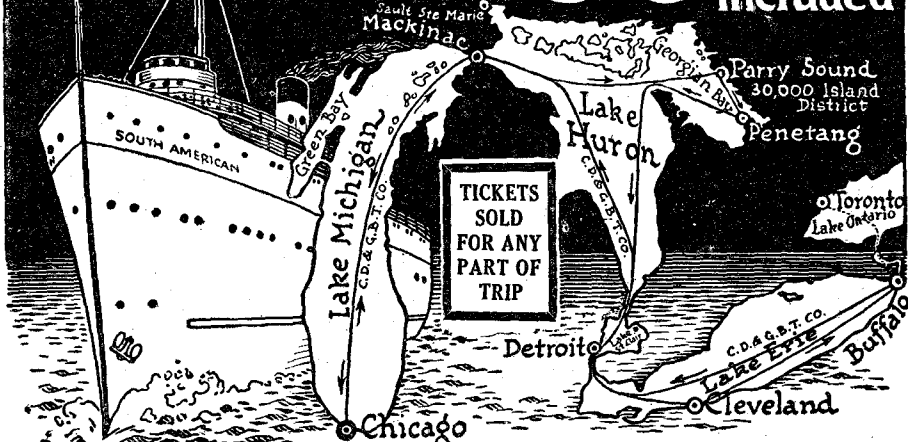
(1) There is an Irish language and it has a rich vocabulary and literature. Lane's English-Irish Dictionary, recently published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, contains 100,000 words and phrases in close on 1,800 pages. The price of the book is \$7.50. Irish belongs to the Gaelic branch of the Celtic speech. (2) According to Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland" (p. 22), "In 378 Ammianus Marcellinus mentions the Irish under the name of Scots, saying that the Scotti and Attacotti commit dreadful depredations in Britain; and Claudian, a few years later, . . . speaks of the Irish invasion of Britain. The Irish expeditions against Gaul and Britain became more frequent toward the end of the fourth century, and at last the unfortunate Britons, driven to despair, sooner than stand the fury of the Irish and Picts, threw themselves into the arms of the Saxons." On page 34 of the same work Dr. Hyde says: "Niall of the Nine Hostages ascended the throne in 379. He first assisted the Dál Riada clans to gain supremacy over the Picts of Scotland. . . . He mercilessly plundered Britain and Gaul. The Picts and Irish Gaels at one time penetrated as far as London and Kent. . . ."

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"W. E. M., Urbana, Ohio.—"Who is the author of the following: 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear'?"

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